



Conflict, and
Triumph



CONFLICT, AND TRIUMPH

A DRAMA IN
THREE ACTS

BY
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(ALBA)

"Eyes have they, but they see not; they
have ears, but they hear not."

—*Psalm CXV. 56*

"With desolation is the land made desolate,
because no man considereth in his heart."

—*Jeremiah, XII. 11.*

"Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye
think ye have Eternal Life; and they are
they which testify of Me. And ye will not
come to Me that ye might have Life!"

—*St. John, v. 39-40.*

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AT THE
 ADORABLE FEET
 OF THE
 EVER BLESSED TRINITY.
 BENEATH THE LAWS OF HIS OWN CREATION CONCEALED,
 IN HIS BENIGN PROVIDENCE MISUNDERSTOOD,
 BY THE OBJECTS OF HIS LOVE MISTRUSTED;

OF THE
 ETERNAL WORD MADE FLESH,
 DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN,
 THE SCORN OF MEN AND OUTCAST OF THE PEOPLE,
 A MAN OF SORROWS,
 AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF;

OF THE
 BLESSED SACRAMENT
 THE GLORY OF THE SECOND TEMPLE,
 AND LIGHT OF THE WORLD,
 ALTHOUGH THE WORLD KNOWS IT NOT;

IS LAID
 THIS HUMBLE ACT OF REPARATION
 BONITAS INFINITA; SANCTIFICETUR NOMEN TUUM!
 ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM!
 FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA, SICUT IN CÆLIS
 ET IN TERRA!



Preface

"CONFLICT, AND TRIUMPH" is not strictly an Allegory. It aims at celebrating the history and teaching of the Church under a veil of figure and impersonation so thin as to leave outlines distinct and members free, instead of muffling them as Allegory proper would do.

ECCLESIA, or FAITH, represents the Church as a visible Institution; also, the Divine element in the Church, as distinguished from the human element, represented by REASON; also, Faith in the abstract.

REASON represents, first, the human race; secondly, the Gentile nations, as distinguished from the Hebrew, represented by JUDAH; thirdly, the loftier and more thoughtful minds, as distinguished from the unthinking masses, represented by CREDULITY; fourthly, reason in the abstract.

The other impersonations explain themselves. FAITH (Ecclesia) and REASON are shown under the figure of two sisters.



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

THE VEILED KING

WORLD

IDOLATRY

LUCIFER

RETRIBUTION

IMPENITENCE

INFIDELITY

IMPERIAL ROME

ECCLESIA

GRACE

REASON

CREDULITY

APOSTASY

JUDAH

HOPE, DEVOTION, PEACE, LOVE, ZEAL, MERCY, etc.,
attendants of ECCLESIA.

Attendants of IMPERIAL ROME, WORLD, LUCIFER, etc.,
CHORUS OF ANGELS.



CONFLICT, AND TRIUMPH

ACT I

SCENE: *Deserta*— PERIOD: *Time*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Angel peers, your voices blend
Heaven's resplendent arch to rend!
From your inmost spirit bring
Love's own music for our King —
Strains like those with rapture glowing
From your o'ercharged bosoms flowing,
When, at first, the Light of Light
Dawn'd upon your ravished sight.
Oh! what praise is meet for Thee,
Measure of Eternity!
Thou art Wisdom's deep Abyss,
Mercy's Fountain fathomless,
Purity's own stainless light,
Beauty, Majesty, and Might.
Thou hast made Thy dwelling-place
In the boundless realm of Space.
Who to flee from Thee shall dare?
Thou art round him, as the air.
Midnight is to Thee as day;
Thine Own Radiance lights Thy way,
As the sun th' abyss can scan
Darken'd to the eyes of man.
Happiness is that bright sphere
Where Thy Presence shines most clear —
Happiness! Oh! what shall e'er

With its fragrance once compare!
 Round Thee like a halo wreathing!
 Balm from Thine Own Beauty breathing!
 All that is was made by Thee
 In that halo blest to be.

FIRST CHOIR.

Fairest of all the beings fair
 Created by Thy Hand,
 Two lovely sisters once Thy care
 Placed in Deserta's land.
 Reason, the elder, calm and grave
 As moonlight on the mournful wave,
 Receiv'd a mighty charge from Thee,
 I'er gentle sister's nurse to be —
 The gentle Faith, so meek, so mild,
 God's offspring blest, God's trusting child,
 Whose beauty, like the light of morn,
 Laughs the thick clouds of Doubt to scorn,
 And gladdens with its rosy ray
 The weary heart and mind
 Turning from those dark clouds away,
 Peace in its beam to find.

SECOND CHOIR.

How shall angelic voices dare
 That hedious Fall
 Which on creation thus so fair
 Unchain'd the wolves of Hell!
 Forth rush'd their legions, like the sea,
 Led on by fierce Idolatry,
 And devastation's bloody brand
 Flamed o'er Deserta's once bright land.
 Whither did Faith and Reason hide
 Their beauty from that wasting tide?
 Oh! must our truthful record say

How Reason to her foes gave way,
And at Idolatry's proud feet
Her Maker's worship gave,
And from him gain'd her guerdon meet —
The fetters of a slave!

FIRST CHOIR.

Alas, poor Faith! and who shall now
Thy nursing-mother be!
From the destroyer's black'ning brow
Far must thy footsteps flee.
Yet not alone; for God is there
To tend Thee with a Father's care,
While from their fury thou dost hide
Ev'n 'mong their tents; to be thy guide
Through darkling Egypt's land of blood,
Through the Red Sea's tempestuous flood,
O'er Araby's relentless sand;
Till, in Judea's Promis'd Land
He raised for thee a shady Tent
Where thou mightst respite gain,
While all around thee hopeless bent
'Neath the oppressor's chain.

SECOND CHOIR.

Can persecution reach thee here?
Is not the danger gone?
Idolatry hath snapp'd his spear
Thy steadfast shield upon.
But see! A foe approacheth now
With hatred stamp'd upon his brow.
Philosophy, so weak, so wild,
(Apostate Reason's raving child)
With weapons sharp by Power supplied,
Hath to the World himself allied,
Forth from her Tent poor Faith to chase,

To wound her limbs, to brand her face.
 Alas, poor outcast! Who shall hear
 Thine agonizing cry?
 Must thou be left, no succour near,
 In hunger's arms to die?

FIRST CHOIR.

Ah! no. Compassion's Eye of Love
 Hath marked thee from afar.
 Strong though thy countless foes may prove,
 Thy God is mightier.
 He left the glories of the sky,
 And came on Earth for thee to die.
 In His Pure Blood He wash'd thee, then,
 From every blemish, every stain,
 And fed thee with His Virgin Flesh,
 Thy fainting body to refresh.
 Then with His Lips He Breathed on thee,
 That thou mightst ne'er corruption see;
 And on thy brow His Seal He plac'd,
 And a new Name bestow'd —
 Ecclesia, now; the highly grac'd,
 The chosen Child of God!

CHORUS.

Where is homage meet for Thee,
 Glory of Eternity!
 When Destruction's arm was bared,
 When his glance no pity spared,
 When the World refus'd a tear,
 Thou didst pity, Thou did'st hear.
 And have Thy rays of mercy shone
 On unoffending Faith alone?
 She once deliver'd, have Thy care,
 Thy love, Thy pity ended there?
 Ah! no; Thy miserable child

By Falsehood's lying lips beguil'd
To darkness, slavery, and chains,
E'en for that Lost One, hope remains.
Yes, erring Reason; though thy trust
Thou, faint and faithless, didst betray,
His Hand will raise thee from the dust,
And wash thine ev'ry stain away.
Glorious Ecclesia! Thou hast still
A day of conflict to fulfil;
A mission vast is giv'n to thee —
Thy sister from her bonds to free.
Daughter, arise! Thy beauty shew;
'Twill win her to her Lord again.
Bravely confront each haughty foe;
Their hate is nought, their prowess vain
Stand thou among the merciless
The bright memorial of His Ruth;
Nor, among Falsehood's legions, less
The Pillar and the ground of Truth.
'Mid those who dare His Rule to mock,
Display the glories of His Yoke;
And be, to those in dust that lie,
The spotless Witness of the sky.
Yet but a day, and thou shalt stand
In triumph at the King's Right Hand,
Still of His Grace Divine to be
The same bright Witness in eternity.
Yet deep the darkness ere the dawn arise.
E'en now thy foes together counsel take
To blot Ecclesia from Deserta's skies —
Deserta, spar'd but for Ecclesia's sake.
Oh! Rome, oh! World, oh! foul Idolatry,
What plans your unblest Council, impious Three?

SCENE FIRST: *Palaces of Rome and World.**Tent of Ecclesia. Rome, World, Idolatry in Council.**Retribution lying asleep. Chorus of Angels.*

ROME.

I sit the sov'reign of all realms created.
 Unmeasur'd are the confines of my home.
 In Heav'n, on Earth, with whom shall I be mated —
 Mistress of nations all, Imperial Rome?
 The first far beams of Asian morn arise
 To chase the night-cloud from my empire's skies,
 To gild the valleys and the mountain-chains
 Which Roma numbers in her wide domains,
 To hail the glories of her distant throne
 From Zagros, Taurus, Sinai, Lebanon.
 Thence, o'er the wreck of realms now swept away,
 The glowing eye-ball of advancing Day
 Glares on the myriads of my dusky slaves,
 Salutes my power inscrib'd on Adria's waves,
 Scans 'he dark forests of the frowning North,
 Where, guarding ev'n these outposts of the Earth,
 My legions stand; then, with approving smile,
 Upon my peerless dwelling rests awhile.
 And when descending to the western sea,
 Still does his gaze in homage turn to me;
 Still on my banner does his radiance shine,
 Shading Hispania's olive, Gallia's vine;
 So does he, sinking to his briny home,
 Kiss the proud sceptre of Imperial Rome.
 The warlike Dacian by the ice-bound river,
 The Ethiopian on his burning waste,
 Loving, or hating, *fear's* deep homage give her —
 The prostrate captives round her chariot plac'd.
 Wherefore of danger do ye talk to me?
 What nerveless foe, what puny enemy

Can aught deserve but scorn from her whose hand
Hath rivetted the chain o'er ev'ry land,
Who bears the sov'reignty o'er ev'ry race,
And clasps an Ocean in her proud embrace?

IDOLATRY.

Oh! Queen, live thou for ever! Once there grew
On a fair branch a Rose of matchless hue;
Its form was glorious as its crimson dye,
Nor richest scents could with its perfume vie.
Guarded by thorns, a fierce, resistless band,
Proudly it sat upon the topmost bough
Scorning the meaner buds that bloom'd below,
And laugh'd defiance to the spoiler's hand.
Say, whence could danger reach that queenly flow'r,
By thorns protected, on the steep rock placed?
Yet lo! she paled and perish'd in an hour;
Sank to destruction, blacken'd and defac'd;
For deep within her own bright bosom lay
The canker-worm that ate her life away.
Thou art that Rose, oh! Queen. Thy legions strong
In face of hostile satrap ne'er will fail thee;
But if within thy bosom lurk the wrong,
What will thy mail-clad legions then avail thee?
Nurs'd in thy realm, nay, by thy palace gate,
Dwelleth a subtle and mysterious foe
Who for thy day of doom doth surely wait —
Whose very life will be thine overthrow.
No distant province of thy vast domain
But owns her presence and unearthly power;
She woos the maiden in her secret bower,
Subdues the soldier on the battle-plain,
Buys the Prætorian on his sacred guard,
Treats with pro-consul, senator, and bard.
Ghost-like she enters through the thrice-barr'd door,
And seals the captive on the dungeon-floor;

Nay, in the Purple Chamber hath she stood
 Counting her conquests of Imperial blood.
 Sceptre and diadem thou'lt guard in vain
 Till *she* be crush'd, never to rise again.

ROME.

Hath she a name, this all-pervading foe?
 I know her not.

WORLD.

Her name, her power I know.
 Ecclesia is her name.

IDOLATRY.

Ecclesia is her name.

ROME.

Ecclesia!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Ecclesia is her name,
 The holy and the true.
 From Heav'n her sweetness came
 Earth's desert to bedew.
 She lifts the Cross divine;
 All hearts the symbol known,
 And to the sacred Sign
 In noiseless current flow.

Ecclesia is she nam'd,
 All-spotless and all-pure;
 The blind, the halt, the maim'd
 Walk in her path secure.
 Who seeks that path of light
 Th' immortal End shall win;
 Led by Faith's Lamp so bright,
 Fools cannot err therein.

ROME.

Far o'er the waters of the blue Levant,
 On the bright shores of golden Palestine,
 First did I hear Ecclesia's vestals chant
 Pœans before a malefactor's shrine.
 Now, eastward, westward, far as day extends,
 The hated music of her voice ascends;
 Yet what the echoes which its tones awake?
 The silence of the wilderness they break,
 They swell harmonious through the beggar's home,
 Or hidden caverns of the catacomb.
 Behold her mighty conquests! Answer ye,
 Shall Roma dread so poor an enemy?
 Think you I emulate her lowly lair
 In ghostly catacomb — on mountain bare?
 Think you I sigh with her the slave to tend,
 Or by the captive's dying couch to bend?
 No; while dominion, luxury, and power
 Remain mine own unshar'd, unquestion'd dower,
 Ecclesia may on outcasts bend her care,
 And chant her pœans to the desert air.
 No; though I hate, I fear not. Let her be;
 She is no meet antagonist for me.

IDOLATRY.

Such is thy thought, oh Queen! Yet lift thine eyes,
 See where Idolatry's vast empire lies!
 Though on thy realm the sun may scarce decline,
 What is *thy* sway, Imperial Rome, to *mine*?
 In regions where thy foot hath never trod,
 Reason enthral'd adores her Idol-god.
 Where polar night enshrouds eternal snow —
 'Neath skies whose burning breath hath never fann'd
 The Eagle-banner — forth I stretch my hand,
 And to the flames the quivering victim throw.
 In eastern climes, in lands beyond the sea

Which ne'er were thine, nor thine shall ever be,
 My vot'ries blind their abject homage seal
 In bloody death beneath my chariot-wheel.
 Nay, more; while those who bow to thy command
 Smile to thy face, but curse behind the hand,
 My captive millions not a word will dare,
 Lest at their feet concealed my Furies lie
 Dreading their presence in the ambient air,
 The flowing streamlet, and the starry sky.
 Yet lo! Ecclesia, lowly and despised,
 Against my sov'reignty hath rais'd her arm,
 And arts incomprehensible devised
 My empire to curtail, my power to harm.
 Temples deserted, statues overthrown
 Bear witness to my words; nor these alone.
 Cities where once my throne was firmly placed
 Have cast me forth, defeated and disgraced,
 Trampled my symbols with unsparing scorn,
 And to the Nazarene allegiance sworn.
 'Tis Reason's chain Ecclesia seeks to sever.
 What be her spells, I know not; but alas!
 Where'er her hated shadow doth but pass,
 My oracles are silenc'd — and for ever!
 If upon *me* dismay so great hath come,
 Quake for *thy* downfall, oh Imperial Rome!

WORLD.

Just is the warning, oh! most noble Queen,
 And wisdom bids thee hearken. Thou hast seen
 The mountain-rill, whose trickling drops descend
 With laughing music to the vale beneath,
 In flood gigantic and resistless end —
 Herald of desolation and of death.
 So will Ecclesia's onward current swell,
 If check'd it may not be. I see it well,
 And hate, and tremble, e'en while I descry

That to resist her mightiest am I.
 Yea, twice Imperial Rome precedence yields;
 Idolatry doth greater empire own;
 And o'er his realm, o'er thine, o'er souls unknown
 To him, to thee, the World his sceptre wields.
 Nor can ye, in your proudest moments, boast
 Subjects like mine, — an eager, willing host.
 No brittle chain need I of fear or power;
 Their hearts' affections are my trusty tower.
 Yet ev'n on me Ecclesia war hath made,
 And snares mysterious for my servants laid
 Snares which too well have work'd to lure away
 Unnumber'd spirits from beneath my sway.
 Hosts who within my realm were born and nurs'd,
 Now scorn and loathe me as a thing accurst,
 And strive on Poverty, Contempt, and Woe
 My meed of praise and honour to bestow.
 In vain the gay, luxurious feast I spread;
 In vain my golden treasures I display;
 By misty and fantastic visions led,
 Those spell-bound souls no more my call obey.
 Yes, she must die; security demands
 Her swift annihilation.

ROME.

At her hands
 No wrong have I receiv'd; yet, at your word,
 Oftimes, already, hath my keen-edged sword
 Been crimson'd with her blood. Oft and again
 By hostile edict have I chas'd her forth
 To burrow 'mong the caverns of the earth,
 Dishonour'd, outcast from the face of men.

RETRIBUTION.

Who there disturbs my slumber?

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Wake not up,
 Oh! heavy Retribution, till her cup
 Its utmost drop receives.
 Yet but a little while
 Fierce Retribution sleeps;
 Truth with unwearied toil
 His darkling record keeps.
 Heavy will fall the blow,
 Rome, when thine hour draws nigh!
 Dread not a distant foe;
 Close doth the danger lie.

Nurs'd in thy Golden Cage
 Seven deadly Snakes abide —
 Avarice, Envy, Rage,
 Sloth, Lust, Excess, and Pride.
 These be the foes to dread
 Now and eternally;
 These, by thine own hand fed,
 Shall thy destruction be.

ROME.

But yet again shall Roma's sword be bar'd
 To drink Ecclesia's life-blood; yet again
 The scourge, the torture by my hand prepar'd,
 Be prone to strike her down — no more in vain;
 If she shall dare her puny head to raise
 In rivalry of me. Till then, her days
 She may drag out in peace. What wrongs ye've shewn
 Are none of Roma's; they are all your own.
 Avenge ye them.

IDOLATRY.

Beside Assyria's throne
 Stood I, of old, as now I stand by thine.

With like magnificence her crown did shine;
 Kings were her satraps; nations were her slaves;
 And tow'rs her capital, in golden waves
 Deserta's treasures roll'd. Who recks, to-day,
 Her empire vast? Of peerless Nineveh,
 Her royal seat, who can the stones discern?
 And yet by One I stood, of brow more stern

And mightier hand — the haughty Babylonia.
 Sweeping the lands with victory complete,
 She cast their millions prostrate at her feet.
 Where be her glories now? The Persian sway,
 And Egypt's Pharaohs — all have pass'd away;
 And dust entombs triumphant Macedonia.

Of these fair empires, lofty as the sky,
 Pontiff and ruling minister was I;
 Yet, when their fate o'ertook them, thou dost know
 Unseath'd I stood amid their overthrow
 The ruin which nor wealth nor prowess spar'd
 Leaving my proud dominion unimpair'd.
 But now, a Power ariseth which can make
 My throne defiant to its centre shake.
 Destruction menaceth; and if I fall,
 Strong as thou art, oh! Rome Imperial,
 We fall together.

WORLD (gazing into the distance.)

Behold! What stately pageant wends its way
 With solemn pomp towards us? The array
 Of thy rich triumphs, Roma, scarce may be
 That mighty splendour's handmaid. See, oh! see,
 Far as the eye can trace the glitt'ring stream
 It threads the distance! Like a golden dream
 Deserta's rarest treasures — oh, delight! —
 In measureless profusion meet my sight!
 Whose is the glorious cavalcade? What King,
 What victor to our council doth it bring?

ROME (*also gazing into the distance.*)

Hither it moves. Gods! Is there, then, a land
By me unknown, unconquer'd by my hand,
Which can its hosts, array'd like these send forth?
Where is that distant region of the Earth
Unscented by the Eagle? Comes he, now,
Its nameless monarch, with imperious brow,
To bid proud Roma kiss his braggart feet?
A Roman welcome shall his kingship meet.
My legions —

WORLD.

Hold thee, hold thee! Nought alarms.
'Twere an unseemly deed, with hostile arms
To welcome him of yonder wealth possess'd, —
(*Aside.*) In richest robes and priceless jewels dress'd,
Unnumber'd slaves of ev'ry hue and race
In that Procession hold the foremost place;
And, as they nearer draw, I can discern
Each in his hands doth bear a golden urn
With sparkling diamonds freighted. Next, behold
A troop array'd in wealth of charms untold,
Nymphs of bewitching grace and beauty rare,
Who wake the echoes of the slumbering air
With ringing timbrels and with voices sweet,
Or skim the flow'ry sward with dancing feet!
Lo! now advance, with sceptre and with crown,
Majestic monarchs, heroes of renown,
Their banners proud inscrib'd with ev'ry name
To glory consecrated, dear to fame.
Lastly, He comes — the potent lord of all,
Who doth the World retain in willing thrall.
'Tis he! I know him by his golden car!
My soul's Divinity, in peace, in war!
Humbly prostrated on the lowly sod,
Thy presence I adore — Mammon, my god!

(*World prostrates himself*)

ROME (*aside.*)

Those myriad slaves — that proud and martial train
 Bespeak some mighty conqueror; that chain
 Heavily forg'd, those captive Kings entwining,
 Tells of his victories; his haughty brow
 And flashing eyes (like fiery beacons shining)
 'Neath his triumphant laurels darkly glow.
 Ha! By the splendour of that arm'd array,
 I hail thee, glorious Visitant, to-day!
 Lo! in thy sight the Eagle folds its pinion,
 And prostrate Rome adores her god — Dominion!

(*Rome prostrates herself.*)

IDOLATRY (*aside.*)

Nymphs of the grove, the fountain, and the stream,
 Fairer than e'er adorn'd a poet's dream,
 Mine eyes behold; while, 'mid that warlike host,
 Heroes I mark, long to Deserta lost.
 There walks Achilles; Agamemnon there;
 The giant Hercules; Apollo fair;
 And countless souls, their valiant warfare clos'd,
 Who in Elysian bow'rs have long repos'd.
 Yes; by full many a sign I know 'tis he,
 Though in his hand no thunderbolt I see.
 Oh goodly train! A goodly guest ye bring!
 Bent to the earth, his praises loud I sing —
 Lord of Olympus! Jupiter, our King!

(*Idolatry prostrates himself.*)

Enter Lucifer and retinue.

LUCIFER.

All hail, my children! Rome, a word with thee. —

(*Leads Rome aside, and points into the distance.*)

Look where I guide thy gaze. What dost thou see?

ROME.

Nothing.

LUCIFER.

Ha! Look again. What seest thou now?

ROME.

What do I see? Mine own Imperial Home
 Shining in marble beauty, on the brow
 Of Sev'n fair Hills. Oh Rome! oh peerless Rome!
 What city of the Earth may vie with thee!
 The Cæsars' lordly dwelling-place I see,
 And countless temples, glitt'ring by the side
 Of fair patrician palaces; the pride
 Of arch triumphal, and of column tall;
 And, like a ruling sov'reign, high o'er all
 The matchless Coliseum.

— Yet a haze

O'erspreads their brightness now; my steadfast gaze
 Can but discern their outline. Dimmer still
 And dimmer grows the vision; ev'ry hill,
 Losing its wonted form, frowns forth on me
 Through the dark vapours of Futurity
 Which, gath'ring densely round, now close me in
 As if with prison-walls!

— Lo! they begin

To tremble in the mid'st, they break — they fly
 In scatt'ring fragments — and the brilliant sky
 Burst forth once more! — The haze yet fills mine eyes,
 Or —

Do I dream? Is it not Rome which lies
 Outspread before me? In its aspect strange
 'Tis and 'tis not the same. What wond'rous change
 Hath thus transform'd the city of my pride?
 Yet is she glorious still. The living tide
 Of nations pours towards her. Yes, e'en yet
 Earth's capital and centre is she set

Higher than ever! Forms to me unknown
 Are bending there in hosts around a Throne —
 A Royal Throne — whose pow'r and glory cast
 Into the shadow all my splendours past.
 Behold! within a Temple doth it stand —
 A Temple, oh, how fair! With lavish hand
 Arts all ignor'd till now, their wealth expending,
 Adorn that pile, all other piles transcending.
 In flights majestic to its portals rise
 Vast steps of marble; tow'ring to the skies
 Its mig^t! Dome I see, on ev'ry side
 Circled by lesser cupolas, whose pride
 Yet yields but to its own. Within, behold
 Mosaics, jewels, arabesques, and gold;
 Painting and sculpture's rarest, choicest gifts;
 That mighty brazen canopy which lifts
 Its pond'rous weight a glitt'ring Altar o'er —
 Meet shrine at which the Eternal to adore!
 Beyond, upon four kingly statues borne,
 That Throne, which well all other thrones may scorn,
 Enchains my gaze; and there, exalted high —
 Furies! what do I see! Is it not I
 Who rule the nations from that lofty seat,
 And on those prostrate myriads plant my feet?
 The warlike crest — the warlike flag unfurl'd —
 ... grace they not that Mistress of the world?
 Wherefore beneath her purple doth she wear
 That robe of sackcloth?

— Spirits of despair!

It is Ecclesia! 'Tis my hated foe!
 The face, the form, the garb too well I know.
 Great Jove! Is this — is this my abject doom!
 Shall thus Ecclesia triumph in my room!
 Upon my ruins shall she build a throne
 And wield a sceptre mightier than mine own?
 Why do you slumber, gods! Your temples still,
 In beauty unimpair'd, adorn each hill.

But hark! Oh! mock'ry to your ancient fanes!
 Their ev'ry echo bears aloft the strains
 Which long such torture to mine ear have been:
 The dreaded Altar of the Nazarene
 Stands where your altars stood! Oh! Jupiter,
 Mars, Romulus, where once your temples were
 Behold your foe ev'n of their stones upraise
 New piles unnumber'd in her martyrs' praise!
 Juno, Minerva, Vesta, hearken all
 If from one Roman lip your great names fall!
 Scorn'd and forgotten, like your shrines, ye lie,
 While "Mary! Mary! Mary!" rends the sky.
 Where be the Curiae whence I rul'd the earth?
 From their usurp'd domain that name peals forth.
 Where is the Forum, so renown'd of yore?
 The place which knew it once knows it no more;
 Its very site is trac'd upon the sod
 But by the temples of Ecclesia's God!

Oh! Diocletian, Titus, Nero, all
 Who scorn'd Ecclesia, and who sought her fall!
 From your dark graves look up — look up and see
 What fools to crush a hostile head ye be!
 Where are your thermæ and vivaria gone?
 The Galilean Fisher treads upon
 Their crumbling ruins. The Mamertine cell,
 Who of its ancient terrors now shall tell?
 What of its gloomy chronicle remains?
 Anthems in praise of One who wore its chains;
 The pride which rear'd it, and the pow'r which stor'd
 Its cavern dread, forgotten or abhorr'd!

Behold th' arenas where your nerveless hate
 Strove, but so vainly, to annihilate
 My now triumphant foe! Her vestals sing,
 Amid their very dust, each suffering,
 With joyful celebration. There, oh there!

Will not the sweeping desolation spare
 The mighty Coliseum? Must its wall
 'Neath Retribution's steadfast vengeance fall?
 Where be the thousands who, on festal day,
 Its glittering benches throng'd in proud array?
 See where its marbles lie defac'd, upturn,
 None to replace their beauty, none to mourn
 Their piteous overthrow, of all who kept
 The lordly jubilee — themselves unwept
 In unremember'd graves; while, like the Power
 Presiding over Roma's evil hour,
 Amid that waste of ruin and dismay
 Uprear'd in lone, unquestion'd sov'reignty,
 The Cross, that symbol of Ecclesia's faith,
 Claims for the victims whom I gave to death
 Within its circuit — wretches without name,
 Or wealth, or honours — an eternal fame!

From the high column's summit hath she thrown
 The imag'd Trajan, and has plac'd thereon
 The scorned, the martyr'd Fisher, who surveys
 More than I compass'd in my brightest days,
 And claims its wide dominion. I could weep
 But that mine ire forbids it. Oh! to sweep
 With one great blast, shrines, symbols from the land,
 And on Ecclesia's bleeding breast to stand!
 Away! Away! Is not her wrathful fate
 Already seal'd! Rage, Jealousy, and Hate
 The measure of her thousand lives shall check
 By Death's whole armoury. Mine be the wreck
 Which blights my vision, if she live to tread
 Beneath her sandall'd foot, my queenly head!

RETRIBUTION.

Again that voice I hear! With cry of hate
 And menace deep, it breaketh my repose.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Yet once again those heavy eyelids close;
Thine hour draws nigh; thou hast not long to wait.

LUCIFER.

Ah! Rome Imperial, 'tis thy fate I shew.
That fate impending wouldst thou further know?
Restrain thee yet awhile. Thy foe is nigh,
And hitherward approaches. Stand thou by,
Silent and watchful. Thou shalt hear her lips
Paint thee a future that will far eclipse
All thou hast seen in vision.

(Exeunt Lucifer and train)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hark! A footfall! It is she.
Hide your heads, accursed Three!
Turn aside each guilty eye
Till the Bride-elect pass by!

There, within that shadow, cower;
Stir not till th' appointed hour;
Providence, with viewless Hand,
Curbs, till then, your hostile band.

Lo! She comes, the Lamb's pure Bride,
Guardian of His Cross appointed,
Baptiz'd from His Wounded Side,
By the Holy Ghost anointed!

Lo! She comes, to whom were given
(Sacred trust!) the Keys of Heaven;
She, the Faithful One decreed
Our Good Shepherd's lambs to feed.

Would ye mark her features fair?
See, as nearer she advances,
Shining 'mong her golden hair
Keen Contempt's sharp thorn-crown glances,

'Neath the Cross she humbly bends;
'Tis her children's sins and sorrows;
Heav'nward, for these, her prayer ascends;
For these, the tear her fair cheek furrows.

Charity divine and sweet
To each hand its print hath given,
E'en as through her sandall'd feet
Penance hath the sharp nail driven.

To her sinless heart now turn,
Wounded by Love's ardent flame;
On its inmost depths discern
Graven deep her Spouse's Name.

It is granted her to be
Cloth'd in linen clean and white —
Garb of spotless sanctity
In the Precious Blood made bright!

O'er that robe of snowy hue
Broider'd with the thrice-tried gold,
See that mantle's mournful blue
Fall around in heavy fold!

Garment of the Crucified!
Poverty, thou World-abhorr'd!
Where such shelter for the Bride
As the mantle of her Lord?

Hail Ecclesia! Holy Light
 On Deserta's darkness shining!
 Force and Fraud, their strength combin'd,
 Shall not quench thy glory bright.

Bear thy sorrows yet a day;
 He is near who will deliver;
 Heav'n and Earth shall pass away,
 But His Word abides for ever!

Enter Ecclesia bearing the Cross.

ECCLESIA.

Ah! woe is me! Ever around me spread
 The darkling habitations of the dead!
 Ever across Deserta's nightbound skies
 The flag of Error floats! Behold the eyes
 Of her insensate children, heavily seal'd,
 Still to the sleep of Sin supinely yield —
 Dread sleep, which must by Grace or Death be broke
 Yet in those darken'd skies a dawn I see,
 A crimson streak, of coming Day the token,
 The hopeful herald of my victory.
 E'en in this hour, my foes, with hatred rife,
 Whet their keen arrows 'gainst Ecclesia's life;
 And lo! their malice, ere the night be o'er,
 Will o'er the land her blood in torrents pour.
 Yet shall that sanguine flood bedew the soil
 So long ungrateful to Ecclesia's toil;
 And for each martyr-flow'r that decks my brow,
 A convert nation at my feet shall bow.
 Triumph, I hear thy footfall. Yet, alas!
 How through those bitter waters shall I pass!
 That furnace sev'n times heated — how shall I,
 Feeble and faint, its ardent power defy!
 Strength of my heart! My Love, my Life, my Lord!
 I bring my sorrows to Thy Feet adored.

Look on the anguish of Thy suff'ring daughter!
Her fever'd lips refresh, oh, Fount of Living water!

(Draws aside the curtain of her Tent, and prostrates herself before the Altar whereon the VEILED KING is enthroned.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Come forth, bright KING! With weary brain and breast
Thy suff'ring Bride, by ceaseless conflict pres'd,
Turns to Thine Own Ineffable Bequest,
That Sacred Pillow of her holy Rest!
When Earthly tempests at their darkest be,
Her sweet, unfailing refuge is with Thee.
Beneath that Veil her trustful eye can see
The promis'd Guerdon of Eternity.

Come forth, bright KING! As, when from Egypt's land
Faith fled with Judah, at Thy blest command,
Between them and the foeman Thou didst stand,
And smot'st th'oppressor with avenging Hand;
So art Thou, now, beneath that mystic shroud,
A Stone of stumbling to the hostile crowd,
But by Thy Bride ador'd with accents loud;
To her, the Shining Light — to them, the Cloud!

Come forth, bright KING! Poor Faith still journeys o'er
The arid wilderness, the barren shore.
Thou art her Rock-well, springing as of yore;
Thou art the Manna that must life restore;
Thou art the Living Bread, the Healing Tree;
Thou art of pure delights the Crystal sea.
Faint, in the desert, could Elijah be
When fed by that which but foreshow'd Thee?

Come forth, bright King! What though the World stand
 With Rome, and bloody-soul'd Idolatry, [by,
 Thine is no Presence to their darken'd eye;
 Faith only can that Mystery descry.
 When conscious daylight kiss'd Thy Mortal Face,
 They knew Thee not; nor is it theirs the grace
 Now in the Second Temple's Holy-Place
 The true Shekinah through the Veil to trace.

Come forth, bright King! When from Thy Godhead's
 Throne
 Thou camest down to win Thee back Thine Own,
 The beams of Thy Blest Nat'l Morning shone
 A new, a glorious Sov'reignty upon - -
 Heav'nly Jerusalem, in bright array
 Descending, evermore with man to stay;
 Whose sceptre Thou and Thy Redeem'd shall sway,
 Living and reigning till the Judgment Day!

ECCLESIA.

All hail, my Sacramental God!
 To Thy Dear Presence, lo! I flee;
 And clinging to the Altar-stone
 Which serves Thee for an Earthly Throne,
 And gazing on the narrow Cell
 Where, in Thy Love, Thou-deign'st to dwell,
 Bow'd 'neath affliction's heavy rod,
 I pour my spirit forth to Thee!

Thou art Creation's hallow'd Crown,
 Its pattern in Eternity;
 Heav'n and its choirs for Thee were made,
 For Thee were Earth's foundations laid,
 And fires of everlasting death
 Were kindled by God's angry Breath
 'Gainst those whom He from Heav'n cast down
 For that they would not worship Thee!

For Thy sweet sake God's mercy flows
Forth in a bright and boundless sea.
The Virgin without sin conceiv'd
For Thee this peerless grace receiv'd,
And souls redeem'd Thy trophies shine.
All but the reprobate are Thine;
Nought, save Despair's dark region, knows
End or Beginning but in Thee!

Thou art the Lamb for ever slain,
From spot or blemish pure and free;
The One, the only Sacrifice
Whose sweetly smelling odours rise
From Earth to Heav'n, by night, by day,
Turning God's vengeful sword away.
Penance were fruitless, hope were vain,
Oh! Blest Oblation, but for Thee!

Thou art the Great High Priest of God
Whom Kings and Prophets long'd to see.
Unstain'd by blood of slaughter'd beasts
(The shadow giv'n to Judah's priests),
Thou bearest in Thy Hand Divine
Melchisedech's pure Bread and Wine
Chang'd to Thy Sacred Flesh and Blood
By one almighty Word from Thee!

Thou art the Presence Whose Dread Light
May well Ecclesia's glory be.
She needs no sun to cheer her day,
No moon to lend a silv'ry ray;
For Glory, Beauty, Life, and Grace
Are shining in her Holy Place.
She knows no darkness, fears no night,
Illum'd for evermore by Thee!

Oh, Word made Flesh! Incarnate Lord!
 Heart of the Holy Trinity!
 Thy Hidden Life's divine eclipse,
 The Lessons of Thy Sacred Lips,
 The Benedictions Thou didst give,
 All in this wond'rous Myst'ry live;
 Thy Life, Thy Miracles, Thy Word,
 All have I here, for I have Thee!

Oh Jesu, Bethlehem's Infant Blest!
 Jesu, the Boy of Galilee!
 Jesu, baptiz'd in Jordan's tide,
 By fasting and Temptation tried!
 Jesu, the multitudes Who fed,
 Who heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead,
 And cleans'd the lepers! Jesu, now
 Transfigur'd on Mount Tabor's brow,
 Now bath'd in streams of Bloody Sweat,
 'Neath the sad shades of Olivet!
 Jesu, betray'd and crucified!
 Jesu, arisen and glorified!
 Here, in this Myst'ry, last and best,
 Let me for ever worship Thee!

Light of the world! Without Thy ray
 Where should Thy darken'd creatures be!
 Oh! sadder than the grave, the lot
 Of those, alas! who know Thee not —
 Who deem Thee far as Heav'n away,
 Nor know Thee by their doors to stay.
 Whatever joys the World may give,
 Whatever gains, in death they live
 Whose spirit dwells not, night and day,
 Oh! Blessed Sacrament, with Thee!

From this, Thy Love's sweet Hiding-place,
 Spouse of my soul, look forth on me!
 Give me Salvation's armour bright,

Courage to stand, and strength to fight;
 Give me Thy Holy Cross to bear;
 Give me Thy Crown of Thorns to wear.
 Let scorn my exaltation be —
 My wealth, Thy Holy Poverty.
 Be Thou my friend in joy, in woe,
 And ever be the World my foe.
 This be my portion, this my grace —
A Stranger upon Earth, with Thee!

VEILED KING.

*Fear thou not, for I am with thee.
 Be not dismayed; for I am thy God.
 I will strengthen thee; I will help thee;
 Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My Right-
 teousness.*

Isaiah, 41.

— 10.

*Behold, all they that were incensed against thee
 Shall be ashamed and confounded.
 They shall be as nothing;
 And they that strive with thee
 Shall perish.
 Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them,
 Even them that contended with thee;
 They that war against thee shall be as nothing,
 And as a thing of nought.*

*For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand,
 Saying unto thee,
 "Fear not; I will help thee.
 "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee;
 "I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."*

— 43. 1

*When thou passest through the waters
 I will be with thee;
 And through the rivers,*

*They shall not overflow thee.
When thou walkest through the fire
Thou shall not be burned,
Neither shall the flames
Kindle upon thee.*

Isaiah

54. 11

*Oh, thou afflicted!
Toss'd with tempest, and not comforted!
Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours,
And lay thy foundations with sapphires.
And I will make thy windows of agates,
And thy gates of carbuncles,
And all thy borders
Of pleasant stones.*

*And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord,
And great shall be the peace of thy children.
In righteousness shalt thou be established;
Thou shalt be far from oppression,
For thou shalt not fear;
And from terror;
For it shall not come near thee.*

*Behold, they shall surely gather together,
But not by Me.
Whosoever shall gather together against thee
Shall fall for thy sake.
No weapon that is formed against thee
Shall prosper;
And every tongue that shall rise up in judgment against thee
Thou shalt condemn.*

ECCLESIA.

*Amen. Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
Be it to me according to Thy Word.
If thou be nigh to succour and sustain,*

Thy servant's heart will ever firm remain.
 Though thousands gather round, she will not fear,
 But on Thy Love with confidence repose,
 Scorning the malice of her wrathful foes
 Her God, Her Strength, her Tow'r of Refuge near.
 Cloth'd in Thy Grace, consol'd, sustain'd by Thee,
 Death hath no sting — the Grave no Victory.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

In their own snares thine enemies shall fall.
 Shame and confusion shall o'ertake them all.

(Ecclesia closes Tent, while Chorus sings.)

As faded leaves before the tempest fleet,
 So shall their triumph flee before defeat;
 So shall their spoils be gather'd to thy feet.

But hark! The breeze bears forth a woeful wail
 That of poor Reason tells the bitter tale;
 A weeping form doth hither wend its way
 Lo! it is she. Her chains clang heavily;
 Her hair, unbound, falls round her palid face
 Which still of holy Eden bears a trace;
 Her bended head — her garments soil'd and torn —
 Oh! angel eyes o'er hapless Reason mourn!

Enter Reason heavily chained.

REASON.

Oh! for a wilderness where I might flee
 And to the wild winds mourn my misery,
 Far from the foes my bitter cup who fill,
 From conscience and from mem'ry farther still!
 All through the painful night, the toilsome day,
 Trouble and anguish track my hopeless way;
 And turn where'er I will, no hand I see

To soothe or to avert calamity.
 The flame, the earthquake, and the angry surge
 Each after other wields its deadly scourge,
 And wrings the life-drops from my bleeding heart.
 Famine and pestilence fulfil their part,
 And from my bones corrode the flesh away;
 While war, more terrible by far than they --
 War in the field, where wild Ambition raises
 His ghastly monument of corpses pale --
 War in the street, where Revolution blazes,
 And friend from friend wrings forth the dying wail --
 War in the house, where brother strives with brother,
 Sister with sister, child with sire and mother --
 War that can win even nuptial bonds to sever --
 Tortures my soul for ever and for ever!
 Oh! when I scan this sea of endless woes,
 The darkness of my spirit darker grows,
 And black despair lays heavy hand on me --
 Reason no longer -- wild Insanity!

ECCLESIA.

Alas! Alas! Thy words are all too true;
 Each dawning hour reveals but sorrows new.
 Deserta's bosom, like the Prophet's scroll,
 Is trac'd on ev'ry side with "lamentation,
 "Mourning, and woe." Yet might thy chasten'd soul
 E'en from its griefs distil sweet consolation.

REASON.

Sweet consolation! Name it not to me,
 Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thine errand be.
 Alas! where shall I consolation find --
 By sin enslav'd, by Falsehood's arts made blind?
 The World can, in the midst of ruin, smile,
 And with new pleasures each new care beguile;
 Or if too pow'rfully the dark tale speak,

In wine his soul can poor oblivion seek.
 But Reason — how, oh! how shall baubles vain
 Win her one moment to forget her pain?
 How shall the wine-cup charm away her woes —
 Itselt her fiercest, deadliest of foes?
 Oh cruel Life! Unto what end art thou?
 Why does not Death devour thee, yes, e'en now?
 And wasting sorrows, to what end are they,
 Blighting the cradled infant of a day,
 Clouding the skies of childhood and of youth,
 And charging riper years — Life's only truth?
 Oh! surely, surely it could never be
 Creation's Lord for *this* created me!
 My heart will not believe it.

ECCLESIA.

Rightly speaks

Thy heart, poor Reason. Our Creator blest
 No other lot for us, his creatures, seeks
 Than bliss in life — in death, eternal rest.

REASON.

Death — who shall speak thy terrors! Lone and cold
 Thine icy arms my cherish'd ones infold!
 On the long hoped-for blossom thou dost prey,
 Snatching Love's chalice from parch'd lips away!
 The rosy prattler by its mother's side,
 The noble youth, the fair and blooming bride,
 The father, sister, mother most beloved,
 Why be they all from Love's caress removed?
 Cheeks that but late in living beauty glowed,
 Lips which affection's raptur'd kiss bestowed,
 Thy hand, oh! hideous Death, hath o'er them pass'd,
 And Love itself shrinks from them, all aghast!
 Those glassy eyes that look no more on me,
 That rigid form — my bright one can it be?

For ever and for ever torn apart!
 Oh, hopeless anguish of the breaking heart!
 And now another parting yet more dread.
 Dear in thy ghastliness, oh! cherish'd dead,
 To flames must I consign thee? To the deep?
 Or with the earthworm must my darling sleep?
 Desolate home, from which thy light is flown!
 Desolate heart, whose hope thou wert, alone!
 Desolate heart!

ECCLESIA.

Oh! Reason, couldst thou see
 That bright re-union in eternity
 Which our dear Lord for thee hath merited,
 Thou wouldst not thus bemoan thy cherish'd dead.

REASON.

Who art thou?

ECCLESIA.

Thou hast seen me — known me well,
 Ere Sin's dark shadow on thy pathway fell.
 Dost thou remember Eden's happy bowers?

REASON.

No Eden have I known — no happy hours.

ECCLESIA.

Thy sister —

REASON.

Ho! What sister? I have none.
 Tyrants, tormentors, I have these alone.

ECCLESIA.

Poor heart! Thou hast forgotten Faith Divine.

REASON.

Faith! There is no such being. Reach thy hand,
Press with cool palm this burning brow of mine,
And I will tell thee. Long o'er ev'ry land,
Weary and sick in spirit, have I sought
For an oft dream'd-of Faith, but found her not.
No; there is no such being.

Yet, in my misery, my heart *must* love;
And when my dear ones from my sight are gone,
O'er the wide Earth despairingly I rove,
Crying for consolation — finding none.
Then, in my madness, to their graves I hie
When the pale moon lights up the midnight sky,
And quickly casting far each heavy clod
Which hides my treasure 'neath its impious load,
What do I see! Oh horror! Until now
I had not known thee, Death!

ECCLESIA.

Thou dost allow
Thy thoughts, poor Reason, evermore to play
Around the fragile form, the mortal clay.
Look on the deathless spirit! What were worth
The sorrows of a few short years on earth,
Could these become its sure, its hopeful way
To bright, to endless immortality?

REASON.

In riddles thou dost speak. Beyond the tomb
Who shall declare the soul's mysterious doom?
On Earth who knows it? Who the secret keeps
If in the grave for evermore it sleeps,
Or if some other life of woe and pain
It must begin, and live, and end again?

Oh, heavy care! Oh, dark uncertainty!
 — The Spirit's fate when pass'd from Earth away!
 Vainly I try the problem dark to solve,
 While thoughts on thoughts within my brain revolve.
 Vainly I turn me to the lofty World,
 And from his wisdom hope some light to gain;
 My longing doubts he spurns with cold disdain,
 His haughty lip, the while, in mock'ry curl'd.
 "Wherefore with idle questions dost thou toy?"
 Thus he replies; "Hath life lost ev'ry joy,
 "That thou for unrealities must crave,
 "And ever call to mind the loathsome grave?
 "How do I live? In raiment soft and fine,
 "I eat choice viands, drink of purest wine;
 "Pleasures I seek, or wealth, or calm repose,
 "Nor e'er disturb my peace with dreams like those.
 "Seek but the things which live thine eyes before;
 "These suffice *me*, and askest *thou* for more?"

Thus speaks the World, and Reason turns away,
 Silenc'd her lips — her heart to fear a prey;
 For all untouch'd his sophistry so brave
 Leaves those dark phantom-shapes, Death and the
 Grave.
 Where else to turn I know not, save to thee,
 Oh! tyrant fierce, oh! dread Idolatry.
 Thy yoke I loathe; yet where, alas! to flee?
 In ev'ry land thy coil encircles me.
 E'en at *thy* feet abhorr'd myself I throw,
 Craving my spirit's final doom to know.
 Thine answers how to tell! how to believe!
 I from thy lips conflicting words receive.
 One while, thou bidst me lift my wilder'd gaze
 To where the heav'nly luminaries blaze,
 There, 'mid their constellations bright, to read
 As in a book, my destiny decreed.
 Thus, at thy bidding, from the lofty tower

I watch the planets through the midnight hour,
And trace the course their shining circles wend,
Till each becomes a dear, a cherish'd friend,
And Reason seeks, as a familiar home,
The golden spangles of heaven's sapphire dome
How sweet their converse! They unfold to me
Legends of beauty, power, benignity.
Their blended strains to charm me never cease,
Singing of truth, and harmony, and peace —
Things which Deserta knows not.
Yet, of the Future when I bid them tell,
Their dulcet harmonies no longer swell,
But sadly, silently their orbs revolve.
Of life, of death, no mystery they solve.

Then, at Idolatry's command, I turn
Where fires mysterious by the Caspian burn,
In their pale flames my destiny to see;
But sign nor secret they reveal to me.
Then, as importun'd by my ceaseless prayer,
He thunders forth, by rock and waterfall,
Fierce, rugged chants, whose measures rude declare
My home for ever in the wild Valhall!
Oh vision dread! Must this my portion be —
To revel through the long Eternity
In bloody combats? Or, with mocking laugh,
Unhallow'd draughts, from fleshless skulls to quaff?
Himself disowns the lie, in gentler hours;
And then he tells me of Elysian Bowers
Where bright nymphs dwell, where nectar ever flows,
And Sense is nurs'd in rapturous repose;
Where sweets luxurious, for himself prepared,
And for the World, by Reason may be shared.
Shared — and by me! Is it for *this* that I
Have here to weep, to suffer, and to die?
Nectar and nymphs — for such the Sense may burn,
But Reason doth such joys degrading spurn.

Oh! can his power no brighter hope disclose?
This mournful Earth hath purer joys than those.

ECCLESIA.

Say, wouldst thou hear of Heav'n from tongues of Hell?
Far other lips thy destiny must tell.

REASON.

Shared — and by me! In life their yoke I've borne,
And drain'd the cup of anguish and of scorn;
Hath death, with all its bitter pangs, no might
To burst their chain — to blot them from my sight?
Nectar would turn to gall upon my lip
If tasted in such hateful fellowship
Rather than prove Elysium's pleasures thus,
My soul would brave the gloom of Tartarus.—
What do I say!

Oh, darkness of despair!
Hath not Idolatry enthron'd him there!
Nor e'en o'er palling pleasures there to reign,
But o'er a realm of unimagined pain!
There rage his Furies, as with serpent-scourge
From depth to depth despairing souls they urge!
There, on the quiv'ring heart his Harpies prey,
While spectres mock each gnawing agony!
Unmeasur'd woes his vengeance hath begot
For those who scorn his power, who serve him not.
Oh, wretched that I am! Perchance e'en now
That vengeance mantles on his darkling brow,
As each rash utterance, each bitter word
Hath by his omnipresent ears been heard!
How shall I turn aside my awful fate?
How his all-potent wrath propitiate?
From parent, friend, and lover shall I tear me —
From all in life of beautiful or good,

And thus, with none companionship to bear me,
Drag the long years in Vestal solitude?
Hath this appeas'd thy rage? Not yet? Not yet?
What price upon my pardon dost thou set?

A yawning grave lies open at my feet;
Close by its brink, a ghastly winding-sheet
Around my living form its folds are wound —
Horror! They sink me in the cold, damp ground!
— Doth this suffice thee? Wilt thou now relent?
In gifts, in hecatombs my all I've spent.
What yet remains? —

Darkly the midnight lowers,
Enshrouding earth and sky in sullen gloom,
Save where yon glare of lurid crimson pours
Its flood around, boding portentous doom.
Upward the forking flame to heav'n ascends
Bearing aloft wild shrieks of agony!
Idolatry each murd'rous arm extends
O'er the red chasm. Ha! waitest thou for me?
What! Not for me? For these? Ah! no, no, no.
Take me, but spare the treasures of my soul!
Oh! Father! — sister — brother — must they go?
— Adown thine arms — into the flames they roll!
Ha! ha! The drums beat bravely. Yet that cry
Above their clangour pierceth. Come thou nigh,
My little nurseling; nestle on my breast,
For thou, my sweet, must perish with the rest.
Hush, baby, hush; still that unholy wail. —
My brain is throbbing — strength and vision fail —
That little cry! I hear it over all —
Ha! ha! That little cry! I fall! — I fall! —
The fiery whirlpool to my babe hath drawn me!
— *Thou Who createdst me, have mercy on me!*

(Reason falls down fainting.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Alas! alas! Poor Reason, all outworn
 By agony of madd'ning memories,
 Hath fall'n in death-like swoon. Upon her knees
 Bending, like mother o'er her eldest-born,
 Ecclesia weeps, her soul with anguish torn.

ECCLESIA (*kneeling beside Reason.*)

Thou, of all fathers best,
 Shew now a Father's ruth:
 Send out Thy Light and Truth,
 And lead her to Thy Rest.
 As on a mother's breast
 Let her on mine repose,
 Iniquities and woes
 All at Thy Feet confes'd.

In Thine all-holy Sight
 Her sins as scarlet shew:
 Yet, like the drifting snow
 Thy Hand can wash them white
 Oh! from Thy perishing one
 Turn not away Thy Face!
 Send, oh! send down Thy Grace!
 Succour besides there's none.

(Grace descends from Heaven, and bends over Reason.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Lo! At a sister's prayer descending now,
 Grace comes from Heav'n, poor Reason to restore.
 See! While Ecclesia on her pallid brow
 Doth gently the Baptismal waters pour,
 Grace hath with potent finger touch'd her chain,
 And it hath fall'n, and she is free again.

GRACE.

*Arise, and go unto thy Father,
And say unto Him,
" Father, I have sinned
" Against Heaven, and before Thee,
" And am no more worthy
" To be call'd Thy child."*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Her white lips parting, heavily she sighs,
Then lifts those dreamy lids, and turns her eyes
On thee, Ecclesia.

ECCLESIA.

Speak, my sister dear;
Dost thou not know a lost, a lov'd one near?

REASON.

A voice I hear, whose dulcet accents thrill
E'en through my inmost soul! I hear it still,
As in some blissful vision past and flown.
Say, could I e'er that voice divine have known
In unremember'd years? Bright forms I see,
Holy, angelic! They recall to me
Joys long forgotten, raptures long unfelt,
As though in Paradise I once had dwelt.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

She sees us now! Oh, angel peers, rejoice!
Mem'ry awakens at her sister's voice.

REASON.

Sister — I once had one — how sweet! how fair!
My proudest boast, my tend'rest, fondest care!

Through blissful bow'rs together did we rove;
 Together rais'd our harmonies of love
 To one I know not — One enthron'd above.
 Oh! sister, where to seek thee!

ECCLESIA.

Look on me,
 Unchang'd, unchangeable.
(Grace touches the eyes of Reason.)

REASON.

Whom do I see!
 Oh! Faith divine, supernal, have I found thee?
 What blissful morn dawns on my night of pain?
 Never, oh! never let us part again.

ECCLESIA.

Seest thou the heavy chain so late that bound thee?
 Grace from its grasp thy tortur'd limbs hath freed.

REASON.

'Tis gone — oh Heav'n! And I am free indeed!

ECCLESIA.

Adore our clement Lord on bended knee;
 His Power hath sav'd, His Grace hath made thee free.

REASON (*prostrating herself.*)

Not by a few poor words shall gratitude
 Thy Grace acknowledge, oh, Eternal Good!
 The life-long homage of my heart shall be
 My off'ring poor to Him Who made me free.

Body and soul — two worthless mites — alone,
And these when pure and bright all, all Thine Own.
Now by unnumber'd sins defac'd, defil'd —
No other offering hath Thy guilty child.
Oh! from my sins turn Thou away Thine eyes!

ECCLESIA.

A contrite spirit God will not despise.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Her tatter'd garments Reason lays aside,
And Grace attires her like the Heav'nly Bride
In robe of spotless snow.

ECCLESIA.

My sister dear,
Receive this robe, in Precious Streams made clear.
Guard it from spot or stain; and should there fall
On its pure folds one drop of Sin's black gall,
Hie thee to me; let nought thy steps delay;
That in those Precious Streams the stain be wash'd
away.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

The Law Divine — a priceless Amulet —
Grace clasps, with gentle hand, around her neck.

ECCLESIA.

Never, my sister, this sweet Law forget;
Still by its light thy wand'ring footsteps check.

REASON (*kissing her Amulet.*)

Oh hallow'd hour! Oh bliss without alloy!
My heart o'erflows, inebriate with joy.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hark! What means that jubilee
 Ringing through th' Eternal Dome?
Angels chant with tuneful glee
 Erring Reason's welcome home.
To our Master's Throne ador'd
 Gentle Pity bore a prayer;
Grace descended at His Word,
 Snapp'd the chain, and rent the snare.
Hope, Devotion, Peace, and Love,
 Hither bring your offerings sweet,
That the anthems raised Above
 May an Earthly echo meet.

(Enter Hope, Devotion, Peace, Love, and other attendants of Ecclesia, bearing gifts and flowers.)

HOPE.

Sister, hail! No more shalt thou
 'Neath a tyrant's yoke be press'd;
Here is Glory for thy brow,
 Here is Solace for thy breast;
Here is Sunshine for thine eyes,
 Beaming through the once-dark tomb;
Ev'ry woe on which it lies
 Will in rosy colours bloom.
Here are Promises will take
 Strength and sting from ev'ry pain;
Wear them for the Donor's Sake.
 Welcome, sister, home again!

DEVOTION.

Sister, hail! Thy long-lost care
 From our King I bear thee back.
Guide thou now the Virtues fair,
 Each restrain on rightful track.

Evermore let Justice grave
Walk with Mercy, hand in hand;
Close by Zeal, the bold, the brave,
Still let watchful Prudence stand.
Love, let Purity attend;
Hope, by Fear her place maintain.
To thy rule the first I bend.
Welcome, sister, home again!

LOVE.

Sister, hail! The grateful heart
Grateful token swift should bring.
Poor and portionless thou art;
Here are offerings for our King —
Incense of the choicest flake
From Devotion's censer brea'h'd;
Blooming garlands, for His Sake
Round His Spotless Mother wreath'd.
Glory for the dazzling host
At His Right Hand glorified;
Mercy for the myriads toss'd
On the waves of Time's dark tide.
Lay these offerings at His Feet.
Seal'd by Love while they remain,
Not the least one scorn shall meet.
Welcome, sister, home again!

PEACE.

Sister, hail! From casket bright
Priceless gems shall I uncloze?
These already charm thy sight;
Peace, *herself* on thee bestows.
From the Fount of God's Love sprung,
Trouble flees my hallow'd way;
I can still the tempest strong;
I can turn the night to day.

Mine the breath whose zephir bless'd
 Whispers through the palms of Heaven;
 Let its accents soothe to rest
 Heart so long by sorrow riven.
 While the Amulet of Grace
 Shall thy queenly neck enchain,
 By thy side my destin'd place.—
 Welcome, sister, home again!

ECCLESIA.

Receive these gifts, my sister; they to thee
 The tokens of our Monarch's Love shall be,
 And of His Bright Reward the pledges sweet.
 Whilst thou, prostrated at His Sacred Feet,
 The Magians' mystic treasures shalt unfold —
 Devotion's fragrant Incense, the pure Gold
 Of holy works, and self-abasement's Myrrh —
 Never again in darkness shalt thou grope;
 Never, my sister, from thy side shall stir
 Those blest companions, Peace and holy Hope.

I, too, a boon present thee from our King,
 Bright as the gifts my fair attendants bring;
 A glorious boon, unparallelled in worth
 Save by the Nameless Bliss it shadows forth —
 Th' Eternal Bliss of Heav'n. In posture meek
 Bow down thy head, my sister, while I speak
 The word which makes thee my companion fair
 In Time and in Eternity. Where'er
 Ecclesia's footsteps through the Earth shall glide,
 Reason shall walk for ever by her side;
 When on her Throne Ecclesia placed shall be,
 In God's Great Name to judge and to decree,
 Reason shall bow that Holy Throne before,
 And first her Lord's Unerring Word adore.
 Whether the sword of Truth Divine I wield
 Against thy foes and mine on hostile field,

Or Shiloh's Sceptre o'er His children sway,
 Or nurse the tender buds of charity,
 Or chant our Monarch's praise — whate'er I do
 Lies open, sister, to thy cloudless view;
 That so, when Falsehood's poison'd tongue shall say —
 " Ecclesia's deeds must veil them from the day,
 " And hide with jealous care from Reason's eye " —
 Falsehood alone may breathe the impious lie.

But mark thou this. When in the Holy Place
 Thou kneelest by my side, oh, then, beware!
 Reason indeed may enter, but with face
 Bent down in adoration. If she dare
 Forget her lowliness and lift her eyes
 To scan the Everlasting Mysteries,
 Their glow will strike her blind. If her rash gaze
 She to the Hidden Things of God shall raise,
 Heavy the chastisement will fall upon
 Her vain, presumptuous head. Faith — Faith alone
 Can look on these and live. The tasks by Heaven
 Already to repentant Reason given —
 Time's changeful forms with faithful hand to mould,
 Between the Virtues balance just to hold,
 These to thy pow'rs are fitted; Heaven's profound
 And awful Myst'ries are beyond thy bound.

And know, my sister, 'tis forbid to thee
 The Holy Place to enter, save with me.
 Darkness and death are thine if thou offend;
 For thence no light on Reason may descend
 Saving the beams that from Ecclesia fall —
 Shed first on her, from her beam'd forth on all.

REASON.

Oh blissful day! Am I indeed restor'd
 To thee, sweet sister? to my injur'd Lord?
 Again, again Hope's promises are mine:
 Again the sunshine of the Light Divine!

Of long-lost liberty to breathe the air —
To nurse angelic Faith! —

ECCLESIA.

Nay, hold thee there.
All in the scale of Justice must be weighed.
When Reason from her Master's service strayed
She lost her glorious birthright; does she think
No cup of penitence remains to drink?
We're all to thee as at the first restor'd,
Thou wouldst forget the travail of thy Lord.
Heavy the Cross thy dark sins laid on *Him*;
Why should they pass from *thee*, like vapour dim;
And leave no pain behind? Yet fear not; He
Hath laid no whelming burden upon thee.
Of Esau's doom prophetic thine shall be
The antitype; for this is Heaven's decree,
That to the Younger shall the Elder bow.
So bent thy type of yore; so bend thou now.

Yet blush not for this holy servitude,
As ill foreshadow'd by the bondage rude
Of dark Idolatry as is the light
Of Heaven's own day by Hell's eternal night.
A yoke, indeed, henceforward must be thine,
But one most light, most noble and divine:
Nought that poor Reason by herself could dare
May with its grace one moment's contrast bear
Bending to Christ and His anointed Bride,
Thy glory shall eclipse all earthly pride
List thee, my sister, while my lips unfold
Of Faith, thy Queen, the destiny foretold.

Far o'er Creation's empire cast thine eye
Where hang suspended in the boundless sky
Worlds upon worlds unnumber'd. Turn thee, then,
To one — a mark'd one — 'mid that luminous train,

Throughout whose twofold realm of land and main
Wonders untold in endless beauty reign.
Yet not the first in brightness doth it glow,
In magnitude, in loveliness; ah! no;
Dimm'd is its radiance, and its shrinking rays
Strain through calamity's portentous haze.
Yet see! Those countless orbs, more brilliant far,
Clust'ring around that poor, bewilder'd star,
With one accord their prouder glories lend
That darken'd sister in her course to tend,
While angel envoys linger on their way,
Oft as they near that wond'rous planet stray.
What is its destiny? Shall nature, there,
A new, a lovelier garb be giv'n to wear?
Through its wide vaults shall brighter legions wing
Than those whose blissful hallelujahs ring
Through Heaven's resplendent courts? Oh favour'd star!
Thy destinies of all most glorious are.
Fall'n as thou art, within thy chosen bound
Creation's miracles shall all be crown'd
By Miracle transcendent, which shall give
The finite in the Infinite to live.
O'er thine astonish'd breast the heavens shall rend
And from His Throne the Just One shall descend
Sin to repair by hallow'd Suffering,
And out of Death Eternal Life to bring.

But where, oh! dark Deserta, hath thy breast
One spot whereon thy Maker's Foot may rest --
One strand whose faithfulness may win to be
The Earthly Cradle of the Deity?
Fallen and degraded are thy nations all,
Sunk in the mire accursed of the Fall,
Whose black'ning flood o'er ev'ry land hath pour'd,
Nor left one taintless refuge for the Lord.
Ere He descend, thy Visitant Divine,
One must He frame, e'en from that dust of thine,

One from Deserta's wrecks defac'd call'd forth,
As she from Chaos; which shall be on Earth
The type and shadow of His Heavenly Throne,
By supernatural gifts discern'd His Own.
Elected nation! Judah was thy name;
And great the graces down from Heaven that came
Thy mortal shell to beautify and fit
For the great destiny awarded it.
Within thy hand His Sacred Law God placed,
By His Own Finger on the stone-leaves traced,
And bade all other lands to Judah turn,
If they their Maker's righteous Will would learn.
A royal Priesthood He bestow'd on thee,
The chosen Guardian of His Law to be,
Whose power and consecration straight should run,
A peerless heritage, from sire to son;
Who should for Judah's children intercede,
Pronounce the leper cleans'd, the captive freed;
Whose hand should feed t' ever-burning Light,
And swing the censer in the Sacred Sight;
Who, morn and eve, by bloody sacrifice
Should to the Great Oblation draw the eyes
Of fond expectant Faith. And oh! of all
Those wond'rous gifts, Gift most ineffable!
Within thy Veil His Sacred Presence shone
By day, by night, the Mercy-seat upon,
Thy prayers to hear, thine outstretch'd hand to bless
Himself thy Glory, Light, and Loveliness!
Say, sister, say, what more could God have done
For Judah, His elect but faithless one?
A vine most beautiful He planted her —
Alas! her fruits than gall more bitter were!
His Words, His Warnings all aside she threw;
His holy prophets wantonly she slew;
And when, at length, in mortal garment drest,
Shekinah's Feet the Mount of Olives prest,
With unbelief and scorn she hail'd her Lord —

His words despised, His miracles abhorred —
Chased Him with rage that knew not how to spare,
And spread with eager hate the lying snare,
Till, at the last, He stood, betrayed and chained,
At Caiaphas' tribunal dread arraigned!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Oh crime, the blackest with which Earth is stained!
CHRIST AT THE BAR OF CAIAPHAS ARRAIGNED!

ECCLESIA.

Blush, oh! my sister, blush for Judah's name —
Judah, thy glory once, but now thy shame;
Yet be not boastful o'er her, as though thou
Wert guiltless of her crimes. While on her brow
The diadem of Heav'nly graces shone,
Thy Maker left not unadorn'd thine own,
But Earthly gifts bestow'd in golden shower
The shining symbols of her holier dower.
The fair and fruitful land, the swelling wave
Fill'd with their living multitudes, He gave
To thee and to thy sons; the forest shade,
The lofty mountain-chain, the flow'ry glade,
The sunny plain, the perfum'd blossom sweet,
All call'd thee mistress; while beneath thy feet
Gems of a thousand hues, in endless store
Slept by unnumber'd streams of glitt'ring ore,
All to thy hand created. Say, didst thou
Before thy God in grateful homage bow?
Didst thou adore Him for His Bounty blest,
And haste thee of His Gifts the loveliest
By loving consecration to restore?
Oh! well thou knowest, thou didst thy Lord ignore,
And all retainedst, save th' unholy meed
Wrung forth by Fear, Idolatry to feed;

While fiercely strove Earth's nations all to tear
Each from the other, that dominion fair —
No tie so sacred that its strength could be
A bulwark 'gainst their wild rapacity.
Long did they strive, with slaughter and with guile,
Their weapon, crime — dismay and death their spoil;
And each arose, and each sank down again,
As waves alternate on the stormy main.
When lo! a billow of that angry deep
Arose portentous o'er the struggling heap,
And rolling onward, heavily and slow,
Engulf'd them all its mighty flood below.
Then did the treasures of the Earth become
The prey defenceless of Imperial Rome;
Its ev'ry kingdom at her feet bow'd down,
Its ev'ry jewel sparkled in her crown.
Where'er the terror of her name was heard,
The proudest bent obedient to her word;
Afar from east to west her language rung
Luxurious courts and savage tribes amor,
Her dwelling-place Earth's Capital became,
And Vict'ry's watchword was the Roman name.

Bearing Earth's sov'reignty, with none beside,
How did she nurse her arrogance and pride,
And glance o'er humbler clay with scornful eyes,
While impiously exalting to the skies
Her haughty crest, as one who ne'er could know
Reverse or ruin, widowhood or woe!
But ages circled, and the hour drew near
When Earth's Creator would on Earth appear
To claim its sceptre for Himself alone,
And cast the proud usurper from His Throne.
Then Roma trembled, for prophetic fear
Press'd on her spirit that her doom was near,
And in her madness mightily she tried
To sweep that terror from her path aside.

His Infant Life she sought with murd'rous hand,
And track'd His Footsteps through the darkling land;
His captive Form, by treach'rous Judah brought,
She and her mail-clad warriors set at nought;
His name she cover'd with reproach and scorn,
While His dear Flesh was by her scourges torn;
His Face with spitting to profane she dared,
And for His Death a cruel Cross prepared.
Oh! little thought she with her impious words
To hail Him KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS!
Oh! little thought she on His bended Head
Herself to place the Diadem so dread!
Oh! little thought she 'twas her hand put on
Th' unfading Purple of His Earthly Throne!
Her reckless hatred with infatuate joy
Thought but the Son of David to destroy,
When saw Creation, with amaze complete,
The Christ condemn'd at Pilate's judgment-seat.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Day! into darkness from Earth's shame retreat!
CHRIST IS CONDEMNED AT PILATE'S JUDGMENT-SEAT!

ECCLESIA.

Thus did the rulers of the Earth rise up
Against the Lord and His anointed Son.
Thus did they crucify the Sinless One,
And fill the measure of their darkling cup.
The black'ning firmament — the op'ning grave —
Tremendous voice to Nature's horror gave.
Rent was Heaven's Veil — Earth's bosom; while the sky
Flash'd forth the lightnings of God's angry Eye,
As o'er the murd'rous pair with blasting power
Peal'd forth His JUDGMENT in that awful hour —

Psalm 2.

*Why do ye rage, oh! Heathen?
 And why, oh! My People, do ye imagine a vain thing?
 The Kings of the Earth,
 And the Rulers of My People
 Have taken counsel together
 Against the Lord, and against His Christ.*

*He Who dwelleth in Heaven
 Shall laugh you to scorn.
 The Lord shall have you in derision.
 Then shall He speak to you in His Wrath,
 And trouble you in His Rage.*

Zach. 12. 10.

Look upon Him Whom ye have pierced!

St. John 2. 9

Look upon My Temple Which ye have destroyed!

Psalm. 118. 22.

*Behold, in Three Days I will raise It up again,
 And the Stone Which the builders rejected
 Shall become the Head Stone of the corner.*

68. 1.

*Yea, God shall arise,
 And His enemies shall flee before Him!*

*Cut off thine hair, oh! Jerusalem,
 And cast it away,*

And take up a lamentation!

Weep, oh! Jerusalem,

Gen. 49. 10

Weep for thyself and for thy children!

For the Sceptre hath departed from Judah.

For the Lord hath rejected and forsaken

The generation of His Wrath.

Sam. 4. 14

Behold, thy house is left unto thee desolate,

For the sins of thy prophets,

And for the iniquities of thy priests

Who have shed the Blood of the Just

In the midst of thee.

Behold, I have set Mine Anointed

Upon My Holy Hill of Zion.

Zach. 6.

He shall build the Temple of the Lord,

*And He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon
His Throne;*

*And He shall be a Priest upon His Throne
A Priest forever, after the order of Melchisedech!*

Psalm 104

*Behold, I will give Him the Heathen
For His Inheritance,*

*And the uttermost parts of the Earth
For His Possession.*

He shall rule them with a rod of iron;

He shall dash them in pieces, as a potter's vessel.

His dominion shall be from sea to sea,

And from the river even to the uttermost part of the Earth.

— 72 B.

Zach 9:10

*Lo! I have given Him the necks of His enemies,
That He may destroy those that hate Him.*

He shall beat them small

As the dust before the wind;

He shall cast them out

As the dirt in the streets.

His Hand shall be lifted up upon His adversaries,

And all His enemies shall be cut off.

I will give to Him power over the nations,

And He shall rule them with a rod of iron.

As the vessel of a potter

Shall they be broken to shivers.

According to their deeds,

Accordingly He will repay

Fury to His adversaries,

Recompense to His enemies.

I will give the nations unto Him

And make Him rule over kings.

I will give them as dust to His Sword,

And as driven stubble to His Bow.

Matt. 28

*All power is given unto Him
In Heaven and on Earth.
All things are put under His Feet,
And of His Kingdom there shall be no end.*

Ye who have ears to hear, and eyes to see,
Bow and adore this two-fold mystery
The Crown of Judah's grace, of Roma's pride
Laid at the Feet of Jesus Crucified.
Here shall ye read in characters of Heaven
The power, the glory to Ecclesia given
Ecclesia, by Himself ordain'd to sway
The Sceptre of His Earthly Sov'reignty.
Our Risen Lord, ascending to His Own,
Hath left His poor vicegerent on His Throne,
To teach and rule all nations, until He
Shall send forth Judgment unto victory.
Thus, Salem's Temple He hath swept away,
With priestly chant, and fragrant censer swinging;
While through Ecclesia's courts, by night, by day,
Jehovah's praise for evermore is ringing.
His oracles no longer Judah keeps;
No longer is it hers His Law to shew;
But from Ecclesia's heart, Ecclesia's lips
The hallow'd precepts of His Gospel flow.
Here, at my gate, the Sacred Lavers be;
Not, as of old, from outward stain to free,
But, with mysterious Sacramental Grace,
Sin from the sullied conscience to efface.
No holocaust on Judah's altar lies:
Her off'rings their prophetic task have done,
And odours of a Holier Sacrifice
Rise from My Altar to th' Eternal Throne.
How of that Awful Sacrifice to speak!
Oh! words are worthless — angel accents weak.

(Turns towards her Tent, and prostrates herself.)

Lamb without spot or blemish! In Thy Sight
Celestial spirits veil their faces bright,
And prostrate laid in adoration meet,
Cast their rich crowns in homage at Thy Feet.
Watching by this Thy Mystic Calvary
Whence floods exhaustless of Salvation pour,
What shall Thy poor handmaiden's function be?
In reverential silence to adore!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power
Be unto Him Who sitteth upon the Throne,
And unto the Lamb
For ever and ever!*

ECCLESIA (*still prostrate.*)

Nor this the last immeasurable grace
Of Thy transcendent Love. The Light Divine
Whose splendour hallow'd Judah's Holy Place
Glow with a lovelier radiance now in mine.
Thou art that Light — a Sun which knows no setting.
A Moon whose pearly brightness shines always;
Faith, in Thy Presence all things else forgetting,
Basks in the bliss of the Eternal Days.
Were it but mine before Thee to appear,
With mitred brow, in priestly stole arrayed,
One blessed day throughout the longing year,
By endless thanks ne'er could the boon be paid.
How, then, Thy Goodness shall Ecclesia sing,
Since, day by day, at morn, at noon, at eve,
Her lowliest child she to Thy Feet may bring,
Thy Grace, Thy Benediction to receive!
Nor must this boon with painful toil be sought
In one far distant land, one favour'd spot.

No; wheresoe'er beneath Deserta's skies
 My pilgrim-steps shall turn, my Altars rise,
 The Myst'ry of THY PRESENCE still shall be
 Glory, and Light, and Home, and Heaven to me.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*The sun is no more thy light by day;
 Neither for brightness doth the moon give light unto thee;
 But the Lord is unto thee an Everlasting Light,
 And thy God thy Glory.*

ECCLESIA (*arising.*)

Thus on Ecclesia hath our Lord bestowed
 Each gem in Judah's diadem which glowed;
 Thus hath the Sceptre pass'd from her away,
 Become my holy heritage to-day.
 And now, the hour approacheth which shall see
 The spoil of Gentile nations flow to me,
 And all of power, of glory Rome e'er knew,
 Laid at the Feet of Him her minions slew.
 The arm resistless of the Deicide
 Hath clear'd a pathway for the Heav'nly Bride,
 And on the Eagle's pinions shall be borne
 From pole to pole, that Name she dar'd to scorn.
 Of her proud capital and empire fair
 Ecclesia is the sole predestin'd heir.
 On the Sev'n Hills my lowly Tent shall stand,
 And thence the Crucified my lips shall preach:
 While by the Euxine's lone and distant strand
 Her own unsightly, fleshless bones shall bleach.
 Her very language, o'er Deserta spread,
 Shall, in the world, yet to the World be dead,
 Living my rites alone to celebrate,
 My changeless dogmas to enunciate.
 Then shall the name of ROME a watchword be
 Claiming allegiance to my Lord and me;

Then in the name of ROME o'er all the Earth
 Messiah's Sacred Mandates shall go forth;
 And pilgrim-torrents then shall Rome-ward flow,
 At their Redeemer's Earthly Throne to bow,
 And venerate His saints, by impious hands laid low.

Nor is the rule which Roma bears to-day
 More than the shadow of my holier sway.
 Kingdoms as yet unreck'd of and unknown,
 Their vows shall pay at my Vicarial Throne.

*The Lord will lift up His Hand to the Gentiles,
 And set up His Standard to the people;
 And they shall bring my sons in their arms,
 And my daughters shall be carried upon their
 shoulders.*

Isaiah 49

— 60.

*And kings shall be my nursing fathers,
 And their queens my nursing mothers;
 They shall bow down to me
 With their faces towards the earth,
 And lick up the dust of my feet.*

*The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto me,
 And the wealth of the Gentiles shall come unto me.
 The multitude of the camels shall cover me,
 The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
 All they from Sheba shall come;
 They shall bring gold and incense;
 And they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord.*

*My gates shall be open continually;
 They shall not be shut day or night;
 That men may bring to me the wealth of the Gentiles,
 And that their Kings may be brought.
 For the nation and King that will not serve me
 Shall perish;
 Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.*

*The glory of Lebanon shall come unto me,
 The fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together,
 To beautify the place of God's Sanctuary;
 And He shall make the place of His Feet glorious.*

*The sons, also, of them that afflicted me
 Shall come bending before me;
 And all they that despised me
 Shall bow themselves down at the soles of my feet.
 They shall call me the City of the Lord,
 The Zion of the Holy One of Israel!*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*Rejoice, Ecclesia, in thy Great Salvation!
 Lift up thy voice His Mighty Name to praise!
 Lo! He hath crown'd thee His Elected Nation,
 Swaying His Sceptre to the end of days.
 Now shall the Gentiles walk in thy pure light,
 And Kings unnumber'd in thy rising bright
 For the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!*

*When the false children of the World behold thee
 Enthron'd in glory on thy lofty seat,
 And count the kingdoms for their Queen that hold thee,
 The golden treasures lavish'd at thy feet;
 There, where the off'rings of Devotion flow,
 Messiah's Empire let them learn to know
 For the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!*

*Oft as they cast reproach's venom o'er thee,
 Marking, with pointed hand, and outcry vain,
 That princes bow in homage deep before thee,
 That Kings uncover'd hold thy bridle-rein;
 Let them remember that the crest of Pride
 Must crouch for ever to the Heav'nly Bride
 For the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!*

So, on the Sceptre o'er the Earth extending,
 Sway'd by Ecclesia, when they cast their eyes
 That wondrous rule which, heart and conscience bending
 Admits no rival, brooks no compromise;
 Let them behold in this thine Iron Rod
 The mark predestin'd of the Church of God
For the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!

ROME (*advancing with uplifted hand.*)

I would have curs'd thee while thy serpent-tongue
 Shot forth its lying venom, if among
 The languages of Earth one word there were
 That had not mock'd my fury.

(To World and Idolatry)

Look on her
 The homeless mendicant — the outcast vile
 With whose base blood I blush'd my hands to soil!
 See where she stands with meekly bended head
 A goodly foe on Roma's neck to tread!
 A goodly power my empire to destroy!
 A goodly heir my greatness to enjoy!
 Say, with thy crozier wilt thou strike me down?
 Say, shall thy mitre triumph o'er my crown?
 With hooded monk, and bearded anchorite
 My legions wilt thou vanquish in the fight?
 Out, worm! I spit upon thee!

ECCLESIA.

Roma, know
 Not mine the Hand Whose power shall lay thee low.
 He Who from nothing gave Creation birth,
 Who spread the skies, Who peopled Heaven and earth
 Who hung the stars in the empyreal vault,
 Who wields the lightning and the thunderbolt,

*He gave Deserta's nations to thy sway;
And what He gave, His power can take away.*

ROME.

Silence, vain braggart! 'Twas mine own right hand
Subdued the tribes, and bent them to the yoke;
Mine was the voice their destiny which spoke;
They liv'd, they perish'd at my sole command.
Ho! to thy temples keep thy Deities,
With smoking hecatombs their pride to please;
Hold they to far Olympus, nor presume
To touch the laurels on my brow that bloom.
And for thyself, upon thy head accurst
No storm of tribulation ever burst
Like that which now awaits thee.

ECCLESIA.

Do thy worst,
Proud mistress of the World. Yet know, thy doom
With swift, inevitable steps shall come,
And now is at the door. Ere dawns the Light,
Pow'rless shall fall the sceptre of thy might;
The hungry eagles on thy flesh shall prey,
And desolation o'er thy realm bear sway.

(To Idolatry.)

And thou, foul monster of infernal brood,
Whose fangs are dripping with my sister's blood,
Thou by thy Terror quickly shalt be found.

Salvation's Symbol, with all-conquering beam
Rising, shall smite thee with a deadly wound,
And from thy hands Credulity redeem.

(To World.)

For thee, false World, judgment awhile shall spare thee;
Awhile Time's billows o'er thy head shall flow;

Yet for its coming long-delay'd, prepare thee,
Freighted with an eternity of woe!

(To Reason.

Sister belov'd, be not thy soul afflicted
That these our foes, must triumph while we weep.
Soon shall arise that hallow'd Sign predicted
Which shall their terrors from our pathway sweep.
By suff'rings keen, by patience long-enduring
A bright and everlasting Crown securing,
E'en here on Earth a foretaste shall be given
Of our triumphant reign and blissful rest in Heaven!

ROME.

My Guards! To the Arena bear her quick!
There let the lions rend her flesh before me!
E'en in beholding her my soul is sick;
Her life-blood only can to strength restore me.
Thou, mighty World, and thou, Idolatry,
Be witness of her dying throes with me.
That boastful tongue to monster-fangs a prey
Shall make us regal sport — imperial holiday!

*(Exeunt guards with Ecclesia and Reason; Rome,
World, Idolatry.*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Awake! Arise! oh Retribution dread!
Avenge the wrongs Ecclesia long hath borne —
Three centuries of suff'ring and of scorn,
Pontiffs and priests to death, to torture led,
Heads hoar and holy chain'd to dungeon-stone,
Sucklings and babes to savage monsters thrown,
Warrior, and sage, and maiden's virgin bloom
Wrapt in red flames her dwelling to illumine,
The martyr'd millions of the catacomb
All, all avenge on proud, relentless Rome!

RETRIBUTION (*arising.*)

Yes, 'tis her outcry menacing I hear!
 The Trump of Persecution rends mine ear,
 And breaks my deep repose! The hour is come
 Which fills the chalice of Imperial Rome.
 By ten fierce onslaughts hath she rous'd mine ire
 Which now a heavy reck'ning shall require.
 Yea, on her hand the Precious Blood I see;
 Thought she *that* deed forgotten — and by me?
 Yet shall my vengeance no light haste betray;
 No thunderbolt shall crush her in a day;
 In ling'ring throes her life shall ebb away.

(Retribution follows Rome.)

SCENE SECOND: *The Arena.*

Ecclesia and Reason in the midst. Rome, World, Idolatry, Credulity, guards and attendants.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Fierce Persecution's standard waves the dread Arena o'er
 His ruthless bands, with ready hands, keep guard at
 every door.
 Afar and near the prospect drear is wrapp'd in deepest
 gloom,
 While trumpet-notes aloud proclaim Ecclesia's coming
 doom.
 Within the dread Arena the fair Ecclesia stands
 With tearful eyes uprais'd to heav'n, and meekly folded
 hands.
 In undisturb'd serenity her fate she doth abide,
 While Reason, pale and trembling, clings humbly to her
 side.

Clasping her precious Amulet, and kissing Hope's bright
gifts

Reason, to pure and holy Faith a loving glance uplifts
" Oh! better thus, by far, to die, Ecclesia blest, with thee
" Than live the captive of the World and dark Idolatry!"

Around, in wid'ning circles, the seats luxurious rise
Whence on the woes of Innocence Guilt feasts its wolf-
ish eyes.

Ruthless Idolatry is there; the World in trappings gay;
And, at her frowning tyrant's feet, blindfold Credulity.

And there upon her royal seat, where gold with scarlet
twines,

Queen of this bloody festival, Imperial Rome reclines.
Her satellites around her stand with goblets rich and rare
But she craves a redder vintage than that which sparkles
there.

A jewell'd cage of burnish'd gold depends her throne
before;

(A dainty meal its Serpent-brood shall taste, this
pageant o'er!)

Pride, Envy, Lust, and Avarice, Excess, and Sloth, and
Rage,

They writhe in hideous gambols, and gnaw their golden
cage.

Within the dread arena, close by its awful gate,
Harden'd Impenitence doth stand, their fell desires to
sate;

While *he* is by, all resolute, with brow so stern and dark,
They ne'er shall want a ready tool their deadly will to
work.

Slave of the fierce Idolatry, no other Lord craves he;
His fellow-victims' agonies to him are feast and fee.

Slave of the World and bloody Rome, their garbage is
his food;
For that contentedly he toils, and tends the Serpent-
brood.

Bear up, oh brave Ecclesia! Bear up, oh Reason frail!
The hosts of Heav'n are with you, and Love which can-
not fail.

Blench not to hear the lion's yell, the rav'ning panther's
roar;

Mercy can save and sane you, as It hath done before.

Now Roma sounds the signal; and at its first shrill tone
A dark foreboding Shadow falls on her Imperial Throne,
A shadow broad and heavy, that bodes of wail and woe,
The Shadow of a Coming Form which Roma soon shall
know.

She sounds; and in th' Arena the raging bulls appear.
They paw the ground in fury, but dare not venture near;
While Lybia's tawny lion let loose, with fearful roar
Shrinks, as if struck by mortal wound, and crouches at
the door.

Again she sounds the signal, and as it wildly rings,
Forth from the wide-ope'd portal the famish'd panther
springs;

Towards the holy victims it boundeth free and fleet,
Then, crouching like the timid hare, it licks Ecclesia's
feet.

See, now, Ecclesia kneeling on the blood-incrusted sward,
Blessing the Lord of life and death, Who thus can Faith
reward!

Angelic spirits, let us join with hers our grateful praise,
And to the God of Victories eternal thanks upraise.

ECCLESIA, REASON, CHORUS.

Before Thy Throne, Eternal One, we bow,
Blessing the Hand which hath redeem'd us now.
Thy dread command, ignor'd by man alone,
The savage monsters of the desert own,
And nature's instincts all aside they lay,
Blenching, like timid fawn, before their destin'd prey!

ROME.

Behold the thread of life untouch'd, unbroken!
What charm upon the monsters hath she spoken?
Thus shall my fury of its prey be baulk'd?
(*To Imp.*) Hence! Be thine armouries of death unlock'd!
Sparing no pang which mortal flesh can know,
In nameless tortures let her life-blood flow!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Again she sounds the signal. Again that Shadow dread
A broader and a deeper gloom o'er Roma's throne doth
shed —

The Shadow of a Coming Form. Oh! Roma, it is near!
Well may thy heart begin to throb with strange, un-
earthly fear.

She sounds; and dark Impenitence, too ready to obey,
Brings forth fell Torture's weapons in demon-like array.
The flesh of these fair sisters the red-hot pincers tear,
While savage hands with fiendish grasp uproot their
shining hair.

Those eyes so mild, so patient the burning irons pierce,
And ev'ry limb, and ev'ry nerve is rack'd by torture
fierce.

Oh, why doth Holy Vengeance its coming thus delay,
And leave the pure, the innocent to murd'rous foes a
prey!

But see! that lacerated flesh returns with fresher bloom,
 In brightest tints of rosy health, exhaling sweet perfume!
 Those helpless and disjointed limbs, to perfect strength
 restor'd,

Uprise before th' astonish'd gaze of Cruelty abhorr'd!

And from each meekly bended head springs forth the
 shining hair

Which like a graceful garment falls around each sister
 fair;

Those sear'd and blighted eyes, restor'd to light and
 loveliness,

Now Heav'nward turn their glorious orbs, our clement
 Lord to bless!

ECCLESIA AND REASON.

Not unto us, oh Lord, not unto us,

But unto Thee be praise and glory given!

What God is like unto our God, Who thus

Hath Death itself from ev'ry refuge driven?

As of the dust -- itself from Nothing form'd --

He made our flesh, with quick'ning life-blood warm'd,

So, from Destruction's deep and miry clay

That flesh hath He again call'd forth this day

Each vein with fuller, richer current flowing,

Each cheek with fresher health and beauty glowing!

Thus hath He witness to Ecclesia borne!

Thus from her foes the weapons He hath torn,

And mock'd their power, and laugh'd their hate to scorn

ROME.

Still doth she live? And dost thou thus obey

My mandate stern to torture and to slay?

Doom'd to annihilation, stands she not

E'en now before my vision, as a blot

Dark'ning the earth, the air, the sea, the sky?
What! *Thou hast done thy worst? She will not die!*
If, then, her spells defy e'en tortures dire,
Prove her by that which *must* prevail — by Fire!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Once more the signal soundeth, and its tone the World
appals,

For he sees, at length, the Shadow on Roma's throne
which falls

He sees that heavy Shadow, to blackest midnight grown,
And feels her coming downfall, and trembles for his own.

Now to the dreadful stake behold the guiltless victims
bound.

Impenitence hath lit the pile — the flames burst forth
around.

A cry to Holy Vengeance with each lurid wave ascends,
And the smoke of that red holocaust with the Dark
Shadow blends.

But hark! Heaven's answ'ring thunders roll! the
earth begins to quake!

The haughty World with speechless fear in ev'ry limb
doth shake!

Idolatry defiant laughs; yet doth his cheek wax pale,
While weak Credulity replies with terror's helpless wail.

Imperial Rome with blanching lips the coming Tempest
sees;

Her throne already trembles, and her hearts' quick
pulses freeze;

For that Form whose Shadow long hath fall'n, that Form
at length is there,

Rising behind her royal seat, with arm outstretch'd and
bare.

Rising behind her throne, gigantic Retribution stands.
His frown so dark and terrible a reek'ning fiercedemands,
Rome feels the awful Presence, and dares not turn her
head,

While silently his hand upon the Golden Cage is laid.

The portal turns on noiseless hinge, and each foul inmate
there,

Each bloated and repulsive snake, crawls from its
jewell'd lair —

Crawls 'neath the gorgeous Purple that in proudest
splendour shines,

And thus conceal'd, in tight'ning folds Rome's ev'ry
limb entwines.

Oh tyrant doom'd and helpless, in thine own meshes
caught!

Deep strikes each sharp envenom'd fang, though yet
thou feel'st it not!

Thy soul, by hate still rivetted on victims unoffending,
Seeks but their bloody fate to seal, nor dreams thine own
impending.

Still o'er those guiltless victims she gloats with hungry
eyes,

And smiles as 'gainst the darken'd sky she sees the red
flames rise;

On either side aloft they rise, then downward bend each
ray,

And wreathing round the sisters fair, in harmless circles
play.

Within that bright triumphal arch, behold! each radiant
face,

Each lovely and resplendent form, of hurt bears not a
trace!

What thinks the haughty Roma now? She sees those
forms no more.

A vision strange is passing her spell-bound eyes before;

And gnawing at her vitals she feels the Serpent-brood
By her own hand long nourish'd with rapine and with
blood.

Shame mantles on her forehead, and she strives her
wounds to hide,

Drawing around her Purple so flowing and so wide

Drawing around her Purple, that none her woes may
know;

Pity, her keenest agony; scorn, her supremest woe.

With eager and astonish'd glance she probes the empty
air.

What dire, prophetic Vision looms darkly on her there?

ROME.

Whence do they come, bewild'ring thus my gaze,

Clad in the garb of long departed days?

Two — three — four — five — they near and nearer
draw,

Their aspect strange inspiring nameless awe!

That hoary monarch whom the first I see

Of Egypt's far primeval days must be.

Three Orient Kings, in golden robes array'd,

And deck'd with jewels, in his footsteps tread.

The fifth — that form mine eyes have look'd upon

The helm of Greece — the shield of Macedon!

Hither they slowly move — their heads they turn

Horror! 'Tis fleshless skulls those gems adorn!

They pause — they fall before my royal seat,

And into ashes crumble at my feet! —

Oh Vision of relentless Destiny!

My equal ruin dost thou thus portray?

Shall I, the Mighty Mistress of the World,

Like to those crumbling phantoms pass away
From mine exalted pinnacle down-hurl'd

To blend mine ashes with ignoblest clay?

Fierce be the tempests that around me roar;

Yet could I brave their fury — ay, and more,

But for the reptiles that my heart-strings gnaw,

Whose fangs mine utmost strength cannot withdraw.

Oh World, have I not ever been thy friend?

Thine were my vot'ries ever, as beseem'd them.

Didst thou not lend thine aid the Brood to tend,

Whilst thou, oh World, and I all harmless deem'd
them?

Have not my legions compass'd sea and land

To bring thee choice delights from ev'ry strand,

Treasure and captives out of ev'ry nation,

Or for thy glory or thy recreation?

Shew, now, thy friendship; shew thy gratitude.

Save me, oh! save me from the Serpent-brood!

WORLD.

Vain, royal mistress, vain thy piteous cry;

To cast those reptiles forth no power have I.

Perchance no deadly venom hath their sting.

Some richer mantle o'er thy suff'rings fling,

Broider'd with rarer gems and purer gold.

Myself in evil plight this hour behold!

These Northern Blasts which fierce and bitter blow,

My vineyards waste, my strongholds overthrow,

Scatter my treasure, and destroy my peace!

When from its raging will the tempest cease!

ROME.

Idolatry, my friend and Pontiff thou,

Stretch forth thy mighty arm, and save me now!

My wealth, my greatness thou hast nobly shar'd;
 At thy demand no victim have I spar'd;
 Thy rites I have observ'd, thy temples built,
 And in thine honour blood in oceans spilt.
 E'en now mine off'rings on thine altars bleed.
 Wilt thou desert me in mine utmost need?

IDOLATRY.

Noble protectress, in sad plight I see thee:
 I mark thy faintness, and thy wounds I note;
 Yet pow'rless am I from those coils to free thee.
 Nor for such venom have I antidote.
 Alas, that I thine overthrow should see!
 And in thy ruin's track mine own may be!
 A prey I fall to strong, resistless fear
 Which speaks unutterable danger near.
 I faint! I tremble! — death-dews damp my brow!
 It comes! Ye pow'rs of hell! I know It now
 IT COMES!

*(A bright luminous Cross appears in the sky.
 Idolatry falls as dead.)*

ECCLESIA.

Reason, arise! At length the Day-dawn breaketh!
 Behold the Signal of Deliverance!
 Its glorious beam the World's foundations shaketh,
 Blighting Idolatry with with'ring glance.
 Fiery and luminous, behold it rise,
 The HOLY CROSS, that Symbol all-redeeming,
 Lighting me forth to countless victories.
 And hopeful promise o'er my pathway beaming!
 Yes, it hath pass'd — our long, long night of pain!
 Now from Deserta's skies the clouds are clearing,
 Days of Salvation to her tribes appearing!
 Now from our foes a respite we shall gain;

Now on their ruins shall my Throne be built,
And Virtue ravage the domains of Guilt.

(Turning towards the luminous Cross.)

Hail, Holy Cross divine!
Salvation's hallow'd Sign,
Signal of Victory, all-hail to thee!
Thy long-expected ray
Heralds a brighter day,
And from the chain Ecclesia's hands doth free.

Long hath the night of pain
Heavy upon me lain,
In cavern drear and dungeon dark abiding:
My portion, earthly shame,
The torture and the flame,
And bitter hate, and scorn of foes deriding.

Now, on that darkling night
Bursts forth thy radiant light
My 'murd'rous foes to scatter and to slay;
And glorious as the skies
My Earthly Throne shall rise,
While they like worthless chaff are swept away.

And blacker clouds of Hell
Thy rising shall dispel
The mists of Error, and the gloom of Sin.
From thee the Precious Blood
Flows forth, the Earth to flood,
And Mercy's reign triumphant to begin.

Symbol and source of life!
In all my coming strife,
As in the past, my beacon still be thou;
Upon my Altars placed,
With rev'rent homage graced,
Clasp'd to my heart, and sign'd upon my brow

Upon the Infant's face
Be thou the Seal of Grace;
Be thou the Badge upon the Soldier's breast;
From lips which close in death
Receive the latest breath,
And in the hand of Death itself be press'd.

Thy vivifying beam
Falling on Life's dark stream,
No more the heart in hopeless anguish bleeds;
But pain and misery
Become the hallow'd way
That to repose and bliss eternal leads.

So, the poor slaves of Sin,
Coil'd fiery folds within,
Looking on thee, to life renew'd arise,
And through thy pow'r out-blot
(By true Contrition taught)
Each stain defiling on the soul that lies.

Thine be it still the task
Each foeman to unmask,
Ever their stone of stumbling and offence;
By Truth with love adorn'd,
By rotten Falsehood spurn'd
Spurn'd by the World and dark Impenitence.

In the long centuries
Through which her journey lies,
Oft shall Ecclesia's constancy be tried,
In each sharp suffering
She to the Cross will cling,
Kissing the Sym'bol of the Crucified.

Hail, then, oh Sacred Sign!
Hail, Holy Cross divine!

Signal of Victory, all-hail to thee!
 Thy long-expected ray
 Heralds the brighter day
 Which dawns, at length, for Reason and for me!

WORLD.

My noble Queen, the day is with our foe!
 'Tis vain of Destiny to stem the tide.
 Afar from hence together let us go,
 And strive elsewhere thy mortal throes to hide.
 By the far Bosphorus a stately home
 Shall yet receive thee, oh! Imperial Rome,
 Where all of treasure which the storm hath spar'd
 With thee, my royal mistress, shall be shar'd.
 Swift from this scene of ruin let us fly!
 On my best aid thou surely mayst rely.
 If die thou must, all keenly thou shalt die.

(Exeunt World and Rome.)

CREDULITY.

All, all are gone! Oh! whither shall I turn?
 Helpless — betray'd — deserted now I mourn!
 Oh! for some hand my feeble steps to guide!

ECCLESIA.

Stretch forth thine own; that hand is close beside.

(Credulity takes the outstretched hand of Ecclesia.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

See, now, Ecclesia with caress most loving
 The bandage from those darken'd eyes removing!
 Now at her feet, with copious tears bedew'd,
 Credulity bows down, in speechless gratitude.

ECCLESIA.

Thou, of Idolatry too long the slave,
 Behold in me the Mother thou dost crave.
 Follow my paths; obey my warning voice;
 With faithfulness respond whene'er I call;
 Then thou in peace securely may'st rejoice.
 In life, in death no evil can befall.
 With fervent care upon Devotion wait;
 Her hand shall lead thee to th' Eternal Gate.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Again the drifting clouds obscure each ray,
 While lightning flashes o'er their blackness play!
 The thunders roll the trembling earth yawns wide,
 And from the chasm a cry portentous rings!
 Reason, affrighted, to Ecclesia clings,
 While all-undaunted stands the Heav'nly Bride.
 Lo! now upriseth from the inky gulf,
 Subtler than snake, blood-thirstier than wolf,
 The arch-fiend Lucifer!

LUCIFER (*uprising.*)

Oh scene of desolation! At the sight
 My spirit baffl'd and dismay'd doth sicken!
 Rome and the World put to disastrous flight!
 Idolatry by direful death-wound stricken!
 The Earth's proud sceptre from my grasp doth fly
 Impenitence my last, my sole ally!
 (*To Impen.*) Bear hence that corpse; guard it with
 special care.
 Thou holding steadfast, I shall not despair.

(*Impenitence carries away corpse of Idolatry.*)

(*To Ecclesia.*) Detested upstart, hence! or at my feet
 Instant bow down in adoration meet.

ECCLESIA.

Arch-fiend, begone! This shall my homage be
Unmeasur'd hate, undying enmity.
Each fell device by thee, foul spirit, plann'd,
Ecclesia through all ages shall withstand;
Her hand so frail, by Heav'nly pow'r made strong,
The sceptre long-usurp'd from thine outwrenching,
With Truth's keen brand repairing ev'ry wrong,
Never before thy hosts infernal blenching.
Serpent, I scorn thy venom as thy hiss!
Ecclesia's mission hath no end but this
Reason exalted to eternal bliss,
And thou for ever chain'd in deepest Hell's abyss.

LUCIFER.

Poor puny worm, thy foolish ravings cease.
Doffing the lion's skin, resume thy fleece.
With me, weak creature, wouldst thou conflict wage?
So might the zephyr 'gainst the tempest rage.
Thou, on my pathway but a speck, a blot
Once more, go hence! With thee I parley not.
Let Him Who made thee now Himself stand forth,
And thus with me contest the sov'reignty of Earth.

ECCLESIA.

Dar'st thou, a creature too, of Nothing born
Now from a creature's privileges fallen,
Now of each gift of grace and nature shorn
Uplift thy heart, with pride's foul madness swollen
To challenge Him Who being gave unto thee
Who, if He will'd it, with a breath could throw
Thee, His ungrateful and remorseless foe,
Back to that Nothingness from whence He drew thee
Thou, 'mongst His Works hurl'd from thy destin'd place
At ignominy's lowest depths arriving.

*Thou wouldst confront thy Maker, face to Face —
 The broken potsherd with the Potter striving?
 Thou by His Pow'r preserv'd to endless woe,
 That all His Justice terrible may know,
 Dar'st thou such impious conflict once to name,
 Or empire o'er one speck of dust to claim?
 The vilest worm which through the mire doth crawl
 Might thus himself Creation's monarch call.*

LUCIFER.

*Is such thy thought, oh fragment of a foe?
 And shall I now to thee an Empire shew
 Whose sceptre is mine own, whose crown I wear,
 And none its sov'reignty can from me tear?
 A dread reality, unmatched, unmated;*

*A lasting and inalienable throne;
 Evil's vast universe, by me created
 Call'd forth from Nothing by my pow'r alone!
 Behold my rival kingdom and creation
 Matchless in strength, eternal in duration!
 With His Creation side by side it flows,
 Nor other term nor other bound'ry knows.*

*And know, oh! Champion of the King of Heaven,
 Ere to thy parent Dust command was given,
 Ere of the Earth or thee was yet a thought
 Him thou dost worship have I set at nought,
 And face to Face, and eye to Eye have been
 With Him thy feeble glance hath never seen.
 Yea, face to Face we strove, and eye to Eye,
 While tremblingly the hosts of Heav'n stood by:
 And if at length o'erwhelm'd, behold e'en then
 A triumph hardly won, which none but He might gain!*

ECCLESIA.

*Oh! spirit, by the Sacred Lips declar'd
 Father of lies, that lie thou best hadst spar'd.*

Upon th' Eternal thou hast never look'd.
That Vision ne'er a glance *untried* had brook'd.
In figure only hast thou known our Lord;
His Face Unveil'd — Fidelity's Reward
Was ne'er unveil'd to thee. And thou dost know,
Oh! Lucifer, of God and man the foe,
That by thine angel peers thy hosts were driven
Despairing o'er the battlements of Heaven.
It needed not th' Eternal Glance to blight thee;
Well knew He through created arm to smite thee.
So can His Grace with all-inspiring breath
The feeblest soul sustain, resisting thee till death.

Nor hath thy boasted realm of Desolation
Substance beyond thy judgment and thy shame.
The phantom Falsehood is thy sole creation
An empty utterance, a breath, a name.
To disarrange the fair works of God's Hand,
Say, say, did *this* creative pow'r demand?
And thou, what did'st thou more?

Look on thy chiefest boast — Idolatry;
What is't save Adoration turned on thee,
Its object true ignoring? Look on Pride;
'Tis worship still, with Self the deified.
What are the passions for which souls have burn'd
But Love supreme from God to creatures turn'd?
Vengeance forestalls His Justice pure and bright,
While Sloth but puts the rest before the fight.
Blest is the Thirst for Riches Uncreated!
Blessed is Hate, if thou and thine the hated!
Blessed is Strife and all therein engag'd,
If against thee and thine the strife be wag'd!

And know, rebellious spirit, not for ever
These thy disorders impious shall endure.
The destin'd hour approacheth swift and sure
Which shall, Creation from thy snares deliver.

Then shall all love, all worship, all desire
 To God, th' Eternal Good, alone aspire.
 Then shall the Vision ne'er beheld by thee
 Of humble Faith the endless Portion be.
 Thou and thy hosts, to woes most just consign'd,
 E'en in that harmony your place shall find,
 God's Sov'reignty and Judgments glorifying
 In everlasting flames, unquenchable, undying.

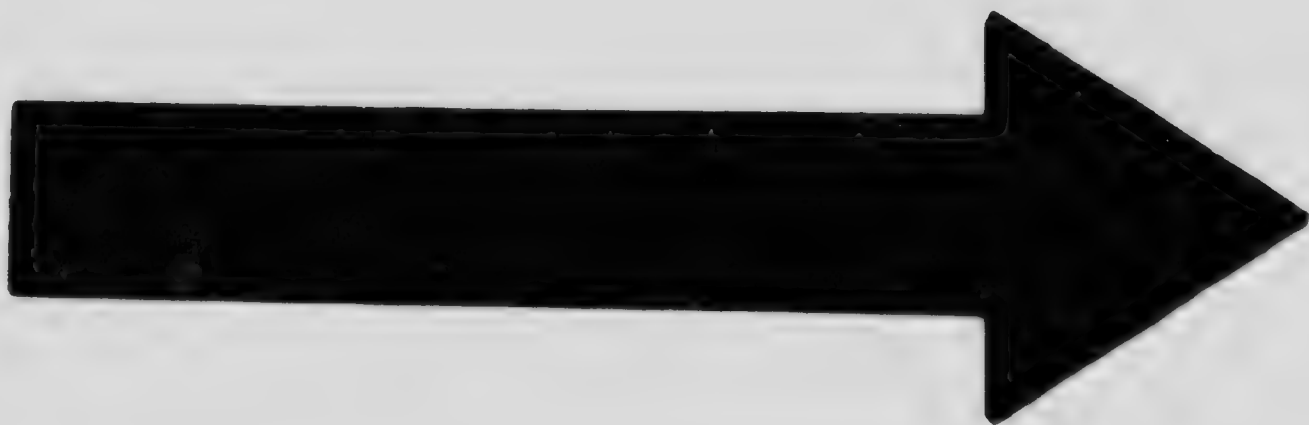
LUCIFER.

Perish thy hope, oh! Atom of a day,
 With blind belief on Promise vain reposing!
 Dream not His Arm will ever be thy stay!
 On Death's cold brink I claim thee as my prey,
 The darksome grave thy darker doom disclosing!
 Thou deem'st me now defeated? Thou shall see.
 Hosts all resistless shall my hand unchain.
 The sword of Schism, the brand of Heresy
 Shall blight and desolate thy fair domain.
 Straight to thy heart their flaming barbs shall go,
 Of Reason and of thee th' eternal overthrow!

ECCLESIA.

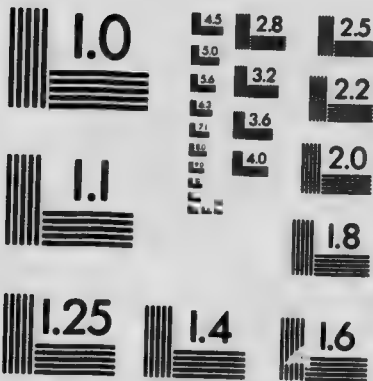
Still resting on that Promise firm and clear,
 Thy bitter threats all undismay'd I hear.
 He Who of Persecution's wounds hath heal'd me,
 From Hell-born Heresy and Schism can shield me,
 And, where their black and putrid currents swell,
 Preserve me spotless, incorruptible.
 Their wiles, alas! Credulity may win
 To feed on husks of error and of sin:
 But Reason will her Shepherd's Voice obey,
 Nor e'er to Falsehood's deadly pastures stray.
 Some token of my vict'ry wouldst thou ask?
 That token to bestow be mine the task.

(Holds up the Cross.)



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Here, by this holy Symbol's sacred wood,
 Blench, oh mine enemy! before me now,
 As through all coming ages blench must thou
 Beneath the shadow of the Holy Rood.
 Begone!

LUCIFER.

Oh degradation! Must it be
 That an archangel should succumb to thee?
 Ye pow'rs infernal, to mine aid draw nigh! —
 Hence with thy symbols all! I will not fly.

ECCLESIA.

Begone!

LUCIFER.

By might resistless am I driven!
 Despair! Shall unto *her* such pow'r be given
 That at her word all helpless I must flee?

ECCLESIA.

Begone!

LUCIFER.

I go! — I go! — Woe unto thee!

(Lucifer descends.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

To the dark gulf descends, with outcry great,
 The foil'd Arch-enemy!
 Let Heav'n and Earth unite to celebrate
 Ecclesia's victory!
 Thus shall the virtue of the Holy Cross
 Her shame to glory turn — to gain her loss,
 While howls the blast, while billows vainly toss
 On Time's tempestuous sea!
 Thus shall the foes upon her path uprising
 Her faithfulness to try.

Ever, as now, in tortures agonizing
Foil'd and defeated fly!

FIRST CHOIR.

Still o'er Deserta sweeps the Northern blast,
The World's proud works o'erthrowing.
Yet from the face of Heav'n the clouds have pass'd,
The hopeful azure shewing.
From the Sev'n Hills, bedew'd with blood and tears,
The vap'ry curtain dark and heavy clears,
And to each eye a wonder new appears
In the fair sunlight glowing!
Angelic choirs, adore His Holy Name
For ever to be prais'd,
Who hath the lofty ones o'erwhelm'd with shame,
The meek to glory rais'd!

SECOND CHOIR.

There, where the Palace of the World's proud Queen
Each lordly summit crown'd,
Ecclesia's Tent, upraised by Hand Unseen,
Doth consecrate the ground!
Th' Arenas where her martyr'd millions died
By altar and by cross are sanctified,
And blood upon the pavements yet undried
Hath world-wide honour found!
Where rose the yell of hate and execration,
Where fell the stony show'rs
Riseth the odour of the Pure Oblation,
And chant of Holy Hours.

FIRST CHOIR.

Idolatry's proud fanes, defil'd so late
By fiendish rites abhorr'd,
Now by Ecclesia cleans'd and consecrate,
Are holy to the Lord.

The spoils of those who spoil'd her, day by day
 Devotion hastes with joyful heart to lay
 E'en at her feet, while all her voice obey
 With swift and sweet accord.

He Whose dominion is from sea to sea,
 Supreme o'er land and main,
 Hath in the mansion of her enemy
 Giv'n her henceforth to reign.

SECOND CHOIR.

Now shall Deserta as a garden flourish,
 From falsehood purified.
 Faith's hallow'd flow'rs devoted hearts shall nourish,
 And fruits of virtue tried.
 Regions o'erspread by thistle and by thorn
 The myrtle and the olive shall adorn,
 And rose and lily in the smiling morn
 Shall blossom side by side
 Zeal shall the seeds of Life Eternal sow
 In soil athirst and dry,
 While through all lands the Precious Blood shall flow
 Those seeds to fructify.

FIRST CHOIR.

The noble rich shall leave his lordly cheer
 In solitude to dwell,
 And by the mountain-streamlet rippling clear
 Shall build his lonely cell.
 The fierce barbarian, on the war-path nurs'd,
 Shall for imperishable glory thirst,
 And in the ranks of Penance stand the first :
 Penance, now lov'd so well!
 Ofttimes shall they who toil and tempest brave
 Some fleeting good to gain,
 Enter the Solitary's shelt'ring cave,
 And there thenceforth remain.

SECOND CHOIR.

So, 'neath the darksome forest's shady green,
 And by the glimmering lake,
On cloister'd dwellings holy and serene
 The morning dawn shall break.
There with Ecclesia, in each lone retreat
Reason shall dwell in converse pure and sweet,
And war's rude weapons into ploughshares beat
 Fertile the waste to make.
Lands in the tears of Famine only steep'd
 Shall field and vineyard shew.
Where War and Death alone their harvest reap'd,
 Honey and milk shall flow.

CHORUS.

Lift up thy voice, oh! Chosen of the Lord,
 Glad tidings to proclaim!
Strengthen each stake, and lengthen ev'ry cord,
 And prosper, in His Name!
Here, 'mid the ruins which the storm hath made,
Thy prayers, uprising from the cloister'd shade,
Shall Heav'n with holy violence invade,
 Mercy for All to claim.
At morn, at ev'ning, in the moonlight grey,
 By mountain, rock and river.
Unclos'd shall be thy Gates by night, by day,
 For ever and for ever!

ACT II

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ECCLESIA

REASON

CREDULITY

DEVOTION

APOSTASY

JUDAH

WORLD

LUCIFER

CHORUS OF ANGELS

ATTENDANTS OF ECCLESIA

CONFLICT, AND TRIUMPH

ACT II

SCENE FIRST. — *Ecclesia's Tent.*

Ecclesia, Reason, attendants, Chorus of Angels.

ECCLESIA.

Come, hither, Reason. On these sev'n fair hills
Which once Imperial Roma call'd her own,
Our Lord, Who faithfully His Words fulfils,
Hath firmly planted my Vicarial Throne.
Here shall it stand, in glory of to-day,
When the long centuries have roll'd away,
And while Deserta's thrones around it fall,
No floods its strength shall sap, no storms appal.
Tempests of human hate shall o'er it burst;
Torrents of Hell its steadfastness assail;
Yea, but against it they shall not prevail.
Stay'd on His Promise, I defy their worst.

Already, as the waters deep and wild
The hosts of Heresy have round me swept,
O'er precious works o'erthrown mine eyes have wept.
O'er trampled flow'r, o'er blushing vinyard spoil'd,
O'er one a captive made, in durance kept —
Credulity, that weak, that wayward child.
With shameless front the bold invader came
And hostile tent uprear'd on my domain,
Mimic'd my vesture and usurp'd my name,
And strove with mire my spotless robe to stain.

But lo! my champion, Truth, with ready dart
 Hath pierc'd the foul intruder to the heart,
 Hath clear'd my vineyards of her tracks abhorr'd,
 And poor Credulity to Faith restor'd.
 Her worthless corse is by the wayside laid:
 Her impious lips are clos'd for evermore;
 While I, no little of my trust betray'd,
 Pass on upon my mission as before.

Yes, I am set upon the lofty hill
 Where ev'ry eye the Chosen Bride may see,
 A Sign before the face of men to be;
 Teaching all tribes and tongues His Holy Will;
 In the glad waters of the hallow'd Font
 His children from their fatal birth-stain cleansing;
 Meeting with care maternal ev'ry want,
 And Heav'n's own treasures in His name dispensing
 His written Word inspir'd, with rev'rent care
 Within my bosom day and night I bear,
 And thence, by His Unerring Spirit led,
 Deal to His flock Truth's pure, untainted bread.
 Such is my Mission, such my task this day
 Teaching poor Reason to believe, to pray.
 Therefore I call thee now my throne before
 To list while I with rev'rent fear explore
 The wond'rous Works of Him our souls adore —
 (*To Chorus*) Celestial spirits, let your strains divine
 In fervent adoration blend with mine.

REASON.

Behold, with ready ear and docile heart
 I wait each word thy faithful lips impart.
 Speak, blest Ecclesia; be it mine to hear,
 Mine to believe, to hope, to love, to fear.
 Lo! at thy feet I take my fitting station,
 While on the wings of holy inspiration

Thou from the earth art rais'd! Around thee wreath
 The angel choirs, and from their harp-strings breathe
 Celestial strains, divinest harmonies
 Which wrap my soul in blissful ecstasies.
 Speak, oh! Ecclesia. Be it mine to hear,
 Mine to believe to hope — to love — to fear — !

ECCLESIA.

Around the darkling shores of drifting Time
 Sleeps the deep ocean of Eternity.
 In thought all-humble, pray'rful, and sublime
 Gaze we on that illimitable sea,
 That dread infinity, that tideless flood,
 That vast mysterious dwelling-place of God!
 No hidden fount or nameless limit knowing
 Unto no unimagi'd outlet flowing —
 Changeless and still, for evermore the same
 Ere Time's poor speck yet from its depths arose —
 Changeless and still, FOR EVER is its name —
 When Time shall on its breast no more repose.

As blackest midnight seen by mortal eye
 Through the dark mists Life's ready brink which veil,
 That vast FOR EVER yet in Light doth lie —
 Light all-resplendent, inconceivable,
 Light which nor sun, nor moon, nor star bestows,
 Light over which no night her mantle throws,
 Light uncreate, replete with joy, with dread,
 By the clear Presence of the Godhead shed.
 Oh realm mysterious! Oh translucent sea!
 What tongue shall celebrate thy shoreless flood
 Bath'd in the Beauty of the Deity,
 The nameless Splendours of the Triune God!

Alone that vast Eternity He fill'd
 By Essence, Presence, Pow'r and Glory bright.

Ere yet Creation's Universe He will'd
Himself th' exhaustless Fountain of delight,
Himself of knowledge the profound Abyss,
Himself His Own unutterable Bliss.
Alone — yet not alone. Oh! how to tell
That which all thought created doth excel!
Oh! Sov'reign and divinest Mystery
Whose burning depths not seraph glance can reach,
Touch with the Altar-fire poor lips of clay
Daring to sing what Thou hast deign'd to teach!

Eternally alone, yet not alone,
Dwelt He, Perfection's ever-boundless Sea,
For of that Essence so divinely One
Persons there are, an undivided Three
The Father, Fountain of the Godhead Blest,
The Son, His Likeness by Himself exprest,
The Holy Ghost, of Father and of Son
The Mutual Love Three, yet for ever One!
Persons distinct in Being as in Name,
Yet in Substantial Essence but the same;
The same in Pow'r, in Majesty supernal;
Co-equal, consubstantial, co-eternal!
All that of God the Father we believe,
Of God the Son, of God the Holy Ghost
With faith alike unfailing we receive,
In wonder hush'd, in adoration lost !

Who shall the Love Ineffable declare
That Love, Itself a Person all divine
Which God the Father for the Son doth bear,
The Son in Whom His Own Perfections shine!
With like unutterable exultation
Doth God the Son upon the Father gaze,
Fount of His Own Perpetual Generation!
Glory and Beauty's ever-cloudless Blaze!
And lo! that Love, Their endless Jubilee,

Ever breath'd forth from Father and from Son,
Co-equal Third of that Mysterious Three,
A *want* brings forth in the Eternal One!
A *want* in Him, the all-sufficient Good!
A *craving* born of His Own Plenitude!

For while the Son with Infinite Embrace
Measures the Father's Glory Infinite,
The soundless depths of Uncreated Grace,
Of Sanctity and Truth the nameless height,
Fill'd with supreme, ineffable delight,
He at the Father's Feet a place would crave,
With Adoration's incense, wave on wave,
To greet for evermore that Glory bright,
And God's Divine Perfections to o'erlay
With humblest homage infinite as they.
But how shall His Eternal Majesty
To Adoration's lowly posture sink?
Co-equal with the Father, how shall He
Of Self-annihilation's fountain drink?
Oh miracle of miracles the sum!
No link of that mysterious Oneness breaking,
He yet the Father's Servant will become,
Created Form, created Nature taking!
A Body pure as morning's hallow'd light,
A Soul in Wisdom's sacred depths design'd
Th' Eternal Word will to Himself unite,
His glorious Self-abasement there to find,
And in that Garment of Humanity
Creation's worship at God's Feet to lay!

So, when the Father doth the Son behold,
In Him the Brightness of His Glory knowing,
That con-substantial Son He doth infold
In clasp of Uncreated Love o'erflowing,
And on His Head Divine a Crown would place —
A Crown of Everlasting Majesty,

Of Splendour Infinite, of boundless Grace,
 The very fulness of the Deity!
 But lo! the splendours of the Godhead's Throne,
 Its Pow'r, Its Majesty, All is His Own,
 His Own that Plenitude which none can tell
 His Own by Right Supreme, Adorable!
 Yet, with that Plenitude Divine, Ador'd,
 His Human Nature shall anointed be;
 Upon it shall the Glory be outpour'd
 He with the Father had eternally!
 Yet shall that Crown -- of His Divinity
 The Crown inevitable, unbestow'd,
 On His Created Brow be plac'd, the free,
 The all-unutterable Gift of God!
 Glorious Creation of the Holy Spirit!
 Sacred Humanity! we Thee adore!
 Form'd the Eternal Glory to inherit,
 Worship Supreme is Thine for evermore.
 By Love Divine eternally foreknown,
 All else created is for Thee alone.
 For Thee alone through regions measureless
 Immense, unnumber'd starry worlds shall swing,
 Sound shall have birth Thy praise alone to sing,
 Tongues but articulate Thy Name to bless!
 Man in Thy hallow'd Likeness shall be fram'd
 For Thee with immortality be crown'd;
 While all that shall in Heav'n or Earth be nam'd
 Humbly adoring, shall Thy Throne surround.
 He Who to Body and to Soul hath giv'n
 His Own Eternal Personality,
 Hath crown'd Thee with the majesty of Heav'n,
 And at Thy Feet a Universe shall lay!
Gird Thy sword upon Thy Thigh, oh! Thou most Mighty,
With Thy Glory and Thy Majesty!
And in Thy Majesty ride prosperously,
Because of Truth, and meekness, and justice,
And Thy Right Hand shall conduct thee wonderjully.

Thy Throne, oh God! is for ever and ever!

The Sceptre of Thy Kingdom is a Sceptre of uprightness!

Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity.

Therefore God, Thy God

Hath anointed Thee with gladness

Above Thy fellows

For Thou art worthy to receive

Power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength,

And honor, and glory, and blessing!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Angel peers, your harps awake
Tuneful Heav'n and Earth to make!

Ringing forth from ev'ry chord

Praise of the Incarnate Word,

Mount beyond the Ages dim,

Time's vast record all unfolding;

Sing Creation's Days in Him

Cause and End of all beholding!

Ever by th' Eternal Mind

First of All Things pre-destin'd,

Sing we now the Regal State

Form'd His Advent to await.

FIRST CHOIR.

The Word went forth Omnipotent,

Immensity to fill

With forms of strength and beauty blent,

Born of His Holy Will.

From depths of Nothingness their birth.

Instant the *Fiat* had gone forth;

Yet shapeless all, and all unplann'd

As clay within the potter's hand.

For us the plant from germ doth grow,

So Will'd He that His Work should flow

Through Six long Days; that thus alone
His Pow'r, His Wisdom might be known.
The local Heav'n, a luminous mass,
Shone forth in dazzling day,
While Matter's dark chaotic gas
Roll'd into Space away!

SECOND CHOIR.

Language in effort vain must fade
The glories to recite
In which Omnipotence array'd
Heav'n's region of delight.
Mortals nor word nor thought possess
Its mystic wonders to express;
Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen
Its trancing sounds, its radiant sheen,
The music of that Crystal Lake
Whose ripples round God's Footstool break,
The Tree of Life whose blossoms kiss
Those Waters of Immortal Bliss,
The Mansions of Eternal Rest
Whose number none can tell,
The Seraph choirs supremely blest
Destin'd therein to dwell!

FIRST CHOIR.

Beings of pure Intelligence
Those Seraph choirs He made,
Unfetter'd by the bonds of Sense,
In lofty Grace array'd.
Their countless hosts in Circles Nine —
Circles of various splendour — shine,
While first of the celestial band
The Archangelic Princes stand;
Michael the mighty, Raphael fair,
And Gabriel, and Lucifer.

With shining peers — a glorious Sev'n,
 Meet princes of the Court of Heav'n!
 And glorious all in gifts unspar'd
 Forth stood they ev'ry one,
 The ministers of God prepar'd
 For His Incarnate Son!

CHORUS.

Fair on that radiant multitude
 Creation's Morning shone;
 Yet crownless ev'ry angel stood,
 And vacant ev'ry throne.
 Heav'n's hallow'd joys around us spread,
 But all must yet be *merited*;
 Each spirit there the right must win
 To dwell for evermore therein:
 The Crown of glory and of grace
 Conquest upon each head must place;
 The everlasting Throne must be
 The bright reward of Victory.
 Nor yet was our all-ravishing Abode
 Blest with the Vision of the Triune God.
 His Face, by darkness and by clouds conceal'd —
 Clouds which no angel-glance could penetrate —
 Should to the faithful only be reveal'd,
 The consummation of their happy state.
 Thus was an Ordeal, unknown, unnam'd,
 Through the refulgent courts of Heav'n proclaim'd;
 And while expectant stood our legions all —
 Our hearts to that mysterious Darkness drawn —
 Waiting the moment when the Veil should Fall,
 And we our Maker's Face might gaze upon,

 There appear'd a great Wonder in Heav'n,
 A Woman all cloth'd with the Sun:
 The moon for her footstool was giv'n,
 And the stars blaz'd her forehead upon.

On her Virginal bosom there lay
A Babe of her flesh, of her blood,
And around that frail Temple of Clay
Shone the Light of the Infinite God.

As we look'd on that marvellous Light,
As we look'd on that Infant so fair,
A cloud all ineffably bright
Overshadow'd the wonderful Pair,
And a Voice as of waters unchain'd,
A Voice through each spirit which thrill'd,
Broke the silence that breathlessly reign'd,
And the deeps of Eternity fill'd --

" Behold ye My Well-belov'd Son
" Begotten all ages before!
" In His Name is Salvation alone.
" Let the angels bow down and adore!"

As lightning the Mandate we hail'd.
We believ'd, we obey'd, we ador'd --
And the blaze of the Vision Unveil'd
O'er each prostrate Intelligence pour'd!
We knew how the Form of a Creature
The Shrine of the Godhead should be,
And we worshipp'd that lowlier Nature
Whose servants and vassals were we.

The Virgin pre-destin'd His Mother
We hail'd as our Mistress and Queen,
For throughout all Creation none other
In glory like hers shall be seen.
Close, close hath the Deity drawn her
To union none other can know,
And her name men and angels must honor
While streams of Eternity flow!

Alas! while each obedient heart
 Th' Eternal Rays illumine,
 One hapless legion stands apart
 Shrouded in deepest gloom.

With wond'rous power and beauty gifted,
 Pride had their wayward hearts uplifted.
 Worship and gratitude denied,
 They stood, self-lov'd, self-glorified;
 And while for God our spirits yearn'd,
 Theirs but for exaltation burn'd.

Craving *themselves* o'er all to elevate —
 With their resplendent gifts inebriate!
 Prince of that band dishonor'd and accurst,
 The great Archangel Lucifer stood first;

And when the Wonder pass'd our eyes before,
 When the Commandment rung Heaven's arches
 The Sacred Human Nature to adore, [through

His countenance dark and terrific grew.
 Unmov'd he stood in his rebellious pride,
 And with his hosts the Hidden God defied.
 " Shall I, a pure Intelligence sublime,
 " Dawn of Creation, eldest-born of Time,
 " Abas'd before a lowlier nature be,
 " And in a Babe of Clay my Sov'reign see?
 " Shall I my Maker and my Master hail
 " Beneath a Form so humble and so frail
 " I, than the day more glorious and bright —
 " I, as the tempest terrible in might?
 " If in the Counsels of the Great Unknown
 " A creature be exalted to His Throne,
 " Who with myself in fitness may compare,
 " That Uncreated Sov'reignty to share?
 " Spirits celestial, ere ye prostrate fall
 " Look upon me, resplendent above all;
 " See the Archangel; see the Babe of Clay;
 " And at *my* feet a worthier homage lay!"

FIRST CHOIR.

E'en while he spoke,
The splendour of his immortality
Faded to ghastly Deadness, ray by ray,
While darkly broke
From each proud lineament —
Now of its glorious beauty all despoil'd —
Flashes of rage unquenchable and wild,
Passions unchain'd and terrible to see,
Themselves a torture for eternity!
The rebel angels, partners of his crime
(Each dreaming the empyreal heights to climb),
Now at his side in sullen silence war'm'd,
Their seraph grace to fiendish glare transform'd,
While Doom, the heavy harbinger of Hell,
Like to a pall o'er each Lost Spirit fell —
Darkness with darkness evermore to dwell!
Judgment with hope unblent!

SECOND CHOIR.

Silence of death
Enchain'd our legions, fear-struck and amaz'd
Thus to behold rebellion's banner rais'd
God's Eye beneath,
Heaven's holy courts within!
A moment did that awful silence reign,
Dread as the lull which bodes the hurricane.
Then, by the Spirit of the Lord inspir'd,
By zeal and holy indignation fir'd,
With one accord our multitudes arose
To crush, at God's command, His impious foes.
The archangelic princes, at whose head
Michael most glorious stood, our armies led,
And step by step the rebel hosts were driven
Forth from the beatific realms of Heaven.

No moment of repentance asked or given
For this the Primal Sin!

FIRST CHOIR.

Like thought they fell
Adown the vast, immeasurable Space,
Outcast and exiled from their Maker's Face,
The rage of Hell

Each demon — bosom rending!
Like thought we follow'd, as their legions fled
Where thick, impenetrable Darkness spread
Through mighty regions endless and unnam'd
Matter, as yet from Chaos unreclaim'd.
In circling waves those Primal Vapours whirl'd.
Each giant billow an embryo world
Plac'd, in creation, 'neath the laws sublime
Ruling its motions to the end of time.
Swift and more swift their revolutions grew
As darkling Deep from darkling Deep withdrew
Each its allotted pathway to pursue
Through boundless Space extending.

SECOND CHOIR.

One mighty wave
Of that Chaotic Ocean we beheld
Whose circling depths, to lightning-speed impell'd,
Forewarning gave
Of change portentous nigh.
E'en while we look'd on its revolving flight,
Forth the Commandment rung — "*Let there be Light!*"
And lo! those Vapours, as the *Fiat* came,
Burst into Light — a world of living flame,
The whirlpool eddies of whose fiery deep
Within th' abyss the blighted angels sweep!
Oh! hapless spirits, 'neath that penal flood
Chain'd by the justice and the wrath of God!

Whence can salvation's morn upon you rise
 Who dar'd the One Salvation to despise?
 Lo! there remaineth no more Sacrifice
 For sin to satisfy.

FIRST CHOIR.

The Ages pass,
 And from the shadows of Chaotic Night
 A Firmament divides that orb of light
 Whose fiery mass,
 Its destin'd course pursuing,
 As the long years of centuries go round,
 Within an ever-thick'ning crust is bound. —
 Still roll they onward, those gigantic years;
 The seas are gather'd, and the land appears;
 And as its glow together these inshrine,
 New orbs are kindled on its breast to shine. —
 Still roll they onward; and the finny train,
 Race after race, sweeps through the surging main. —
 Still roll they onward; and the forest shade,
 Growth after growth, hath flourish'd and decay'd,
 Or, by the streaming lava overlaid,
 Th' untrodden land is strewing.

SECOND CHOIR.

Still do they flow,
 And Earth, upheaving in convulsions vast,
 From her rent bosom hath the mountains cast.
 While sleeps below
 The lone and dusky plain.
 The tiny-myrriads of the coral-bed
 Flooring for continent and isle have spread
 Where lashing tides laden with nature's spoil
 Deposit, year by year, the teeming soil.
 Scarcely the solar beams the clouds can pierce,
 So rage the elements in conflict fierce;

While fiery torrents from the mountain-height
Glare on the darkness of primeval night,
And of th' Abyss so dread, so awful, tell,
Whence from the depths of Nature's Crucible
Metallic ores in liquid currents well
The rocky beds to vein.

FIRST CHOIR.

Still do they pass,
Those giant Ages; and the lake, the stream,
River and valley, in the sunlight gleam,
While like a glass
Sleeps the translucent main.
By glacial winter purified, the air
Freshness and balm upon its breath doth bear,
And Earth, anew with brighter verdure spread,
Rings with the song of bird, echoes the tread
Of giant quadruped, and feeds the swarm
Of insect life, the reptile, and the worm.
No savage strifes the sinless land disgrace.
Suff'ring upon its bosom finds no place.
In peaceful herds those primal monsters stray,
Root, herb, and branch their sole, their bloodless prey.
Till o'er them nature's laws assert their sway --
Dust given to dust again.

SECOND CHOIR.

In beauty drest
Behold we now this First of Worlds complete
Eden its name — with ev'ry joy replete,
Hallow'd and blest,
Fair in its Maker's Sight!
Oft through its fresh and fragrant bow'rs we rov'd;
Each blossom bright, each grassy blade we lov'd;
Its sunny islands and its azure seas,
Its leafy forests waving in the breeze,

Its vine-clad mountains, and its streams so clear
 Lake, dell, and meadow, to our hearts were dear,
For in this Earth, so beautiful to view,
The Cradle of the Word made flesh we knew.
 The flow'rs which 'neath His Sacred Feet should grow,
 The gems which in His Earthly Crown should glow,
 The realm which should His Rule benignant know,
 These were our pure delight!

FIRST CHOIR.

Oh virgin Earth!
 First blossom of Creation's fruitful tree!
 Behold thy Maker glorified in thee!
 How great thy worth,
 By Power benign decreed!
 The giant tools of elemental war
 Aside hath laid the Great Artificer,
 And o'er thy hallow'd orb both land and sea
 Repose in undisturb'd serenity.
 Undrench'd by torrent field and flow'ret lie;
 The dewy mists their nourishment supply.
 The changing seasons bring but new c^h light,
 And lovely day but yields to lovelier night.
 Clear and untainted is the balmy air,
 While, all untended save by angels' care,
 Forest and mead a golden harvest bear
 Thy multitudes to feed.

SECOND CHOIR.

Stainless and pure,
 No taint corrupt, no odour of decay
 Defiles thy bosom. Change, indeed, hath sway
 Resistless, sure,
 O'er thy fair multitude
 Whose strength, whose beauty to its power must yield,
 By Breath of Immortality unseal'd.

Yet, while thy tribes, their destiny fulfill'd,
 Give back their dust Man's dwelling-place to build,
 That in the change Corruption hath no share
 Reason herself shall, future witness bear,
 Unfolding, on the fossil-pages trac'd,
 Feature and limb and fibre undefac'd.
 Matter transform'd, yet undissolv'd — behold
 The truth indelible those leaves infold,
 The Stony Records of the ages old
 With soundless speech endued!

CHORUS.

Not this the Death
 Which Sin, alas! shall one day make to reign
 With power relentless o'er thy fair domain;
 That sick'ning breath
 Of foul CORRUPTION, blighting
 Thy myriad forms of beauty, strength, and grace —
 Blossom, and bird, and beast, and human race
 All to their primal elements dissolv'd,
 Nature in ruin for man's sake involv'd!
 That hideous Death, devouring long and slow
 Till none can shape, or tint, or substance know,
 But all, commingled in one loathsome waste,
 Corrupts away — the fairest most defac'd!
 Alas for thee, poor Eden! In the hour
 When Man shall from his just allegiance fall,
 That DEATH thine ev'ry fibre shall enthrall —
 A Law till then unknown, a new-born Power,
 A strange and awful Character imprest
 Upon the fair creation once so blest,
 A Foe with whose insatiable rage
 Redeeming Love shall ceaseless warfare wage!
 Then shall each creature that in germ doth lie,
 E'en as existence dawns, begin to die.
 Then all adown Life's pathway shall extend
 The stream of Death in which that path must end.

Earth's brightest forms corruption's seed shall bear,
And, prone each other's mischief to repair,
The elements shall wake, their war renewing,
Yet so, Earth's bosom with destruction strewing;
While from Decay's polluted founts shall well
New forms of life than death more horrible!
Oh vast material loveliness! Shall we,
Thy Heav'nly guardians, this destruction see!
Shall taint, and dissolution, and decay
Make of thy goodly realm a ghastly prey,
The Disobedience of one fatal day
Justice with DEATH requiting!

FIRST CHOIR.

One region fair
Eastward in Eden did its Architect
A special garden of delights elect,
And planted there
The Earthly Paradise
To whose blest bound supernal laws were given,
Linking, thereby, the new-made Earth to Heaven.
Each choice delight on other lands bestow'd
Shone with new splendor in that bright abode.
Each dainty fruit, each bud its bow'rs which wreath'd
A wondrous spiritual grace outbreath'd.
The crimson morn, the ev'ning's golden blaze;
The silver moonlight on the glist'ning sprays
With deeper, holier repose o'erlaid
The grassy slope, the cool, delicious glade
Which, day and night, our bands angelic made
Tuneful with harp and voice.

SECOND CHOIR.

How blest were they
The favor'd tenants of that holy place,

Adam and Eve — the first of Human Race,
The hallow'd Clay
With gifts immortal crown'd,
From which in fulness of the time should spring
Creation's Cause, Creation's Sov'reign King,
That Human Nature worshipful, ador'd,
Shrine of the Deity, our Life, our Lord
Whose sacred image and similitude
Now in the First of Men before us stood!
Oh! happy race, e'en as by nature knit
To Him Who on the Throne of God shall sit!
Oh! favor'd Man who doth God's Image bear!
Woman, create to Motherhood so fair!
What grace, what glory may with yours compare
If ye be faithful found!

FIRST CHOIR.

Loving and lov'd,
Heart-full! of bliss, fearless of cloud to come,
They train'd the blossoms of their Eden home,
Or fondly rov'd
Its flow'ry glades among,
Where by the lamb the tawny lion lay,
And hawk and turtle nested on one spray.
Then did we seek each path where stray'd their feet,
And share their converse and communion sweet.
Then did the choirs of bright-wing'd seraphim
Join in their grateful and adoring hymn.
Then, in the eventide so calm and clear,
ONE in the Form of Man would oft appear
With man a wondrous fellowship to hold.
Thus in delights their bright existence roll'd,
Till dawn'd that Day of mysteries untold
On which their future hung.

SECOND CHOIR.

Oh fatal morn!
In unsuspecting loveliness it broke.
Above, beneath, unconscious nature spoke
No word to warn
Of desolation nigh.
With lightsome step those children of the earth
Unto the day's allotted task went forth
E'en as their eyes the rising sunbeams met
Upon a ruin'd world, alas! to set.
Yet did our hearts with fearful tremor beat,
For through the foliage of that blest retreat
We saw two fiendish eyes' malignant glare,
And knew the Trial and the Tempter there;
The Ordeal whose issue none could see
Save God alone; the great Arch-enemy
Unchain'd by His inscrutable decree
Man's faithfulness to try.

FIRST CHOIR.

Yet not on Man
Those fiendish eyeballs gleam. In quenchless hate,
In deadly rage, they seek his gentle mate,
And darkly scan
Her form and features fair.
For, as the morning light upon her falls,
Her loveliness a Vision past recalls
A Woman in the Heav'nly Courts reveal'd,
Mother of Him Who shall God's Sceptre wield.
Pass on, oh! man. The Serpent seeks not thee,
Though gall'd thy pure and holy state to see.
Pow'rless to know God's Ways, with myst'ry fraught,
In Eve beholds he Mary. Thus his thought --
"Let but the Woman be to sin beguil'd,
"And Heav'n's decrees eternal I have foil'd;
"For through the Mother I shall crush the Child.
"Who, then, the Crown shall wear?"

CHORUS.

Oh fatal morn!

On innocence and bliss it rose all fair;
The ev'ning fell upon a wretched pair,
Trembling, forlorn,

Whose souls with shame, and fear, and anguish rent,
Spoke through their eyes, tearful and earthward bent.
There, on the hill the Tree of Death which bore,
Stood they their Maker's searching glance before.
Anger and pity shar'd that awful look,
As with Himself th' Eternal counsel took.

" Son of my Love, the man by Us created

" Hath Our command dishonor'd and betray'd.

" Say, shall he be to Justice immolated?

" By thought of Thee My vengeful Arm is stay'd.

" Meet would it be the graces predestined

" For him upon another to bestow,

" Himself by his unfaithfulness consign'd

" To drain the chalice of eternal woe.

" Yet I behold him with Thy Likeness seal'd,

" And My just wrath to tenderness doth yield.

" Son most belov'd, say, shall he die or live?

" Shall We condemn and punish, or forgive?

" Daring from duty's pathway to depart,

" My righteous vengeance claims him for its prey:

" But to the counsels of Thy Sacred Heart

" Yet uncreate, leave I his doom this day."

" Then be it so, My Father; let him live;

" Yet let Thy Justice not defrauded be.

" An Off'ring for his ransom I will give,

" One which will rise an Odour sweet to Thee.

" The race elect My Nature to partake

" Let it not perish for its father's sake,

" But to a brighter hope, to Love Divine.

" To grace, to glory be renew'd, for Mine.
" Let him no more for others surety stand,
" But each go forth, his soul in his own hand,
" Himself to conquer, or himself to win —
" Judgment to merit, or the Crown to win."

" Son of My Love, be it as Thou as said.
" Thine be it still to name the Sacrifice.
" One slender hair from Thine Anointed Head,
" One little tear-drop trembling in Thine Eyes,
" One dear uplifting of Thy Sacred Hands,
" Or of Thy Human Voice one faintest sound
" Shall of My sternest justice loose the bands,
" Although entwin'd ten thousand worlds around."

" Outrag'd hath been Thy Majesty Supreme.
" Not all Creation could the forfeit pay.
" Though but one tear of Mine might all redeem,
" Body and Soul I at Thy Feet will lay.
" No fibre of that flesh prepar'd for Me
" And of My Human Soul no power be spar'd,
" That infinite offence by creatures dar'd
" By infinite Atonement cancell'd be.
" Robb'd is Thy Glory of Its righteous meed.
" Be it My task that Glory's fire to feed —
" A Whole Burnt-off'ring in Its flames entomb'd,
" Ever consuming, ever unconsum'd.

" And for their sakes, poor children of mankind,
" To painful penance by their fault consign'd,
" Sojourn will I in Sorrow's darkling land,
" Alone upon its utmost shore to stand;
" That woe may benediction's impress bear;
" That fainting souls, by pain and anguish rack'd,
" Patience and strength may gain, beholding there
" The pathway by their Maker's Footprints track'd.

" Then shall the suff'rings knit by Love to Mine —
" Suff'rings which else were worthless in Thine Eyes
" Clothe them with merit in Thy Sight Divine,
" United to th' Eternal Sacrifice.
" Then of the Chalice of the Lord to drink
" Shall to their love be sweet, though nature shrink;
" Then on the Cross in peace shall be their sleep,
" And gladness fill their bosoms while they weep."

ECCLESIA.

Oh Wisdom wondrous and adorable!
Who Thine unfathomable depths shall tell!
Thou to created nature condescending
That from Thy Self-abasement's Shrine alone
Might rise for ever to Thy Father's Throne
A worship with His Glory co-extending,
The evil plann'd Thy Sov'reign Way to bar
Wins not the least of Thy Decrees to mar,
Serves but to ope beneath Thy Sacred Feet
The deeper depth, the lowlier retreat
Of Suff'ring, whence more glorious doth arise
The incense of Thine Everlasting Sacrifice!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Upon the hill,
That fatal hill the Tree of Death which bore,
Stood they their Maker's searching Glance before,
Their heads bow'd down in penitence and shame:
While the foul presence of the Serpent near,
Call'd by God's Will his doom afresh to hear,
Sent through each shrinking and now mortal frame
A deadly chill.
But oh! one Look Divine restor'd them Heav'n!
They knew their pardon seal'd, their sin forgiv'n,
E'en while they drank the words which bade to flow
O'er them the tides of penitential woe.

Not such the Look which knew not to relent
 Upon the Demon Tempter darkly bent.
 No gleam of holy hope his eyes doth greet
 Across the tide of penitential woe,
 Across the tomb.
 Branded with shame, confronted with defeat,
 Charg'd with new tortures in th' Abyss below,
 Behold his doom! —

Gen. 2d.

*"I will put enmity between thee and the Woman,
 "And between thy seed and Her Seed.
 "She shall crush thy head,
 "And thou shalt lie in wait
 "For Her heel!"*

ECCLESIA AND CHORUS.

Branded with shame, confronted with defeat,
 Behold the Tempter flee
 Before the promise of Her rising sweet —
 Star of the deathful sea!
 Star in whose light the angel-choirs grow dim,
 And pale the glories of the Cherubim,
 Star which shall gild Life's billows dark and grim,
 Star whose pure rays shall be
 Through the long vista of each wistful age —
 How wistful and how drear! —
 Of Earth's deliverance the sweet presage,
 Heralding Sunrise near!

Thought he to blight the Virgin predestin'd
 Angels and men before,
 First of pure creatures in th' Eternal Mind,
 Grac'd all creation o'er?
 Thought he his hateful poison could infect
 God's Masterpiece, the Spirit's Bride-elect?
 Could not the Son His Mother dear protect
 Though Sin lay at the door?

Oh Serpent! ere th' inscrutable Decree
Permitted *thee* an hour,
With jealous care all set apart was She
Beyond thine utmost pow'r.

Behold Her by the Triune God discern'd
First object of His Love!
And shall the rebel from His Footstool spurn'!
Breathe on His Chosen Dove?
Shall Sin the first of Her existence claim
Who from God's Lips shall hear a Mother's name?
Shall She but for an instant bow in shame
Who shall all shame remove?
Against the impious child our Lord doth nurse
A wrathful enmity;
And to His Own sweet Mother shall a Curse
His Own first welcome be?

Oh Woman blest! Fair type of womanhood
Create for God alone!
Fountain elected of the Precious Blood!
Calling God's Son thine own!
I see a Throne for thee in Heav'n prepar'd
Which by nor saint nor angel may be shar'd —
A Throne of which to dream Faith had not dar'd
Till the Most High had shewn!
Through mists prophetic I behold thee stand
In vesture of wrought gold,
The Royal Mother at the King's Right Hand
Eternal court to hold.

Unnumber'd daughters are around thee there,
To Mary's likeness made,
Each than a new-created world more fair,
In holy works array'd.
Yet in the first of these — bright Eve, create
Alone among them all Immaculate

Shines there a grace which finds in *thee* no mate?
 Oh! let it ne'er be said.
 Form'd without sin, yet from that grace descending,
 Man's Mother we have seen:
 Form'd without sin, in faithfulness transcending,
 Behold the Heav'nly Queen!

Angels and Seraphim surround thy Throne
 On bright resplendent wing.
 Their Maker's Glory in His Works to own,
 Thy lofty grace they sing.
 Spirits of purity, their robes of snow
 No lightest taint of sin or frailty know;
 Yet on those robes no Precious Life-drops glow
 With splendour ravishing.
 But Thee Immaculate the Holy Rood
 As its bright first-fruit bore —
 Purer than Heav'n, yet with Redemption's Flood
 Crimson'd all o'er and o'er!

Oh! Woman blest, fair type of womanhood,
 Create for God alone!
 Throughout Creation's goodly multitude
 Beside thee there is none.
 For lo! the heav'ns all glorious and serene
 In Sight of the Eternal lose their sheen,
 And charged with folly have e'en angels been
 By the All-holy One;
 But when He looks Thy Virgin soul upon,
 Far other word saith He —

Canticles 4.

" *Thou art all fair, My Dove, My Chosen One;*
" There is no spot in thee!
" Thou hast ravish'd My Heart, My sister, My spouse!
" Thou hast ravish'd My Heart with one of thine eyes,
" With one chain of thy neck!
" How fair is thy love, My sister, My spouse!
" Thy lips, oh! My spouse, drop as the honey-comb.

"A garden inclosed is My sister, My spouse;
 "A spring shut up; a fountain seal'd;
 "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters
 "And streams from Lebanon!"

"Hearken, oh! daughter, and consider,
 "And incline thine ear;
 "Forget, also, thine own people
 "And thy father's house;
 "So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty,
 "For He is the Lord thy God,
 "And worship thou Him."

Psalm 45

"And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift;
 "Even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favor.
 "I will make thy name to be remembered
 "In all generations.
 "Therefore shall the people praise thee
 "For ever and for ever!"

SCENE SECOND. *The same.*

Ecclesia, Reason, Attendants, Chorus of Angels.

REASON.

The World approacheth!

ECCLESIA.

I await him here.
 Ecclesia moveth not; let him draw near.—
 Ay, ay; he cometh, the deceitful World,
 Now, as erewhile, my dark and bitter foe,
 With cringing mien, and hostile banner furl'd,
 In seeming homage at my feet to bow;
 Yet, like the snake beneath the brushwood curl'd,

On fair pretext to work me nameless woe!
 Devotion's gifts, intrusted to my care,
 And well bestow'd by Charity and Zeal,
 With tempting bait allure him from his lair,
 E'en for their sake to speak Ecclesia fair,
 Whom gladly would he crush with hand and heel.

REASON.

Gladly, indeed! Each upstart who hath dar'd
 Alike thy power and mission to defy
 Hath his pretentious bounty nobly shar'd,
 Lodged in his palace, at his table far'd,
 And ever found in him a fond ally.

ECCLESIA.

I know it well. By yonder eastern sea
 Where he o'er Roma's tomb luxuriates,
 To Error gross, and smooth-tongued Heresy
 Hath not the World thrown wide his palace-gates?
 Nay, in the secret caves of his domain,
Nurs'd by Impenitence of stubborn will,
 Idolatry, stricken, yet breathing still,
 Bideth his time abroad to stalk again.
 Yet lo! he cometh with a friendly mask;
 And we, my sister, for a time must bear him.
 To hear and to reply is Reason's task,
 But be thy converse brief— and oh! beware him,
 Nor fear thee to sustain temptation's shock,
 For Faith will aid thee all his wiles to mock.

REASON.

Whence is that foe so pow'rful and so dread,
 Whose empire is o'er all the Earth outspread,
 Whose front so specious, and whose heart so base
 May with the fiends alone deserve a place?

ECCLESIA.

And with the fiends his destiny shall be,
Though Judgment long forbearth! This is he,
That spirit of corrupt perversity
For whom our gentle Lord refus'd to pray —

"I pray not for the World."—

St. John, 17.

This is the Spirit who, dethroning Right,
Hath in its place exalted lawless Might;
Who bids the strong one trample on the weak,
And Clamour hears, forbidding Truth to speak;
Who in detraction finds his choicest song,
And sheathes in quiv'ring hearts his thrice-fork'd tongue
Spirit of violence, and craft, and stealth
Who wades through crime to dignity and wealth,
Who by foul falsehood, perjury and guile
Winneth the poor man's heritage to spoil.
Spirit which blights, but knows not how to bless,
Scorning fair Justice, cringing to Success;
Who of life's passing joys no stint will brook,
But on the future will not, dares not look.
A fell usurper he of the domain
Where hallow'd Reason rightfully should reign;
Ruling alike the monarch and the thrall,
The lowly cottage and the lordly hall,
But we must bear awhile. Among his train
Are some whom to our Lord I fain would gain —
Unhappy Judah, doom'd to woeful lot,
And in His Name Whom yet the World knows not;
E'en poor Impenitence the truth must know,
Though to his stubborn heart no truth, alas! may go.

(Enter World and retinue.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Isaiah, 16. 14

*" The sons of them that afflicted thee
 " Shall come bending unto thee;
 " And all they that despised thee
 " Shall bow themselves down
 " At the soles of thy feet."*

WORLD.

Fair Queen, whose dignity all must revere,
 Whose well-earn'd fame resounds from sea to sea,
 Respect and admiration bring me here
 Before Ecclesia's throne to bend the knee;
 Nor less devoted I, nor less sincere
 That my professions somewhat tardy be.
 No gladder sight could meet my gaze to-day,
 Or draw from me more loud congratulation
 Than to behold thee, erst oppression's prey,
 Exalted thus to this sublimest station.
 Here, where Imperial Roma reign'd of yore
 (My friend and ally — now, alas! no more),
 I see thee rule, confess'd by ev'ry land,
 And fain in friendship's grasp would press thy hand.
 No heart but must thy gracefulness admire,
 And by thy fair proportions be bewitch'd,
 Beholding thee array'd in the attire
 With which Devotion hath her Queen enrich'd.
 No more in Poverty's rough garment seen,
 No more in cave and catacomb conceal'd,
 Full many a province rich and fair demesne
 To thee as Suzerain their rentals yield.
 No more thy voice, by tyrant Fear restrain'd,
 Breathes forth in accents smother'd and subdued,
 But through the vast Basilica, unchain'd,
 Triumphant peals — as rightfully it should.
 Throughout Deserta's breadth, afar and near,

Temples whose loveliness can find no mate
Devotion doth with busy hands uprear,
And to thy holy service consecrate.
Thy prelates are as princes in the land;
Monarchs anointed own Ecclesia's sway:
While with alacrity thy least command
Alike the noble and the serf obey.

I, too, am chang'd; yet, not, alas! as thou.
Delights and glories of a bygone day
Live but in sorrowful remembrance now,
By fierce barbaric storm-floods swept away.
No more within the porph'ry-pillar'd hall
At Luxury's rich banquet I recline,
Watching the stricken gladiator fall,
His moanings blent with music most divine:
Slaves of ethereal beauty within call,
To touch the lute, or pour the sparkling wine.
No more I go, in gilded chariot borne,
To snuff the balmy airs of eve or morn,
No sylvan palace woos to joyous hours
Of summer rest, 'mid fountains and 'mid flower's.
My car is now the mettled charger's hoof;
My painted dome, the oaken-vaulted roof;
My palace fair, the castle on the crag;
My pastime's prey, the sleuth-hound and the stag.
Hauberk of steel and visor'd helm replace
The broider'd silken toga's stately grace;
While notes of war and battle cry of foes
Are the wild strains that wak' me from repose.

(*Aside.*) And with this change, rude, yet with charms
for me,
Fairly could I content me but for thee —
Thee, and the three who watch thy slightest motion —
Reason, to wit, and Mercy, and Devotion,
And others of that train.

'Mid wine and wassail taking ease am I?
Thou dost command the Flesh to mortify.
To slumber's keep would I consign my care?
Hark, thy disturbing voice — " Forget not Prayer! "
Does pleasure flow? Thou dost its current stem
With Lenten-tide, or doleful Requiem.
Of goods superfluous some churl I clear?
Of Restitution I am doom'd to hear.

So all adown the chain.

For vanquish'd tribes — by law of conquest, slaves
Reason each day some new concession craves,

Urged on by thee; in council I have seen ye.
Serfs of the soil, to nought save bondage born,
Of these ye ever are the champions sworn,

And Rights, and Charters wring from me between ye!
The sov'reign, born by Right Divine to rule,
In maxims of obedience thou wouldst school;
And if supreme himself he would declare,
From royalty degrad'st him then and there.
Of royal cares would one his father ease?
What meed of penance will thy wrath appease!
Or if reprisal's game the father tries,
And from the son takes liberty and eyes,
In sackcloth, at thy bidding, kneel he must,
And of humiliation eat the dust.

Doth one but dare to crave a fairer spouse?
Thou with thy clamour heav'n and earth dost rouse,
And censures and anathemas dost fling
At prince and noble, emperor and king.
Would one a fairer drinking vessel choose him,
And a rough hand on Altar-treasures lay?

Lo! Justice straightway doth of *theft* accuse him,
While meek Devotion shouts " impiety! "

The courtly lists, where knights for glory bleed,
Are but as shambles in Ecclesia's creed;
Yea, she and Mercy fain would interfere
Judah herself to save from timely shear.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*If she were of the World, as saith our Lord,
The World would love its own.*
Thou art condemn'd, oh! World, by thine own word,
By thine own word alone!

WORLD.

(*Aside.*) Yet such the potent sceptre thou dost wield,
Such of thy votaries the devout compliance,
That I, my inborn enmity conceal'd,
Am fain, in sooth, to sue for thine alliance.
Face unto face we two as rivals stand;
And, might we rule together, hand in hand,
That power of thine which worketh like a spell
Would for full many a purpose serve me well.
(*To Ecclesia.*) Say, then, fair Queen, what compact shall
it be
Will knit sweet friendship's cords 'twixt thee and me?

REASON.

Oh! World, the suit which thou to urge art fain
From Reason's lips may fitting answer gain.
Behold! our Queen, her fair face turn'd away,
Heeds not thy presence. Be it mine to speak;
Mine to unmask the court thou feign'st to pay,
To spurn th' alliance thou dost vainly seek.
When Eastward shall unto the Westward hie,
When earth shall form a union with the sky,
When Ocean-parted Shores each other greet,
Ecclesia may the World's advances meet.
Whence could one table for ye two be spread?
What span of ground in common could ye tread?
What are thy aims? On what art thou intent
Save thine own pleasure and aggrandizement?
Doth God, or Heav'n, or Hell, or Death, or Sin
A place in all thy calculations win?

Waking from sleep, the pastimes of the day
Lead, unresiste I, all thy thoughts away.
The dainty meal, the delicate adorning
No time for Charity or penance leave;
In idle pageants fleet the hours of morning;
Indulgence spreads her tempting feast at eve;
The flowing goblet crowns the joyous day,
And on a prayerless couch the World doth lay.
Speak for thyself; is it, or is't not so?
And would'st thou in Ecclesia's pathway go?

Spouse of the Lamb, in spirit as in name,
God and his Glory is her only aim.
For this she toils; for this alone she lives;
This to her ev'ry act existence gives.
The first grey dawn on Night's dominion stealing,
The first faint blush that tints the Orient skies
Ever beholds her at the Altar kneeling
To offer up th' Eternal Sacrifice.
As day advances over field and flower,
Some sacred office consecrates each hour;
While holy Vesper chant, and sweet Compline,
With Benediction, hallow its decline.
And lo! while sleep sits heavy on thy brows,
Ecclesia's heart, to fervor fresh awaking,
Sings forth the praises of her Heav'nly Spouse,
Matin and Laud the midnight stillness breaking.

Thus fleets the day; and as the day, the year;
Each season made by holy mem'ries dear.
She plucks the holly from its wintry stem
To twine it round the Crib of Bethlehem.
With the poor Shepherds she the *Gloria* sings,
And burn her Incense with the Magian Kings.
Then, at the Virgin's side, taper in hand,
See her devoutly in the Temple stand;
Nor yet than Hers a lesser Gift to bring —

Th' Unspotted Lamb her priceless Offering.
The year rolls on; Ecclesia, love-inspir'd,
To penitential solitudes retir'd,
Broods o'er the Sorrows of her Heavenly King,
And with her tears bedews the flowers of Spring.
Beside the Pillar and the Cross she stands,
For each dark outrage reparation making;
His Thorn-crown'd Head, His Wounded Feet and Hands
She humbly venerates, with heart all-breaking.
Then, when the Easter-Morning doth appear
That festal Morn which crowns Ecclesia's year --
She seeks the Sepulchre at early dawn,
And looks with awe the Empty Grave upon;
Her Risen Lord with rapture doth she meet,
And holds Him there, and worships at His Feet.
Adown the vista of the Summer days,
At every step her fervor she renews;
The richest blossoms lovingly she strews
Upon His Way, or on His Altar lays.
And when the year its later days is summing,
Of Death and Judgment she would warn all flesh,
Trimming with faithful hand her Lamp afresh,
Wakeful and watchful for the Bridegroom's Coming.
Behold the pathway of Ecclesia's feet!
Where, on that path, Ecclesia wouldst thou meet?

WORLD.

Reason, we are not strangers; and 'twere vain
With thee a character so new to feign.
No claim to lofty sanctity I lay,
Nor know nor care to meditate and pray.
Yet doth Ecclesia such respect inspire
That to befriend her is my sole desire,
Fain to obliterate all mem'ries hard,
And trust in Time for mutual regard.

How can I fail to honour, when I see
 All that her tenderness has done for thee?
 Hath she not shed around the Nuptial Tie
 A sacredness which cannot fail to charm?
 Hath she not rais'd a fabric wide and high
 Of goodly Laws, to shelter thee from harm?
 Hath she not spread the blessings, near and far,
 Of faith in Peace, of clemency in War?
 Hath she not sought (by labour undismay'd)
 Thine Ancient Wisdom, by the dust o'erlaid —
 Letters and Science, Art and Poesie,
 And in her cloisters shelter'd them and thee?
 Hath she not founded, doth her care not nourish
 Cradles of Learning, through all time to flourish?
 Seek'st thou a spot where we may meet in fair
 And full companionship? Behold it there,
 A standing-ground where she nor I are loath
 The Works of Reason, priz'd alike by both.

REASON.

Not for a day couldst thou that pathway tread
 In her sweet fellowship! As thou hast said,
 We are not strangers; I have known thee well,
 And from the past the future can foretell.
 Wert thou, oh! World, but once thy way to win
 Ecclesia's pure and holy Tent within,
 Wert thou among her goodly laws to range,
 Soon would Confusion work its woeful change!
 Soon would those laws, by saintly wisdom fram'd,
 Handmaids and guardians of the Law Divine,
 From their all-holy purpose be reclaim'd
 No more to serve God's Interests, but thine,
 Nor wouldst thou balance, where thou mightst control,
 To aggrandize a State, and lose a Soul.
 Soon would that Tie, of whose sweet sacredness
 Thou hast but now with well-feign'd rapture spoken,

Become the sport of Passion's waywardness,

By weariness or caprice lightly broken.
And lo! the falchion by Ecclesia blest
To battle for the feeble and opprest,
Against the rich the poor a help to lend,
And Innocence and Justice to defend,
By thee in Rapine's hand is oft-times plac'd
To be by violence and crime disgrac'd;
Or, blacker still, in brothers' blood imbrued
To glut unblest revenge, or senseless feud.

As for those noble nurseries of Learning
Of which thou speak'st, if once thou enter there
Adieu to all that set their light a-burning!

Adieu to faith, and purity, and prayer!
Long as immutable Ecclesia rules,
And Reason in each holy maxim schools,
So long the pen will battle for the Lord,

In His divinest Mysteries instructing;
Ever its noblest mission to record
Lessons to Sanctity's fair heights conducting.

So long will parable and legend tell
Of virtues heroic, of gifts sublime;

So long on martyr's constancy will dwell

The faithful chronicle, the plaintive rhyme.

These have no charms for thee. The light romaunt

Of ribald minstrel meets thine ev'ry want;

And should fair Letters e'er become thy prey

(Long be it ere it dawn, that woeful day!)

Thou wilt pervert them to an evil end,

Each soul-destroying Error to extend,

To be thy daily chronicle of Crime,

To spread Sedition dark from clime to clime.

Falsehood will pen thy record of the past,

And o'er brave Truth his baleful venom cast,

Till the bright form scarce Reason's eye can see,

Smear'd and o'erlaid with foulest blasphemy.

So will the Arts, now by Devotion cherish'd,
 By thee at holy Virtue's cost be nourish'd;
 For scentless all to thee the flow'rs they wreath
 Unless a *sin* coil, serpent-like, beneath.

WORLD.

Well hast thou learnt thy lesson — said thy say!
 Yet to thy words, behold! no heed I pay.
 If she — Ecclesia — will some compact make,
 Sinking each minor diff'rence for the sake
 Of peace and friendly union, I opine
 'Twill for her interest be, as well as mine.
 Concession need not be alone *her* meed;
 Something myself I gladly will concede,
 No needless hind'rance in her way to throw.
 Her feasts I will with jealous care respect,
 Prompt in her fair processions to appear
 With proudest retinue, and richest gear;
 Nor to some fasting will I much object.
 Her laws — if thou art pow'rless to enforce them,
 I with the rack will cheerfully endorse them.
 Say, could conciliation further go?

REASON.

Truly! And for concessions thus so brave
 What from Ecclesia deignest thou to crave?

WORLD.

Some trivial matters, doubtless, I would press,
 Such as need cause Ecclesia no distress;
 Nay, rather should she deem my claims an honor,
 Reflecting glory, as they do, upon her.
 Her Sov'reign Pontiffs I would fain elect,
 And to Invest her Prelates would expect.
 Supreme in all her Councils to preside
 I would demand; with some few points beside.

Devotion's doings I would oversee,
 And of her ample coffers keep the key,
 And legislate *alone* for prince and peasant.
 These would, methinks, suffice me — for the present.

REASON.

Oh! modest World, will such light things content thee!
 Demand some trifle more; what doth prevent thee?
 A price so paltry shall Ecclesia pay
 To see thy banners float on festal-day,
 To hear thy trumpets ring, to see thee back
 Her law of Love with faggot and with rack?
 To see thee celebrate her Heav'nly Feasts
 By savage bull-fight, or in blood-stain'd lists?
 Or to the Christmas King thy fealty pay
 In vile excess, and drunken revelry?
 To see thee grudgingly approach the gate
 Of holy Lenten-tide (which thou dost hate)
 By thine unseemly Carnival escorted —
 Features and heart by vanity distorted?
 Can she but hesitate one single day
 For this her God, her Mission to betray,
 To place Messiah's Sceptre in thy hand,
 And kiss thy feet, and run at thy command?
 He from Whose Sov'reignty Supreme alone
 E'en Nature's rights their sacred potency draw,
 Whose sanction crowns the King and makes the law,
 Hath plac'd Ecclesia on His Earthly Throne
 That Sov'reignty Supreme o'er all to sway,
 His Rights to claim, His Glory to defend,
 And o'er all tribes His Empire to extend,
 Till His Own Coming, on the Last Great Day.
 Say, shall her laws — which be the Law Divine —
 Give place but for a moment unto *thine*,
 Or seek thy sanction? Say, shalt *thou* bestow
 The honors of God's House — thyself His foe?

In Councils which the Spirit of the Lord
 Guides to all truth, shalt *thou* put in thy word?
 To choose His Pontiffs must He wait *thy* say,
 Whose very friendship is His enmity?
 Oh impious World! Were Reason on her throne —
 That throne all wrongfully usurp'd by thee —
 In loving harmony, two, yet as one,
 The reign of Reason and of Faith should be.
 Dethron'd by thee, blest by Ecclesia's care,
 She hath *my* homage, and she *thine* can spare.
 Whoever owns my rule, beneath the sky,
 Or seeks her light, or humbly walks thereby.
 The fairest wreaths that Art or Nature twine
 Bloom, and shall ever bloom, upon her shrine.
 My footsteps never from her path shall swerve;
 My ev'ry law her precepts shall subserve;
 My last appeal, the judgment just of her
 Whose *fiat* ne'er hath err'd, nor e'er shall err.

WORLD.

Oh! valiant Reason, if it must, it must;
 Yet her resolve to change, in Time I trust.
 One poor request she cannot well refuse,
 If in her nature I am not deceiv'd.
 My daughter, here, would fain her guidance choose,
 And craves within her Tent to be receiv'd.
 Fain would I leave her in so blest a spot!
 A very odour as of Heav'n about it!

(Presents Apostasy.)

ECCLESIA (to Apost.)

What is thy name?

APOSTASY.

Discretion.

ECCLESIA.

Much I doubt it
A goodly name, but one becomes thee not.
My fair attendants, think ye, is it fit
Within our Tent "Discretion" to admit?

ZEAL.

Holy Ecclesia, let her not come nigh;
Th' apostate spirit lurketh in her eye.
Behold! 'twill come, a not far distant day
When our dear Lord and thee she will betray.

MERCY.

Yet whither shall the hopeless outcast flee?
Oh! Mother dear, let Mercy plead with thee.
Perchance, beneath thy kind and watchful eyes
A holier spirit in her breast may rise.

ECCLESIA.

Then be it so. (*To Apost.*) Hark thee! While in my
Tent
Tepidity thy name.

APOSTASY.

I give consent.

WORLD.

And for myself, since that it must be so,
And if, fair Queen, no closer tie may bind us,
Of sheer good-will, my fair intent to shew,
I and my train will grace thy functions fair —
Oft as no special duty calls elsewhere.
A credit, too, believe me, thou wilt find us.
Reason on her authoritative seat
Shall have my counsel; much I will rejoice

To tender her my Arm when fails her Voice,
 Friendly to her and thee — in all things meet.
 (*Aside.*) Now I can work right well thy Tent within;
 Let Time disclose which of us two shall win.

(*A cry within.*)

ECCLESIA.

Hark! 'Tis a cry! Devotion's voice I hear
 In the Far East! Speak; speak; what danger near?

DEVOTION (*from within.*)

Oh! Reason, where art thou? Make haste to my aid!
 To the portals of Zion the Ocean hath spread —
 The Ocean of Islam, so dread and so deep,
 Whose billows o'er Earth's fairest regions now sweep

The Ocean of Islam, whose fountains accurst
 By Judah and Heresy darkly were nurst,
 Whose waters roll on their impetuous flood
 All blacken'd with sacrilege, crimson'd with blood!

Oh! hardly Devotion her place hath maintain'd
 Since Mecca's False Prophet the flood-gates unchain'd
 And the waters let forth, Desolation to spread —
 A doom for the living, a grave for the dead!

And now, reck ye not that the Birth-place of God,
 The Home were He dwelt, and the Land that He trod,
 The Mount where He died, and the Tomb where He lay,
 Are become of that merciless Ocean the prey?

WORLD (*aside.*)

Ay, tyrant; 'twill sap *thy* foundations, I trow!
 From thy hand sweep the sceptre, the crown from thy
 brow!

When that tide to thy footstool hath ris'n, thou shalt
 see
 How lightly I set by thy friendship and thee!

I have drunk of its waters, and plung'd in its waves,
 And my spirit no holier Paradise craves.
 On the crest of those waves will I rise to thy seat,
 While they wash all the treasures of Earth to my feet.

REASON.

Bear up, oh! Devotion. I come at thy call.
 I come -- yet thy summons my heart doth appal,
 For the hosts of my bravest have battled in vain
 That tide of destruction and death to restrain.

On the walls of Damascus they breasted the shock;
 And Aleppo hath mourn'd them, and fair Antioch;
 In each land, in each city where Islam hath spread,
 I have wept for my captives, and number'd my dead.

DEVOTION (*from within.*)

Oh! heard ye yon cry? 'Twas from Egypt now doom'd,
 'Neath the merciless waters engulf'd and entomb'd!
 Oh! heard ye yon roar? 'Twas the rush of the tide
 Through the gates of Hispania, by Treason thrown
 wide!

Oh! heard ye the wail that went forth on the breeze
 As the dark torrent swept o'er the green Pyrenees?
 Oh! heard ye the echo Destruction sent back
 As it left on each valley its locust-like track?

REASON.

Fear not. To the Westward the torrent gave way,
 For a rampart impregnable kept it at bay;

T'was plann'd by a hero, 'twas reared by his Franks.
Lo! the waters all troubled retreat from the banks,

And swift will I join thee with lance and with steed,
God's Glory my war-cry — His Blessing my speed;
But a mist is around me, and fain would I see, —
Oh! Faith all unshaken, why thus should it be?

From the black pools of Heresy Islam flow'd forth
From eastward to westward, from south to the north;
With slaughter and carnage its waters are red,
And with plunder and captives enrich'd is its bed.

'Twas the sickle of Death — 'twas the scorch of the
Fire —

'Twas the wild cry of Famine and Pestilence dire;
Yet each dark day of conflict victorious hath found it,
And few were the lustres with Empire that crown'd it.

Whilst thou — on a mission of love thou art here,
The helpless to aid, and the mournful to cheer;
Thy fair head is veil'd with the meekness of God,
And with patience most humble thy fair feet are shod.

The path that through ages led up to thy throne
Was track'd by no sorrow or tears save thine own;
And the blood which cemented that fabric so blest
Was the stream that in Martyrdom flow'd from thy
breast.

With pillage or rapine thy hand was unstain'd.
To the heathen his goods and his temples remain'd
Till, won by thy beauty, an off'ring he made,
And his heart, and his gifts at thy footstool were laid.

Yet though years full a thousand have laps'd since thy
birth,
Thou art still but a stranger and pilgrim on Earth:

And though wide be thy rule o'er the spirit of man,
Thine Earthly dominion it mates but a span.

ECCLESIA.

Oh! Reason, my sister, hast never yet heard
That the Bride of the Crucified shares with her Lord?
Oh! Reason, my sister, hast never yet known
That my Crown is of Thorns — that the Cross is my
Throne?

The lands that despis'd me our Monarch hath scourg'd
Thou hast seen them 'neath Islam's dark billows sub-
And the fires of Idolatry quench'd on its way [merg'd;
Have won it the splendour and spoil of to-day.

Yet the pride of the Past 'neath its waters shall sleep;
And the treasure so gather'd shall rot in the deep;
As a blight will it lie on each obdurate land
Till their cities are dust, and their verdure as sand.

-- But haste thee to Devotion! Call them forth,
Thy bravest sons, the noblest of the Earth -
Bohemond, Godfrey, ev'ry chosen lance
Of the fair chivalry of glorious France,
With Tancred, and the knights of fame who be
The flow'r of bright Italia's chivalry,
And faithful souls a goodly multitude,
To stem, if it may be, that devastating flood.

WORLD.

I will go forth with them. Nay, stay me not;
To rest while others ride, my shield would blot.
I will go forth their glorious toil to share,
In council and in war my part to bear,
And bring their mission to a joyful end.
Then will Ecclesia know the World her friend.

ECCLESIA.

Alas! if thou go forth, then all is vain.
 Defeat will be our triumph — loss our gain,
 Despite Ecclesia's care, and Reason's pain!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE THIRD. — *Lucifer from a lofty promontory looks down upon the Ocean of Islam. — Chorus.*

LUCIFER.

Ay, sweep the lands, thou desolating tide!
 What breastwork brave thy fury shall abide?
 Tears brine thy waters! Let thy waves flow blood!
 My hopes are rising with thy rising flood.
 As music to mine ear the notes of woe
 That swell the tumult where thy surges flow.
 Sweep on my errand to each distant shore,
 As swept thy parent heresies of yore!
 What though Idolatry's red fires have pal'd
 Where thou hast pass'd, to that I pay no heed
 If, where the fervor of their flames hath fail'd,
 The stormy floods of Islam shall succeed.
 Truly, they spread destruction without stint.
 Priest and Apostle they have left no print
 In lands where yet Ecclesia's seed was sown;
 But thou my trustier ally hast been,
 Quenching the glory of the Nazarene
 E'en in the very land He call'd His Own.
 Yet will all other conquests be but vain
 Until Ecclesia's portals thou shalt gain,
 And sap her deep foundations, and efface
 E'en from the very Earth her ev'ry trace.
 This before all things be thy primal end
 Whitherso'er thy empire may extend.

Flatter the virtues, or with Reason toy;
Kindle or quench, establish or destroy,
If *she* perish!

Hosts have I seen go forth thy course to stem;
How thy devouring billows laugh'd at them!
And yet another host, behold! I see
Burning to wage its puny war with thee.
Come, as of old, oh! multitude most brave,
And take your choice — the Koran or the Grave!
Bank out the waves of Islam — if ye can!

- Headlong Credulity leads forth the van,
And rushing where no friendly hand may reach,
Falls, bruised and bleeding, on the stormy beach.
Now Reason comes with ardour in her breast,
Flaunting her banners by Ecclesia blest.

Stately her step, and firm her heart and eye,
Prepar'd alike for suffering and toil;

I well might fear her but for One hard by

Who will befriend me, and her labors spoil.

Oh goodly World! it was a blithesome day
When thou didst join thee to this arm'd array,
With Fraud and Strife, Excess and Discontent
To swell thy train, and Hate to guard thy tent! —
Reason to work. Breastwork and mound she raises;

Wisdom doth lend his aid; Valour no less.
The World stands by, approves, applauds and praises,

Or drains the wine-cup to their fair success —
While plies his train the mattock and the spade,
Till Reason's labor in the dust is laid!

Now cometh One in cassock and in cord; —

It is Devotion! Zeal and Charity
Are her companions. Who hath ever warr'd

Against my schemes with like success as they?
They pause amid the throng. What whim hath seiz'd
Their idiot-brains, with vag'ries ever pleas'd?

Two shrubs they plant. Each stem, a slender thread.
 Yet grows apace till branch on branch doth spread
 Its grateful shade. Uniting, they inclose
 A bower where wounded Valour may repose.
 This with Red blossoms laden, that with White,
 Stretching to leftward — stretching to the right
 With thorny branches closely interlac'd,
 Have their proud front in Islam's pathway plac'd.
 Oh goodly rampart! A few fragile thorns!
 Lo! yonder wavelet is your doom. — But no!
 Billow on billow that frail barrier scorns!
 To giant strength and stature doth it grow!
 Now through the distant Future I behold it
 From Palestine to Gaul its deep root take
 A Mighty Fence which Islam ne'er shall break
 While flows its tide. Could angels have foretold it!
 See! they have gain'd from labor fair release,
 And Reason and Ecclesia rest in Peace,
 Islam and I defeated!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*No weapon that is fer'd against her
 Shall prosper;
 And every one that shall rise up in judgment against her
 She shall condemn.*

LUCIFER.

Thus shall my fury evermore be baulk'd?
 Shall an Archangel's vengeance thus be mock'd?
 Shall that poor worm my shafts most deadly scorn,
 And win the glory of which I am shorn?
 It shall not be! Not yet of *all* bereft,
 While of my Hour there's but a moment left,
 To compass her destruction I will win
 If there be power in hate, or wile in sin.

But where to find a weapon? Let me think.
 From Persecution's brand she will not shrink;
 That have I prov'd. And vainly to her Tent
 The stealthy-footed Heresy I sent
 To try her poisons on the Bride-elect.
 No lynx so sharp the mischief to detect
 Though e'er so skilfully disguis'd; no blast
 So surely swift th' intruder forth to cast.
 And now the Flood that pledg'd her overthrow
 Ebbs from her rampart — nevermore to flow!
 Oh worm! but for that NAME I dare not speak,
 Long ere this day thy ruin were complete!
 If, for one flash, we two *alone* might meet,
 In vain the winds of heav'n thy dust should seek!

Hist! 'Tis a sound! The plaintive notes of song
 Rise in sad cadence from the beach below!
 A figure moves with step sedate and slow,
 Shingle and shells, and tangled weed among!
 'Tis Reason, o'er lost treasures making moan,
 O'er cherish'd Arts, o'er monuments of lore
 Gathered through ages long — a goodly store —
 By the wild waves of Islam overthrown.
 Hither she wends. I will aside, and watch.
 This chance encounter may my plans befriend.
 If to my counsels she an ear will lend.
 'Twere an unhop'd-for triumph to detach
 Grave Reason from Ecclesia!

(Lucifer withdraws aside.)

Enter Reason.

REASON.

Alas! alas! that I should see this day!
 The glorious work of ages swept away
 By Islam's waters merciless and rude!

Knowledge and Art beneath its waves entomb'd!
 My fairest structures to destruction doom'd
 Where'er its fury hath the lands subdued!
 An aching bosom to my task I bring
 Oft as the wreck-strewn beach I would explore,
 If haply some defac'd yet precious thing
 The tide hath cast upon the friendly shore.
 Some mutilated relics here have I
 That fill with grief my heart, with tears mine eye,
 Counting long years of labor and of pain
 Ere I their lustre can restore again.
 Alas, poor lands where first I learn'd to love them!
 Error's dark waves roll evermore above them.
 Yet might such cherish'd strays as drift to land,
 Restor'd and polish'd by a skilful hand,
 In other climes their ancient place command. —
 Methought it lighten'd! Yet the sky is clear
 And cloudless. — There is nought in sight to fear,
 Yet lo! I shudder. — There! Again it flash'd
 With wonderful refulgence!

Lucifer appears as an angel of light.

LUCIFER.

Fear me not,
 Oh! Reason, nor bow down thy head, abash'd,
 (Thine own inherent excellence forgot),
 Though an Archangel greet thee.
 I saw thee in thine uncompanion'd toil,
 Thy sad, lone ling'ring on the beach so drear,
 Thy tearful search among the Ocean-spoil
 For priceless treasures to thy heart most dear;
 Thus came I forth to meet thee.
 But cease to grieve. The hour draws swiftly nigh
 Which all thy wounds shall heal, thy tears shall dry;
 When these poor relics, from destruction sav'd,
 The World shall dazzle, as in days of yore;

When of the knowledge which thy heart hath crav'd
Shall spread before thee an undream'd-of store;
When all that heretofore hath been thy pride
Shall but provoke a smile new wealth beside;
When the vast realm o'er which shall range thine eye
Nor highest height, nor deepest depth shall end it;
When thou shall draw the lightning from the sky,
And o'er Deserta on thine errands send it.

REASON.

Of wonders unattainable why speak?
Surely, no angel to deceive would try!
'Tis to console me thou dost kindly seek,
And some fair meaning in thy words may lie.
Yet though to miracles that far transcend
All human power, 'tis idle to pretend,
Blythe would I be to rescue from the wreck
Brave Arts with which Ecclesia's Tent to deck;
Brave knowledge that will aid me to defend her,
And to our Heav'nly King good service render;
Numbers divine in which to sing His praise,
And shew my love, as in the elder days.

LUCIFER.

Alas! thou noble Reason! All thy pain
This wise expended, is but labor vain.
In other worlds Ecclesia's spirit lies;
For works of thine she hath no ears, nor eyes —
Nay, rather with hostility doth view them,
As serving but thy Heav'nward way to bar.

REASON.

And if they barr'd that way, sweet as they are
I were not Reason did I still pursue them.
But thou dost err. 'Tis passing strange, and more,
That an Archangel should the facts ignore.

Where were my works to-day, in ev'ry land,
 But for Ecclesia's kind, protecting hand?
 Who won barbaric conquerors to spare?
 Who nurs'd fair learning with maternal care?
 See her cathedrals tow'ring to the sky!
 What hath the World that once with these may vie?
 Have *I* not set their casements all a-glowing?
 Through their vast aisles are not *my* numbers flowing?
 Look on her vestments, if ye seek to find
 "Purple, and scarlet, and fine linen twin'd;"
 Look on her Altars, if ye would behold
 The sculptur'd ivories, the fine-wrought gold;
 Look in her breviary books, and see
 The triumphs of divinest poesie.

Oh! angel, if an angel that ye be,
 Reason, unskilful in prophetic lore,
 Can yet the Art of future ages see
 Filling her wallet at Ecclesia's door;
 Can see the World, on his adornment bent,
 Snatch at the very fringes of her Tent;
 And all who would in beauty's laws be train'd
 Picking the crumbs in lands where She has reign'd.

LUCIFER.

Good is thine answer! Noble thy reply!
 I did but speak thy metal's ring to try.
 Well mayst thou praise Ecclesia! Yet behold,
 Of her perfections half thou hast not told.
 Well doth she know to cherish and to prize
 All that refines, enobles, beautifies;
 Her soul, the while, with undistracted gaze
 Rapt and absorb'd in Heav'nly Mysteries.
 Mightst *thou* not learn of model so divine,
 And make her attitude the rule of thine?
 Mightst *thou* not view those Mysteries more nearly,

And thus a more sublime allegiance pay?
Mightst not by measurement define more clearly
The height of wonders excellent as they?

REASON.

Measure the Mysteries!

LUCIFER.

Within thy hand
I see a goodly Balance and a Wand.
If these thou bearest, say, to what intent?

REASON.

With these I scale the starry firmament,
And number there the glowing orbs, and trace
The course each follows through the realms of Space,
And weigh each world, as though a grain of dust.
With these I penetrate the earthy crust,
And count the mighty floorings, layer on layer,
Creation's marvels to my sight laid bare.
With these I track the countless form of life,
Their structure, instincts, all with wonders rife;
And learn the varied excellence to tell
Of plant and blossom, mineral and shell.
Yes; I can dig; and map, and classify
With these my rod and balance hard and dry;
But all those wonders cold and lifeless be
Till in Faith's Light their loveliness I see,
And trace in each the work of Hand Divine,
And bless our glorious Maker — theirs, and mine.

LUCIFER.

If, then, oh! Reason, Nature's humbler field
Doth to thy labor such a harvest yield,
What tongue the nobler treasures shall record
That must thy loftier research reward!

If mines so rich Material regions hold,
 What will not Spiritual realms unfold!
 I see thou lendest an attentive ear.
 Be bold; be confident; there's nought to fear.
 Let none retard thy efforts. Thou shalt see
 The gain that thence will flow to thee — and me.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE FOURTH. — *Interior of Ecclesia's Tent.*
Enter Reason. — Chorus.

REASON.

Guided by thee, oh! sweet symbolic light
 That in the Holy Place, by day, by night,
 Keepest thy watch before the Throne of God
 (Emblem of holy vigilance and love),
 Eager I come, with balance and with rod
 The measure of each Truth Divine to prove.
 Lamp of the Sanctuary! Light most dear,
 Shining for ever Truth's fair courts within!
 Thy mystic beam to thrill all hearts can win.
 Speaking our Light, our Love, our Worship near.
 On the sad Earth could lot more happy be
 Than evermore to keep this vigil blest with thee?

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Oh foolish Reason! Faithless to thy name!
 The works of Nature that before thee pass,
 The myst'ries that surround one blade of grass,
 One ray of light, put all thy powers to shame;
 And dost thou bring thy balance and thy rod
 To measure now the Hidden Things of God?

(Enter Ecclesia.

ECCLESIA

Reason! beware! Alas! what hast thou done!
Why hast thou ventur'd here alone — alone!

REASON.

Mother — ah! why so pale? What dost thou fear?
Why tremblest thou, beholding Reason here?
Thou canst not fear that Mysteries Divine
Have aught to dread from measurement of mine?
Thou canst not fear that Revelation made
By God Himself can ever fail when weighed
In Reason's balances?

ECCLESIA.

Poor foolish heart!
How slow to learn, how erring still thou art!
Not for those Mysteries, so dread, so dear,
So worshipful, so blest, have I to fear,
But for thyself, who wisdom far dost fling,
Strong but in weakness, ever prone to fail;
Who to discern the Infinite wouldst bring
Thy puny rod and balances so frail!
Hast thou forgotten all the word I spake
When at my side thou first thy place didst take?
"Enter not thou," 'twas thus I said to thee,
"The Holy Sanctuary, save with me.
"Not on the Myst'ries fraught with life and death
"May Reason look, save hand in hand with Faith."

REASON.

Mother, I had forgotten. And he told me
I thus more glorious should those Myst'ries prove.
Mother, in penitence and grief behold me
Prostrate! Perchance, thy pray'rs our Lord may move.

ECCLESIA.

Who told thee thus the Mysteries to try?

REASON.

He was an Angel, radiant as the sky.

ECCLESIA.

Where didst thou meet him?

REASON.

On the World's domain.
A glorious vision!

ECCLESIA.

Mayst thou ne'er again
Such glorious vision see! It was the Fiend.

REASON.

Oh! say not so!

ECCLESIA.

His works my witness be.
Hath he not thee from just obedience ween'd,
And from the paths of meek humility,
God's Revelation plac'd thy wit behind?

REASON.

Alas! 'tis all too true. And I, how blind!
Humbly I own my sin.

ECCLESIA.

It is forgiven.
Yet must thou prove the chastisement of Heaven.

On thy fair fame a Blight henceforth shall lie
 Till Earth shall be dissolv'd, and Time shall die.
 Nor for thy penance hast thou long to wait;
 It hurries on — it standeth at the gate —
 Reason, behold it there!

REASON.

Nought do I see,
 Ecclesia blest, save thee alone, and me.

ECCLESIA.

But turn thy head!

REASON.

I turn — yet nought descry
 Saving the Sanctuary wide and high,
 The Mysteries Divine, the off'rings sweet
 Laid by Devotion at our Master's Feet.
 Nought do I see — save — 'tis a vapour pale —
 Or is't a Shadow? — How my heart doth fail!
 There, by the very Altar, was the place
 It seem'd to stand! — 'Tis gone! I breathe a space —
 Yet no — 'tis there! and now distincter grown —
 A Form and Lineaments that seem mine own!
 My very robe — my darkly braided hair —
 A Rod and Balances the hand doth bear —

(Throws herself into the arms of Ecclesia.)

Mother! What is't? Ecclesia! is it I?

ECCLESIA.

No; 'tis the demon Infidelity
 By this thy sin evok'd. See, Reason, see
 How jeeringly she mocks at thee and me!
 She hath thy robe, she hath thy sombre air;

But mark the lip, the eye! No semblance there.
 Yet shall that grinning demon in thy shape
 Stalk o'er the Earth, thy words and works to ape,
 Spreading her blasphemies in thy dear name;
 A woe upon our path — a blight upon thy fame!

Nor for our sorrow have we long to wait —
 It hurries on — it standeth at the gate.
 Lo! she uplifts her rod, with taunting sneer,
 To measure now the Mysteries Divine,
 Not that their light more glorious may appear,
 As thou in ignorance uplifted'st thine,
 But that the Infinite may seem to fail,
 And lose its loveliness in Reason's eye,
 Weigh'd in her lying and deceitful scale —
 Check'd by her rod distorted and awry!
 Oh Infidelity! the work of Hell
 Beneath thy fost'ring care will prosper well!

REASON.

Oh! woe is me! The wrong how to repair!

ECCLESIA.

'Tis done, and we our cross must bravely bear.
 Trust we in God; and for the worst prepare.

(Exeunt.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

FIRST CHOIR.

Say, whence are those thick cloudy columns ascending
 That darkly arise?
 Like the gathering tempest, their volumes extending
 Blot out the bright skies!

On shadowy billows aloft do they bear
Some warning portentous of coming dismay
Like that which Deserta beheld on the day
When Judgment no longer Gommorah would spare.
But swept her in flame's awful deluge away?
Some lesson they bring, by our Monarch design'd
To stir the dull heart of forgetful mankind,
Or again to instruct him in pleasure's true way.

Let the portent arise
In the sight of his eyes,
And its wonders unfold!
It will come — it will pass
Like the breath on the glass,
Like the wind o'er the wold;
And the perishing trifles, the dreams of a day,
The joys of a moment his spirit will sway
As they sway'd it of old.

SECOND CHOIR.

See there! The black waves, bursting forth as from
prison,

All nature enshroud!
Yet lo! in the Orient a breeze hath arisen
And troubled the cloud!
Now faintly a light through the darkness appears.
While the vapoury curtains roll slowly aside,
And the prospect mysterious midway divide;
Here, it deepens to night — there, to noonday it clears
Lo! brighter and whiter each instant it grows,
While around it the dark masses gloomily curl.
As a setting of lead might encircle a pearl,
Or a garland of hemlock a lily enclose.
Now a column of light,
And another as bright,
And another, and more
Shoot upward on high

Through that glistening sky,
 And their summits bend o'er,
 Till in arches of fairy-like beauty they meet
 O'er a Throne whose white glories 'twere vain to
 repeat,

So unnumber'd the store.

FIRST CHOIR.

Behold! on that White Throne, all dimly appearing,
 What form do we see?
 Her head, in high royalty's loveliness rearing,
 Familiar should be.
 By the garments so pure that around her are flowing,
 By the triple-wreath'd Crown which she wears on
 her brow —

(The circlet of Earthly 'Dominion most low,
 While the Rule of Man's Spirit above it is glowing,
 O'erlook'd, in its turn, by the Diadem blest
 Which, gather'd and woven by murderous hands
 From the tribute accurst of all ages and lands,
 On the Forehead Divine of the Saviour was prest),
 By the Cross she must bear,
 By her majesty rare
 'Tis Ecclesia, I ween!
 Though for ever beset,
 All immutable yet.

Hail Mother! Hail Queen!
 Thy foes may assail with impetuous shock,—
 Like the billow that moaning retires from the rock,—
 Their defeat shall be seen.

SECOND CHOIR.

The wonder still grows. O'er Ecclesia outspreading
 His buckler of light,
 Truth's image we see the White Throne overshadowing
 A canopy bright!

Now Humility rises our vision to bless.

Though belov'd o'er all others, her posture she takes
At the feet of that Queen whose adornment she
makes,

And embraces those feet with devoted caress.

On the right, on the left of that wonderful Throne,

Six forms we behold in rare loveliness gleaming;

Around them Heav'n's halo of brightness is beaming,

Each figure yet seal'd with some grace of its own.

Oh Purity fair!

Who with thee shall compare,

Save the Love all-divine

That for ever must stand

Link'd with thee, hand in hand,

While his aspects recline

With devotion undying on Beauty's true bloom --

The Beauty which, dawning on this side the tomb,

On the other shall shine!

FIRST CHOIR.

Sweet Mercy, we know thee; what time wilt *thou* cease
From Ecclesia's side?

Bright Zeal we behold, and the gentle-eyed Peace,

By the Heavenly Bride.

Oh! Court incomparable, Heav'n upon Earth!

If language to praise thee meet accent could lend,

Where, where should the tide of our eulogy end?

But the impotent effort expires in its birth.

Oh! vainly, all vainly the spirit may roam

From the rose-blush of morn to the yellow rob'd
west

In heart-sick pursuit after pleasure and rest,
If it seek them not here, in their one only home.

With Humility sweet

At Ecclesia's feet

Hasten quickly to place thee;

Let Purity bright
 With her mantle of light
 And her majesty grace thee;
 With Beauty's enchantments adorn'd thou shalt be,
 The unclouded smile of true Peace thou shalt see,
 And true Love shall embrace thee.

SECOND CHOIR.

Behold! a great whirlwind the Night-cloud is rending!
 Oh spectacle dread!
 Its masses, in heavy confusion unblending,
 Grow lurid and red!
 Across the wild tumult incessantly glancing,
 A thousand bright meteors of every hue —
 The yellow, the crimson, the purple, the blue —
 In countless fantastical mazes are dancing!
 Lo! now they concentrate, with steadier aim;
 In rows of gay pillars and arches they form;
 Till in colours most bright, on the face of the storm
 A Palace arises, in outline the same
 As the edifice chaste
 By Ecclesia graced,
 Which it glitters beside.
 Now a Throne we behold;
 'Tis of Ophir's red gold,
 High, and gorgeous, and wide.
 Its occupant hoary looks haughtily down,
 Each gem of Deserta encircling his crown —
 'Tis the World in his pride!

FIRST CHOIR.

As Ecclesia hath Truth with his shield to o'ershade her,
 So, wonder! hath he;
 And one like Humility prostrate hath laid her
 His footstool to be;
 And one in fair Purity's garment attir'd,

And Beauty's bright blush and the glimpse of
another

Who stands by the World as True Love by our
Mother

(Yet partly behind that pale mantle retir'd),
Sweet Mercy in wreathings of loveliness drest,

Bright Zeal's flashing orbs, and the grateful repose
Which the presence of gentle-eyed Peace ever throws
Emotions of wonder awake in each breast.

Oh magical sight!

In the blaze of thy bright,

Thy bewildering hues,

Shall the eyes of mankind

To Ecclesia be blind?

Shall his spirit refuse

On her pure, hallow'd glories its aspects to turn
From the glowing enchantments around thee that
burn?

Let him pause ere he choose,

CHORUS.

And lift, with us, the lying veil

Which covers from his eyes

Another and a darker tale,

To which, with bitter moan and wail,

His own poor heart replies.

Oft, in his ignorance, he scorns,

With senseless mockery,

The monk, the anchorite who spurns

The visions of an hour, and turns,

Ecclesia, all to thee.

Let him minute inquiry make,

Nor hastily decide.

One who, for paint and gilding's sake,

The casket for the gem should take

Would not his soul deride?

FIRST CHOIR.

Hath the World's specious Champion warm'd
That sickly soul of thine?
See! though in mail like Truth's he's arm'd,
Yet limbs decrepit and deform'd
Its sparkling links inshrine.
No marvel that like Truth he shews
(Though Truth's fell, enemy);
He who on Time such care bestows,
Yet to unmark'd oblivion throws
Endless Eternity,
He who would teach the soul to weigh
Against the shining bloom
Of her own Immortality
Poor Senses, which a fleeting day
Will bury in the tomb,
Who Wealth to admiration cries,
And Poverty to shame,
Must by another crown his lies,
And come himself in Truth's disguise
Rightly to earn his name.

SECOND CHOIR.

Servility, 'tis thine to kneel
Beneath the World's proud feet.
Richly thou meritest to feel
Upon thy neck his iron heel,
In tyranny complete!
The crouching form, the abject wile,
The inward agony,
The ready but deceitful smile
Worn the Beguiler to beguile
Ill parallel'd may be,
Oh! sweet Humility, with thine

Oblation pure and free,
Laid, unregretful, on the shrine
Of One whose Mission all-divine
Claims righteous sway o'er thee.

FIRST CHOIR.

Fair Mercy's olive-garland wreathes
A form unlike her own,
Whose dreamy eye the eyelid sheathes,
Whose name — Indifference — outbreathes
In ev'ry languid tone.
Not hers to point, with faithful wand,
The one unerring way
By which the pilgrim, hand-in-hand
With Peace and Hope, may reach the land
Of Immortality.
"All ways are good; take which you choose."
Thus does she ever say;
And snar'd by flatt'ring freedom's hues,
Each one his favour'd lie pursues,
And all are led astray.
Oh! not that olive-garland's kiss
Can beauty lend to thee!
As snakes that under flow'r-beds hiss
Art thou, Indifference, in this
Thy garb of mimicry.

SECOND CHOIR.

Whose is the flashing eye which gleams
With restless, wand'ring look?
Seen from afar, like Zeal he seems,
Yet lo! his glance with wildness teems
Which Zeal would never brook.
Excitement, on thy forehead's flush
Thy name inscrib'd I see;
Eager to gather from the bush

The smallest bud which bears the blush
 Of transient novelty,
 Yet, on that fleeting charm's decay
 Far the poor flow'ret flinging;
 Nor dreading thus with souls to play,
 Thine idle caprice of a day
 Death to another bringing!
 Not thus doth Zeal with childish haste
 After each phantom flee;
 He scans each good that woos his taste
 With jealous care; but once embrac'd,
 Till death his constancy.

FIRST CHOIR.

Close by thy side, in contrast strange,
 A frozen form we see.
 In mutability's wide range
 Nought can her fix'd expression change;
 'Tis soulless Apathy.
 In mimicry of Peace she stands
 Unmov'd and tranquil there
 An image fram'd by hostile hands,
 Of wheels, and screws, and springs, and bands,
 To ape that Virtue fair.
 The wasting pangs of poverty,
 Misfortune's blighting shock,
 Sorrow's appealing agony,
 In vain they cry, in vain they try
 To move that lifeless block.
 But see! Within that hand so still,
 Beneath that robe conceal'd,
 Whetted alike to wound or kill,
 A weapon gleams, of omen ill,
 Which Peace would never wield.
 Let but Self-interest's master-spring
 By Violence be prest;

Quickly aloft her arms she'll fling,
And deep that weapon's pointed sting
Strike homeward to the breast.

SECOND CHOIR.

Not all the Dark One's power can win
True Beauty to impart;
He can but paint upon the skin
The grace, the smile that should begin
Deep in the inmost heart,
As a fair plant, with root conceal'd
Beneath the fertile soil
Which serves its preciousness to shield,
Will to the sky bright blossoms yield
In sunny hues to smile.
Not like the rootless, stemless flower
Whose idle bloom will lie
Faded and scentless in an hour,
Or trampled by the wasting power
Of the fell spoiler nigh —
That phantom sick'ning and accurst,
Love's hideous mockery!
Oh! of Hell's spectres all the worst!
Sent for the precious life to thirst!
We dare not pause on thee,

FIRST CHOIR.

But turn to her whose mantle pale
To hide thee fain would try.
Ha! Prudery, thine efforts fail.
Think'st thou that flimsy, clouded veil
With Purity's may vie?
That white-wash'd garb — a goodly screen
Thy comrade fell to hide —
Ill bears comparison, I ween,

With her bright garment's glitt'ring sheen
Blanch'd in the Heavenly Tide.
Thine air so grave, thy steadfast looks
Credence shall only win
While man's unthinking mind o'erlooks
That for the *sinner* thy rebukes,
While hers are for the *sin*.

CHORUS.

But let him lift the lying veil
Which covers from his eyes
The gulf whose everlasting wail
Yawning beneath him lies.
Say, will he then the snares avoid
Outspread upon its brink?
Or, for the sugar's sweets alloy'd,
The nauseous poison drink?
Glorious Ecclesia! Mother blest!
Let him but hie to thee,
And on thy kind and faithful breast
His weary heart shall fearless rest,
And joy his portion be.
No troubled remembrance his soul shall o'ercast;
No heavy foreboding his spirit down-weigh;
These phantoms shall be — like the Scene which hath
pass'd
As a dream of the night, from our vision away.
And the hopes, the desires in his soul that remain
Shall be blended in one aspiration of praise —
As the beam of the day-star, returning again,
Ev'ry trace of the portent absorbs in its blaze.

SCENE FIFTH. — *Palace of the World.*
World, Apostasy, Chorus of Angels.

WORLD.

Break with Ecclesia! Ha! what dost thou say?
Break with Ecclesia! Dost thou thus obey
A parent's wish?

APOSTASY

No longer will I stay!
Smite if thou wilt; imprison, torture, slay;
Rather will I thine utmost rage provoke
Than longer drag Ecclesia's hated yoke.
Evil the day when to thy will I bent,
And mock'd Ecclesia with a feign'd consent,
And at the very Altar play'd a part —
"Yes" on my lips, when "No" was in my heart!
Evil the day when, by thy rod subdu'd,
I sought the cloister for a livelihood,
And made as though I would prepare for Heav'n,
My heart, the while, to earthly pleasures giv'n!
Evil the day I used Religion's garb
To cloak Ambition's fierce and fiery garb,
And made the Altar-steps my path of pain
By which the seat of Pride and Power to gain!
No longer can I brook the loath'd disguise;
Life is not worth the bitter sacrifice.

WORLD.

What hath she done? Of what dost thou complain?

APOSTASY.

What hath she done! To tell thee all were vain.
'Twere vain to number all her laws austere,
Her heavy tasks, her penances severe.

I hate those weary hours, the hours of prayer,
 That serve but flesh and soul alike to wear.
 I hate her fastings and restraints; I hate
 On her dull Mysteries to meditate;
 And worse than all, my *will* aside to lay,
 And her authoritative voice obey.
 Why should I kneel in humble penitence —
 Kneel at *her* feet — my secret sins to tell?
 Is not Confession but a vain pretence
 If with those sins my inmost longings dwell?
 Wherefore of alms-deeds ever doth she speak,
 And prate of wealth I might lay up in Heaven?
 To her be all such shadowy riches given!
 To hold mine own on Earth is all I seek.

WORLD.

All this may be; thy words I do not doubt.
 But thou, my child, and she must fight it out
 Toy, if thou wilt, with unbelief and sin;
 But keep your differences her Tent within.

APOSTASY.

That may not be; I have attempted it;
 Her harmonies no jarring notes admit.
 The very discords of Ecclesia's School
 Ring tuneful with the rest, and bow to rule.
 I will not bow to rule; I will not stay
 Where she commands me; I will not obey.

WORLD.

That as thou wilt. But prithee, warning take,
 And from declar'd hostility restrain thee.
 If with Ecclesia thou dost fairly break,
 I will not be at charges to maintain thee.
 Beware, I say! And yet again, beware!
 We all have something, more or less, to bear.

Is't love that wins me terms with her to keep?
Think'st thou thy hatred is than mine more deep?
But Zeal and Reason make her hand so strong
That to defy her prudence doth forbid.
In secret, only, can I work her wrong.
Beneath the mask of fair profession hid.
Right gladly would I spoil her fair demesnes;
Right gladly revel 'mongst her shining pelf;
Yet all that I may dare is, through thy means,
To win some small advantage for myself.
The subsidies thou dost to me convey,
From Pleasure's ample stores I well repay.
Open rebellion, oh! Tepidity,
Will of these welcome subsidies deprive me.
Then be advis'd by prudence and by me,
Else, to extremest measures thou wilt drive me.

APOSTASY.

Be calm, and hear me. Would thine anger flame
Could I to *all* her treasures lay my claim,
And wear her crown, and govern from her throne —
Her power and her possessions all mine own?

WORLD.

What dost thou say? What dost thou say, my child?
I would not be with idle words beguil'd.

APOSTASY.

I seek not to beguile thee. Wilt thou look
On this which here I bring?

WORLD.

'Tis but a book!

APOSTASY.

Yes; 'tis the Book Ecclesia guards with pain,
Lest the unstable and unlearn'd should wrest it.

Well may she with all sacredness invest it!
Her Titles, Types and Truths it doth contain.
But vain her care. I, with good Reason's aid,
A useful transcript of the Book have made;
And where it was not for our purpose fitted,
The passage we have alter'd — or omitted.
Her likeness, too, which doth the Book adorn,
Of sundry tints and touches deftly shorn,
May pass for mine, if by a light subdued,
And at a safe, respectful distance, viewed.
In fitting garb attir'd, this Book in hand,
I will go forth, denounce her through the land,
Her claims deny, her works and words defame,
And Heav'n's true messenger myself proclaim.

WORLD.

But thou must bring a charge. What canst thou
bring?

APOSTASY.

Charges in which I will anon instruct thee
Yea, I will ope thine eyes to many a thing,
And through vast regions of abuse conduct thee;

WORLD.

Enough — enough, my child; I ask no more.
To all my hopes wide-open stands the door.

APOSTASY.

But thou must raise for me a Tent.

WORLD.

I will,
Like to that other, there, upon the hill.
Beneath the shadow of my castle-wall,
Lo! it shall stand — lest evil might befall.
Ho, there, within!

(Enter attendants of the World,

Go, spread a Tent, with speed.

(Attendants spread a Tent.

APOSTASY.

No more than this? A sorry Tent, indeed!

WORLD.

For its adornment thou must wait, my child,
Till we have seen the enemy despoil'd.
Who shall insure our plans a fair success?
This I have done may cause me vast distress.
Thou hast no Lamp.

APOSTASY.

The better so for me;
Discrepancies to note will harder be.

WORLD.

Dreamest thou this wise to detach her train?

APOSTASY.

Reason is pledg'd; and if the flag she lifts
May win Devotion with her golden gifts,
I ask no more; my way is smooth and plain.

WORLD.

Here comes Devotion, telling o'er her beads,
And with her, one whom tenderly she leads.
Speak to her now; thy new-born Creed display.

APOSTASY.

Speak thou the first; the World must lead the way.

(Enter Devotion and Credulity.)

WORLD.

All hail! Devotion. Though thy sombre cheer
Press on my spirits, thou art welcome here.
Unwonted relaxation dost thou take?
Prithee, let's help thee holiday to make.
With fast and vigil thou art spent and pale.
Tyranny presseth on thy form so frail.

DEVOTION.

What dost thou mean? No tyrant do I know
Save thee, oh! World. The hours unnumber'd flow,
And peace and joy pursue their course uncurb'd
Till by thine uncongenial voice disturb'd.
Ecclesia's gentle yoke to me is dear;
Her tasks are light; her penances but cheer.
I love those happy hours, the hours of Prayer,
The spirit's rest and solace in each care.
I love the holy fasts and feasts; I love
Through Meditation's sunny fields to rove;
At God's Own Voice my *will* aside to lay,
And follow One who ne'er will lead astray.
I love to kneel in humble penitence
My sins and sorrows faithfully to tell.
Oh! World, thy pleasures are a vain pretence
To souls that as in Heav'n already dwell!

Of false and fleeting joys why ever speak?
Of power, of riches to thy vot'ries given?
What is thy glare beside the Throne in Heaven
And crown of Immortality I seek?

WORLD.

Brave is thy speech; yet, if thou wilt believe me,
Not in the least do these thy words deceive me.
In Sense and Self we follow Nature's laws;
Pretend to scorn them — 'tis pretence indeed!
Pleasures, and profits, and the World's applause,
On these, alone the human heart can feed.
No flower so dainty but its sap it draws
From the damp mould where grows the rankest
weed.

DEVOTION.

Thy judgment, ever to thine own eyes clear,
Ofttimes deceives thee, and deceives thee here.
If in the shadow ignorance doth blind it,
How in the substance truthful shall we find it?
Wouldst thou compare unto a flower of Earth
The fervent soul? Let Earth a fair one shew
May serve thee for a type. It hath its birth
Where summer reigns, and tropic sunbeams glow.
Bright as the fervid sky that o'er it burns,
Its very roots scarce touch the soil it spurns;
No earthy sap its life's nutrition gives;
Upon the Air and Light of heaven it lives.
Within its snow-white blossoms, lo! a Dove
Of lilac-tinted leaflets hath its nest;
So doth the Holy Spirit, Divine Love
Repose within the pure and humble breast.
So doth the heart which for its God doth burn
Alike thy pleasures and thy praises spurn,
Alike thy maxims and thy moods despise,
And draw its sole nutrition from the skies.

WORLD.

Oh! fair Devotion, thou hast made it clear
That *thou*, at least, art noble and sincere.
Pity it is but homage such as thine
Were laid upon a more deserving shrine.
Not thee Ecclesia loveth, but thy pelf,
And robs Devotion to enrich herself.

DEVOTION.

She robs me not; my gifts are ever free.
If at her feet rever'd aught else there be,
Believe, oh! World, it cometh not from me.

WORLD.

Thy generous, thy princely offerings,
How well with these the Poor might be befriended!
Doth it not grieve thee much (my heart it wrings!)
To see them upon idle show expended?
Look on her pomps! Her pageantries behold!
Shrines of pure silver! Vessels of pure gold!
Mitres and vestments that with rare gems shine?
Temples so grand, bedeck'd with all things fine!
Not among these can true Devotion dwell!
Not among these can heartfelt prayers ascend!
Some humble edifice would suit thee well,
Whose simple walls would touching beauty lend
To prayer and praise.

DEVOTION.

An idle paradox
Devis'd thine own rapacity to cover!
Willing, indeed, the dupe its falsehood mocks.
One earnest glance would to the heart discover
The touch which makes its finest chords vibrate.
What power to solemnize, to elevate.

Dwells there in scanty meagreness? How, say,
 Do bare walls symbolize Heav'n's Majesty,
 Or sounds discordant raise the list'ning ear
 Seraphic strains of Paradise to hear?
 If it be so, oh! World, why, then, adorn
 Thine own gay palace with the baits of scorn?
 Wherefore with gold, and gems, and sculpture rare,
 Paintings, and dazzling lights, and garlands fair
 Seek'st thou man's spirit at thy feet to lay,
 If bare unseemliness with surer sway
 Would bend the heart, the fancy? Wherefore fill
 Thy halls with richest music's magic thrill,
 If jarring notes would better speak thy praise,
 And fill with deeper awe thy votaries?
 'Tis well, oh World! And when thy hungry eye
 Yearns for the off'rings at God's Feet that lie,
 Be *charity* thy plea, and cry aloud —
 "Wherefore this waste on Ceremonial proud?
 "This carving rich, these vestments wrought in gold,
 "These censers and those lights *might have been sold,*
 "*And to the Poor been given!*"

WORLD.

Yet doth it seem to me there was a time
 Thou wast content to raise thy chants sublime
 In humble nooks enough; when nought of grace,
 Or wealth, or beauty deck'd thy dwelling-place:
 When cavern-walls, as bare as well might be
 Were Temples for Ecclesia and for thee.
 Was not Devotion then thy rightful name?
 Or burn'd the Lamp of Faith with feebl' flame?

DEVOTION.

Those cavern-walls were drap'd with holy Dead,
 And arabesqued in blood for Jesus shed,
 While blacken'd bones from pile and furnace snatch'd
 Begemm'd them with a glory all unmatch'd.

Martyrs, confessors, to their glorious Throne
In bright procession through those dark aisles
wended:

They lent their echoes to full many a tone
Whose cadence in the Heav'nly Mansions ended.
Was not there splendour? How compare with these
The fairest works which ear or eye can please?

Were *these* the off'rings of the paltry-soul'd
Who nought but garbage gives to God, and tries
Its value to enhance by senseless lies,

Dares thus to Him Who, in the Days of old,
Amid the pomp of thunder and of flame
Gave forth His Holy Law — reveal'd His Sacred Name.

WORLD.

Thou speak'st of Sinai; 'tis no instance fair,
For, as thou sayest, God Himself was there.

DEVOTION.

He was. Oh! World, retain thy new-found creed;
I had forgotten; God was there, indeed

(Sings

And Heaven's foundations deep are laid
In diamond rich and sapphire rare;
Its streets and glist'ning gates are made
Of pearl and gold — for God is there.

And Nature shines in emerald hues,
With starry skies and sunshine fair,
Of blossoms and of gems profuse,
And balmy scents — for God is there.

Judah's prophetic Temple glow'd
With all that studied art could dare
Or wealth could give; and proudly shew'd
God's Glory forth — for God was there.

So doth Ecclesia deck her shrine
With earnest love and thoughtful care;
And Art and Nature there combine
To honour God — for God is there.

But thou! thy mocking praise go, pay
Within a Temple mean and bare;
Sweep censers, lights, and flow'rs away;
Nought does it need; God is not there.

*(Exit Devotion, singing. Credulity remains behind,
talking with World.)*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hie thee away!
Why dost thou stay?
Oh! weak Credulity, what dost thou do?
Linger not here;
Danger is near;
After Devotion! Her footsteps pursue!

Hie thee to Faith!
Ruin and death
Lurk in the track of the fair-spoken World.
Smooth though he be,
Far from him flee,
'Neath his allurements the Serpent lies curl'd.

Flee from his snare
Tempting and fair;
Heed not his trappings of purple and gold!
Wav'ers like thee
Watchful should be;
Doom thou art tempting such converse to hold.

Oh wretched maid!
Why hast thou stray'd

Far from the bosom that shelter'd thy youth?
 Swift to God's Grace
 Turn back thy face
 Turn thee again to Devotion and Truth!

Well dost thou know
 Pitfalls of woe
 Yawn for the souls the World's poison that drink.
 Close not thine eye!
 See where they lie!
 Oh! mad Credulity, back from the brink! —

DEVOTION (*from within.*)

Credulity!

CREDULITY.

I come — I come to thee.
 Give but a moment this gay World to see.
 Give but a moment on his crown to gaze,
 To count the jewels on his robe that blaze.
 'Tis a brave sight! 'Tis passing brave!

WORLD.

Look here!

To have some goodly sense thou dost appear.
 Thou art, I ween, for better things decreed
 Than still to follow up Ecclesia's lead.
 I mark discrimination in thine eye,
 Sound, solid judgment in thy forehead high,
 Firmness of purpose in thy well-cut lip
 If to her leading-strings thou'dst give the slip —

CREDULITY

Not so, oh! World. Such praises ill befit
 One like myself, unletter'd and unlearn'd,
 Of simple origin, of humble wit,
 Who have nor fame achiev'd, nor glory earn'd.

Adown Life's winding paths alone to stray
 I may not dare. Whatever shall betide me,
 Through the temptations that beset my way
 Truth and Ecclesia evermore must guide me.

WORLD.

Good guides are they; 'twere hard to find their betters
 Yet they wax old; and younger may supplant them
 Who will not fail to guide — just where we want
 them. —

So she hath not instructed thee in letters?
 Nor made thee of her weighty things the judge?
 Alas!

CREDULITY.

For that I surely owe no grudge,
 My tasks allotted I perform each day;
 At morn, at eve, I kneel in peace to pray;
 And with a hope most bright myself to rest I lay.
 What need I more?

WORLD.

Thou'rt form'd for better things —
 For better things. Thy name I fain would know.

CREDULITY.

Credul

APOSTASY (*aside to Credulity*)

Beware! Thy name no credit brings.
 Before the World a fairer front let's shew.

(*To World*)

Here thou beholdest an unhappy child
 In dark captivity repining long;
 By knavish tricks and priestly arts beguil'd,
 Victim of ev'ry outrage, ev'ry wrong;

In dungeons kept, starv'd, and depriv'd of sight,
By scourges torn, by heavy burdens gall'd.
At length she gropeth tow'rds the dawning light.
Chosen and blest of God — Electa call'd.

WORLD.

Oh! Poor Electa! Oh! Alas for thee!
Thy weighty wrongs the dullest eye can see.
Tears of compassion for thy woeful fate
Bedew my cheeks. Yet is it not too late
Thy wrongs to right, yea, truly blest to make
Thy future life — and Vengeance just to take.

(Enter Judah, and converses with World.)

CREDULITY *(to Apostasy)*

But thou hast falsely spoken. She was kind;
She scourg'd me not, nor starved, nor made me blind.

APOSTASY.

Follow my lead, thou fool, or, by my life!
The Cord shall make thee, and the Ripping-Knife.
She keeps thee not in bonds? What hast thou there?

CREDULITY.

'Tis but the fillet that confines my hair.
What canst thou mean?

APOSTASY.

And there — behold again.

CREDULITY.

'Tis but the zone which doth my robe restrain.

APOSTASY.

And dost thou say she binds not, nor oppresses?
 For proof complete what farther need we go?
 What right hath she thus to confine thy tresses?
 Wherefore not leave thy garments free to flow?
 Nor these, in sooth, the vilest of her deeds.
 Who fenc'd and wall'd thy pathway o'er the heath?

CREDULITY.

Along the precipice that pathway leads:
 Ecclesia fears th' abyss which yawns beneath.

APOSTASY.

And treats thee like a child of tender youth
 Who must be watch'd and help'd around, forsooth!
 Who must not touch the nettles lest they sting,
 But must her bidding do in ev'rything!
 Hast thou not yet sufficient age and sense
 To walk along the path without a fence?
 Why should thy foot slip, or thy head grow giddy?
 They are, I ween, than hers more sure and steady.

CREDULITY.

I see, oh! good Tepidity; I see;
 Ecclesia as a little child doth treat me.
 With leading-strings she still would hamper me
 Who now might well mine own directress be.
 At ev'ry turn her cares officious meet me.

APOSTASY.

Ay, more. Scst thou this Book which here I've
 brought?

CREDULITY.

'Tis that from which Ecclesia ever taught me,
And from its maxims ne'er to stray, besought me.

APOSTASY.

Yet in thy hands, benold! she plac'd it not.
Wherefore was that?

CREDULITY.

I know not.

APOSTASY.

I will tell
Hadst thou this Book, Ecclesia knows full well
Thou, then, uncheck'd by hindrance let, or doubt,
Couldst find thy way to Heav'n he had without.

CREDULITY

*Without her Sacraments? Without her Faith?
Without her Blessing in the hour of death?*

APOSTASY.

Without her Sacraments; without her Faith;
Without her Blessing in the hour of death;
Just as thou art, untrammell'd and untask'd;
Right, straight to Heav'n, and not a question ask'd.

CREDULITY.

Oh! let me on that wondrous Volume look!
Where must I read?

APOSTASY.

Take thou and keep the Book
Where must thou read? Here — there — read any
where.

CREDULITY.

To guard it with respect shall be my care.--
But how to read! The sense how to unveil!

APOSTASY.

List, while I read; 'twere sorry wit could fail
To note the sense.

(Reads.) "*And Samson smote the Philistines, hip
and thigh, with great slaughter.*"

CREDULITY.

What meaneth that? How doth it lead to Heav'n?

APOSTASY.

Thou must believe.

CREDULITY.

I do. Read on, I pray.

APOSTASY.

Here is another, to my hand just giv'n;
None could our purpose better suit this day —

(Reads.) "*And the Lord said unto Joshua,*
"*Stretch out the spear that is in thy hand*
"*Towards Ai;*
"*For I have given it into thy hand.*"

CREDULITY.

What meaneth that? How doth it sanctify?

APOSTASY.

Believe.

CREDULITY.

That Joshua --

APOSTASY.

Thou simple elf!
 Thou must *believe* — *believe that thou thyself*
Art Joshua; Ecclesia's Tent is Ai;
 And upon thee, Chosen and Call'd, doth lie
 The Lord's Command to "smite both hip and thigh."

CREDULITY.

I am bewilder'd.

APOSTASY.

This thou must receive,
 Or thou art lost.

CREDULITY.

I will — I do believe.
 I am bewilder'd.

APOSTASY.

Here, again, 'tis writ —

*"And Gedeon went up by the way of them that dwelt in
 tents; and smote the host."*

"That dwelt in Tents" — behold her Tent on high!
 "And smote the Host" — mark'st thou how all things
 fit?

Thou must believe.

CREDULITY.

I do — I will — I'll try.
 Canst tell me more?

APOSTASY.

Ay; all thou couldst desire.
 But time doth press; I cannot stay to tell it.
 Thou hast the Book; what more dost thou require?
 Go, sit thee there, and teach thyself to *spell* it.
(Credulity retires with Book

WORLD (*to Apostasy*)

What speed, my child?

APOSTASY.

She's ours; my hand upon it.
Her task I've set; she sitteth there to con it.

WORLD (*to Judah*.)

Behold the Teacher from whose lips thou 'lt learn
The Words of Truth; to her instructions turn
Without delay. For thy soul's weal I yearn.

JUDAH (*laughing*.)

Oh! World, thou art the master of my choice.
Though in these latter days thou sore hast ground
me,

Yet do I run with pleasure at thy voice;
And faithful in all ages hast thou found me.
But this Upstart for Oracle to take,
And sit me at her feet, doth much amuse.
Right gladly will I serve her, for thy sake;
But her dictates to follow, I refuse.

APOSTASY

As crackle blazing thorns, so laughs the fool,
And sets his witless humour in the way
To flout the sage and godly, who would school
His ignorance; that rôle is thine to-day.
Dost dream I cannot lead thee to a height
Will put thy ancient splendour out of sight?
Say, shall *thy* bosom dare with pride to swell?
Wretched Sojourner! it becomes thee well!

JUDAH

Restrain thine anger, good — what is thy name?

APOSTASY.

Ecclesia.

JUDAH.

Good Ecclesia. Do not blame
 If mem'ry of a glorious Past yet fills
 E'en Judah's bosom with responsive thrills.
 The Oracle of Truth was once mine own,
 To thee and all thy Gentile tribes unknown:
 The Law, the Myst'ries of the Living God
 Within my hallow'd realm alone abode.
 Sublime, prophetic in its humblest rite,
 My Golden Temple was the Earth's delight;
 While they who preach'd Jehovah's wrath or grace
 Spake with His Heav'nly Envoys, face to face.

Pretentious Teacher, what can'st *thou* unfold
 That may a light to these my glories hold?
 Where is thine Altar? Where thy Sacrifice?
 What Angel messengers with thee advise?
 What portents serve thy Mission to attest?
 What wonders dost thou work? Thou can'st, at best,
 Recount a Tragedy of Long Ago,
 Which I, alas! too well already know.
 Wert thou, indeed, that other Teacher' there
 Upon the hill, who a like name doth bear,
 Thou well might'st crown the Ancient with the New
 If but a tithe of what *she* claims be true.
 But no, again. E'en she wins not mine ear.
 My place is with my tyrant master, here —
 (*Aside.*) Till in the East His Glory shall appear,
 Who will the thorns from Judah's pathway clear,
 Clothe her in splendour, as in days of old,
 And give her o'er her foes the sov'reignty to hold.

CREDULITY (*advancing hastily.*)

(*To Apostasy.*)

False one! thou hast no Lamp! I will not stay.
 Back to Ecclesia let me swift return!

Oh! Why from her obedience did I stray,
 Within whose happy courts by night, by day,
 The Light of Truth with steadfast ray doth burn!

WORLD.

Heyday! What crossgrain'd whim is this doth seize
 her.

To vex our temper, and our plans to spoil?

(*To Apostasy.*)

Hang up a Lamp within thy Tent, to please her.
 Of lamps there is no lack.

APOSTASY (*aside.*)

But where the Oil?

WORLD.

Yet light the wick: perchance 'twill burn awhile.

APOSTASY (*lighting a lamp.*)

There, that will do. (*To Cred.*) Now, hark thee! I
 foresee

We shall have trouble, my good friend, with thee.

Old habits cling, as habits old will do;

'Tis time that we reform'd a thing or two.

That flowing robe - - we will dispense with it.

Here, don this jerkin; 'tis a tighter fit.

(*Clothes Credulity in tight jerkin.*)

Grimacing — ha? *It hurts thine arms* — indeed?

It cramps thee — does it? That we will not heed.

WORLD.

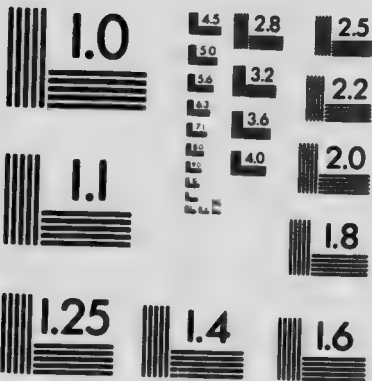
Those waving locks are sadly in her way;

'Twere well to clip them. — No resistance, pray;



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When the World speaks, let all who hear - obey.

(They clip Credulity's hair.)

Why tarries Reason? Time flows on apace;
We must be stirring.

Enter Infidelity, with masked attendant.

INFIDELITY *(to masked attendant.)*

Keep conceal'd thy face,
And wait without. *(Attendant withdraws.)*

WORLD.

Ha! here she comes at last!
Welcome, old friend, in fair or foulest weather!
The day of thy hallucination's past.
I knew thou, in the end, the yoke wouldst cast.
'Tis marvel ye have pull'd so long together.

INFIDELITY.

All things are chang'd. She hath her trust betray'd.
The treasures once committed to her care
Are by the mould of ages overlaid,
While moth and rust their very substance wear.
The Gates of Hell against her have prevail'd;
The Faith that never was to fail, hath fail'd;
Truth hath deserted her this many a day,
And comes to join your ranks, and lead the way.

WORLD.

Then were it best to wait for him.

APOSTASY.

Nay, nay,
We will not wait; our cause brooks no delay.
Lo! Truth is here already.

WORLD.

Here?

CREDULITY.

Where?

APOSTASY.

Here.

Within my Tent — he quickly will appear.

WORLD.

Call him.

APOSTASY.

It needs not.

WORLD.

I would with him speak.

APOSTASY (*to Credulity.*)

Electa, be it thine the Truth to seek.

(*Credulity, retiring, runs back hastily.*)

CREDULITY.

A Goblin, ho!

WORLD.

A Goblin, dost thou say?

APOSTASY.

A Goblin?

CREDULITY.

Save — oh! save me!

WORLD.

Like what —

Come this way.

CREDULITY.

His face — I could not see it well —
'Twas mask'd — but lo! his garments they did smell —

INFIDELITY.

Of brimstone, eh? Dost thou indeed believe
Those nurs'ry tales, invented to deceive?
But sooth to say, the training thou hast had
Fits thee to see in ev'ry idle lad
A goblin, and in ev'ry harmless mummer
A ghost. Ha! ha! Her fears quite overcome her!

WORLD.

Enough, enough. We've other work on hand.
Speak out, fair Reason. Say, how lies the land?

INFIDELITY.

Ecclesia's ramparts they are all decay'd;
No longer Vigilance his watch doth keep;
Within the scabbard rusts each goodly blade,
And Zeal and Charity are fast asleep.
Lighted be ev'ry brand! whetted each sword!
Truth, be our battle-cry! Onward, the word!

ALL.

Lighted be ev'ry brand! whetted each sword!
Truth, be our battle-cry! Onward, the word!

SCENE SIXTH. — *Before Ecclesia's Tent.*

*Enter, clothed in sackcloth, Zeal, Devotion, Austerity,
Charity, Constancy, &c., &c., attendants of Ecclesia.
They enter in procession, chanting as they walk.*

CHANT.

How is the gold wax'd dim!
How hath the light burnt low!
Who shall the desolation limn?
Who the destruction shew?

In sackcloth and in fast
Sad witnesses are we
Of ruin o'er the land broadcast
By false Tepidity.

In days of old we went,
By brave Obedience led,
And round Ecclesia's holy Tent
Broad smiling fields we spread.

We planted fruit and flow'r,
Nor car'd for these alone;
But keep, and hold, and trusty tow'r
We built around her throne.

Truth's weapons all well-tried
Each battlement display'd,
And Reason's precious things aside
In safety there were laid.

Wail for the fruitful field
With cockle all o'ergrown!
The harvest which it now doth yield
Tepidity hath sown.

Wail for each trusty hold
 Where entrance she did gain!
 She spread disorder dire to see,
 And spik'd brave Truth's artillery,
 And rifled Reason of her gold
 The World to entertain!

Wail for the goodly tow'rs
 Still to our hearts so dear!
 Oh! Grace Divine, thine aid be ours
 Their courts to cleanse and clear.

How is the gold grown dim!
 How hath the light burnt low!
 Oh! Penance, chant thy mournful hymn,
 While holy Truth the Lamp doth trim
 That all the Right may know!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Unto the work let ev'ry hand be laid,
 Lo! Grace descends, your toil to bless and aid.

(Grace descends.)

GRACE.

Virtues most holy and of God belov'd,
 Behold! I come, by Prayer and Penance mov'd,
 To bless the task which on your path doth lie
 Your ancient holds to cleanse and purify,
 Nor this alone. It is our Sovereign's Will
 That you erect another stronghold still
 Unto His Greater Glory. It shall stand
 Where best it may Ecclesia's Tent command.
 Humility must dig its deep foundations;
 Prudence and zeal the corner-stone shall lay
 With utmost care; and, through all generations,
 Within its bound Obedience shall bear sway.

Upon that goodly building to bestow
 A Royal Gift, shall be our Sov'reign's care
 A Gift whose preciousness full well ye know.
Tepidity shall never enter there.

His Seal upon the door-way - mark it well
 Shall evermore her dread advance repel;
 Truth's hallow'd treasures there secure shall lie,
 And Reason's wealth corruption foul defy.
 To work, brave Virtues. - - Fear not storm nor rain;
 Fear not the foes who will your toil beset;
 Unlook'd-for victories shall crown your pain
 With prompt reward; nor will our King forget.

*(The Virtues pass on to fulfil their mission, Grace
 leading the way.)*

SCENE SEVENTH. - - *The curtains of Ecclesia's Tent
 withdrawn. - Ecclesia trims the lamp within.
 Reason.*

ECCLESIA.

Aid me, my sister, from my Tent to clear
 The foul disorders of Tepidity.
 Alas! her sojourn it hath cost us dear,
 And dearer still the future cost will be.
 True comes each word of friendly warning spoken.
 See where our Lord's Divine Commands lie broken!
 See Sanctity's white robes defil'd and torn!
 Devotion's jewels cast aside with scorn!
 The holy paths of Zeal chok'd up with weeds
 Heap upon heap, and Duty's courts deserted!
 The streams which Charity's pure fountain feeds
 From their just course with ruthless hand diverted!
 Each dawning morn some outrage new doth shew,
 Some spot defil'd, some saintly work destroy'd!

REASON.

Doff'd is her mask; for that good thanks we owe

ECCLESIA.

Had she alone departed, nor decoy'd
That poor Credulity once more to stray.
Oh! of that fickle one what will become!
That Grace may find her, fervently I pray!

REASON.

Their hosts are gathering round with trump and drum
From roof and rampart I can well descry them.
Falsehood deals out his darts, a goodly store;
He fills their hands; they cry aloud for more,
And grasp his pointless swords, nor stop to try them.
The World with watchful eye is standing near,
And arms and ardor views with covert sneer.
Lo! now he signals; and in arm'd array
From ev'ry side his troops the call obey.
Now they advance, the motley in the van,
To storm and take our bulwarks if they can.

ECCLESIA.

Boast not thyself; it is an evil hour.

REASON.

The arms of Falsehood wound but those who wield
them.

ECCLESIA.

True; but behind his ranks seest thou not Pow'r
And Persecution ready to devour?
(Ay, and a deadlier brings up the rear!)
To these, say, will not some amongst us yield them?

I trust in God.

REASON.

ECCLESIA.

Be humble, then, and fear.

Fear?

REASON.

ECCLESIA.

Not the foe, but thine own frailty,
Let Constancy and Patience man the walls;
Prudence and Zeal will look to each defence,
Prompt for the combat when Obedience calls.
Truth will deal out their weapons.

REASON.

And givest me no charge?

Goest thou hence

ECCLESIA.

Come thou with me
I go each heart to cheer, each work to see, -
But what behold I? What means yonder Tower?

REASON.

Zeal hath been bent on it this many an hour.

ECCLESIA.

I fear me much 'tis labor vainly spent.
We've towers in plenty; and on these, to-day,
Rather would I his skill and toil were bent,
For some, alas! are crumbling to decay.
Yet 'tis a goodly edifice indeed,
And stands where of defence we most have need.
I will more nearly view it.

REASON.

Let us go.
Why standest thou? What doth entrance thee so?

ECCLESIA.

Seest thou the tempest-clouds that darkly lower?
Storm-floods are breaking o'er that noble Tower.
The howling thunders peal; the lightnings rend
The trouble firmament; the rains descend
With unexampled fury!
See how the fiery flashes leap, and play,
And crown it with a diadem of flame!
Now they concentrate o'er the entrance-way,
And form in characters of light that NAME
To Which all power in Heav'n and Earth is given
That NAME ador'd alike on Earth, in Heaven!

The storm relents; the thunder-torrents cease;
The azure sky looks out once more in peace;
Yet how those glorious characters still shine!
That Tower — our Sov'reign for His Own hath seal'd
it!
Yon Talisman, engrav'd by Hand Divine,
Will through all ages from corruption shield it.

Yes: 'tis a gleam of joy amidst our grief;
A ray of glory in this hour of shame.
My sister, let us go — the time is brief
And bless the Tower seal'd with the Sacred NAME!
(Exeunt.)

SCENE EIGHTH. — *Before the Tent of Ecclesia.*

*Apostasy, Credulity, and World with forces are encamped.
Infidelity in the rear. Ecclesia appears on the
ramparts.*

ECCLESIA.

What means this tumult? Whence this hostile band
That with conflicting outeries fills the land?
Discord and Doubt why be they now unchain'd
Where Faith and Truth for centuries have reign'd?
What mean ye all? But wherefore do I ask!
Hath not Apostasy thrown off the mask?
Hath not her frowardness prepar'd the way
For this revolt?

Speak, oh! Credulity:

By evil tongues wilt thou be ever led,
And kiss the hand which gives thee stones for bread?
Pause but a moment, hapless one, to think.
How have my foes thus turn'd thy fickle heart
Against me? How have I deserv'd it of thee?
More than myself could tend'rst mother love thee?
Gave I not thee from Truth's pure founts to drink?
In holy paths did I not ever lead thee,
And with the Heav'nly Manna ever feed thee,
And 'gainst Oppression ever take thy part?

CREDULITY.

Away, thou tyrant! Thou hast play'd thy game.
No longer shalt thou blind me and abuse.
Enlighten'd friends have giv'n thee thy true name,
And taught me mine own judgment how to use.
Away, I say! With tricks, and vain deceits,
And knavish arts no longer shalt thou fool me,
Nor tempt me with thy tender words and sweets.
That with a rod relentless thou mayst rule me.

ECCLESIA.

Credulity!

CREDULITY.

I know what thou wouldst say;
That 'twas not thus I view'd thee in the past.
Then, I was blind; thy spells were o'er me cast;
I dwelt in dungeon darkness; but to-day
A goodly lamp hath been lit up for me,
And in its light I plainly all things see.

ECCLESIA.

What dost thou see?

CREDULITY.

I see thy form distorted,
Thy monstrous limbs, thy visage fierce and grim;
I see each noble impulse basely thwarted,
Oppression's goblet flowing to the brim.
From ev'ry niche whence smil'd, in former years,
Some hallow'd saint, an impious idol peers;
And paths I once thought safe, through mists now loom
Jagg'd and precipitous - a ready doom.
I know thee now!

ECCLESIA (*to Apostasy.*)

And thou — what dost thou say?

APOSTASY.

Hence, Woman of the Scarlet Robe! Away!
Surely thy crimes have mounted to the sky,
And unto Heav'n for sweeping vengeance cry!
Too long thine Arrogance enthron'd hath been;
Too long thy Usurpations Earth hath seen;
God hath forsaken thee, and given the place
Thy countless infidelities disgrace

To One more worthy
Thou who Christ's Vicar dost thyself declare,
Thine hour is come: see if Destruction spare!
Thy crimes

ECCLESIA.

Thou hast not named them yet

APOSTASY.

What need?

Well are they known — for thee too well, indeed!
Hast thou not kept the Sacred Writings seal'd
From simple and unlearn'd Credulity?
Taught her thy Creed, forsooth! nor left her free
To form her judgment of the Word Reveal'd
Speaking as one that hath Authority,
To whom all hearers must obedience yield?
Hast not instructed her God's saints to praise?
Taught her His Mother to invoke, revere?
Taught her the Purgatorial Fires to fear?
Taught that the Saviour means just what He says?
Taught that on Earth, and thy domain within,
The Son of Man hath power to pardon sin?
Hast thou not taught these things? Hast thou not said
That faith alone, without good works, is dead?
That whoso heareth thee hears God on high?

Psalm 119

Matt. 10: 41

Psalm 135
136, 137
Luke 11: 39

Matt. 9: 13

James 2: 26

Matt. 10: 40

ECCLESIA.

Methinks thy charge hath been its own reply. —
And thou, oh! righteous World, what crimes be these
Which rob thy tender conscience of its ease?

WORLD.

Askest thou me what crimes do I resent?
Behold the fruitful land with tares o'ergrown!
Behold the dire disorder of thy Tent!
Behold thy broken laws! Nor these alone.

Is not Devotion's bitter sacrifice,
 By thee enforc'd, ever before mine eyes?
 Do not her heart-drawn sighs mine ears appal,
 And for deliverance upon me call?
 Shut out from life, its brightest hopes and joys!
 Depriv'd of freedom! —

EC-CLESIA.

'Tis her own free choice,
 With love and with desire embrac'd. I ween,
 Thou and thy vot'ries never will be seen
 As fervent, pure Devotion gladsome-hearted!

WORLD.

If 'tis her will, she *must*, she *shall* be thwarted.

ECCLESIA.

And *thou* dost speak of liberty!
Thou, who didst drive, with thine unsparing rod,
 Graceless Tepidity where none did call her,
 To scandalize the Earth, and mock her God,
 And in Destruction's meshes to enthrall her —
 Her wishes and her will thrown all aside
 To gratify thy selfishness and pride
Thou wouldst dispute, deny Devotion's right
 To follow, when our Master doth invite,
 A path that leads to everlasting light!
 If of life's sinless pleasures some she miss —
 A brother's kind embrace, a parent's kiss
 'Tis for thine own most vile and sland'rous tongue
 Which sweet to bitter turns, and right to wrong.

Disorder'd is my Tent? Who made it so?
 Who broke my holy mandates? Who did throw
 Counsels, and Rule, and Duty all aside
 To rest in indolence, or flaunt in pride?

Who from the path of virtue went astray?
 Who pip'd and danc'd when Discipline said "Pray!"
 Who upon days of fasting made good cheer?
 Was't not Tepidity, thy daughter dear?
 Was it not she, thine excellent "Discretion?"
 Her accusation is her own confession.

And *her*, whose deeds have scandaliz'd thee so,
Her, from my vineyard cast like worthless weed,
Her thou receivest without let or palter;
 Dost hurry to her standard, and exalt her
 Priest and Apostle of thy new-made Creed!
 I trow, thou dost a wondrous wisdom shew!

WORLD.

I know thy casuistry, thy subtle wile
 Prompt to entrap, and watchful to beguile.
 I know thy stubbornness in days of yore,
 Which nought beside thine own decrees can weigh;
 Thy smallest Tent-pin to thy mind is more
 Than all the World may think, the World can say.
 Thou waxest old, infirm, and out of date;
 Thine ancient ways but chafe and aggravate.
 No more I speak of treaty or of truce,
 Or to thy service recommend Discretion;
 No more I seek connivance or concession;
 Thou art, thyself, the prime, the grand Abuse.

ECCLESIA.

'Tis a small matter to be judg'd of thee
 Who shalt, thyself, be weigh'd, and wanting found.
 It needs no subtle wile, no casuistry
 To tell the port to which thy course is bound. —
 But thou, oh! poor Credulity, take heed;
 Let not my foes thy better sense bewitch.
 Remember, if the blind the blind shall lead,

They both must fall alike into the ditch.
 To-day, Apostasy, with maxims hollow,
 Would make the Cloister odious in thine eyes;
 Too soon Another in her track will follow
 Who will no less the Nuptial Vows despise.
 To-day she woos thee to expend thy wrath
 On that seclusion where Perfection's path
 Devotion learns; Another soon will come
 Whose brand will desolate both hearth and home.
 She bids thee spurn the Heav'n-appointed Guide,
 And trust thy safety to thy slender wit;
 Another comes who will the Holy Writ
 No less deny, and cast with scorn aside.
 She holds Ecclesia to thine execration,
 As though my glory on my Maker's trod;
 Another will complete the devastation,
 And whisper in thine ears — "There is no God."

These my proud enemies, who fiercely arm
 And gnash their teeth against me, I defy.
 The Lord of battles, from His Throne on high
 Will shield me from defilement, and from harm.
*Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth,
 Yet they have not prevailed against me.
 The ploughers plough'd upon my back;
 They made long their furrows;
 The Lord is righteous;
 He hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked.
 Let them be all confounded and turned back
 That hate Zion.
 Let them be as the grass upon the house-top,
 Which withereth before it groweth up;
 Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand,
 Nor he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom!*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

FIRST CHOIR.

Swiftly to the ramparts hurry,
Patience, Constancy, and Truth!
Hand to hand meet adversary
Scorn with Meekness, Hate with Ruth.

See Apostasy's proud bearing!
Mark her forgeries and lies!
Hark! how she blasphemous with daring
Faith's divinest Mysteries!

Fervent Acts of Adoration
Be your swift and sure reply
To each impious execration
'Gainst your Hidden Lord let fly.

For each insult cast upon her
Humbly lay at Mary's feet
Love's devotion, hymns of honour,
Confidence sublime and sweet.

They have rear'd Rebellion's standard;
Rally round Obedience just.
Purity malignly slander'd
Must her wounds to Patience trust.

God of Heav'n, behold their malice!
Note their falsehood and their pride!
Drinking of Thy bitter Chalice
See Thy lov'd, Thy chosen Bride!

CHORUS.

*False witnesses are risen up;
They have laid to her charge things that she knew not;*

*They have rewarded her evil for good.
 Their throat is an open sepulchre;
 With their tongues have they deceived.
 The poison of asps is under their lips.
 Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness,
 Their feet are swift to shed blood.*

*Deliver her soul, oh! Lord,
 From lying lips, and from the deceitful tongue.
 What reward shall be given unto thee,
 Thou false tongue?
 Even mighty and sharp arrows,
 With hot burning coals.
 She laboureth for peace;
 But when she speaketh to them thereof,
 They make themselves ready to battle.*

But the End is not yet.

SECOND CHOIR.

*Savage bands to plunder speed them;
 Yells and outcries rend the air;
 Wild Credulity doth lead them -
 Lead them on to what? and where?*

*See from Hospice fire ascending!
 See the smould'ring Abbey grey!
 Daily dole, and gentle tending
 Bitterly she doth repay.*

*See the flames from oriel bursting,
 Falling roof, and blacken'd wall!
 See the wolves for plunder thirsting,
 Save their passions deaf to all!*

*See, oh! World, thy new Apostle
 Desolate the House of God!*

Avarice with Rage doth jostle,
Steep'd in sacrilege and blood.

Piles that were the work of ages,
Altars where Devotion pray'd,
Homes of orphans, saints, and sages
Ruthlessly in ashes laid!

Mercy in her blood doth welter;
Hunger those who hunger fed,
They who gave the houseless shelter
Have not where to lay their head!

CHORUS.

*Hide them, oh God! from the gathering together of the pro-
ward,*

*And from the insurrection of wicked doers
Who have whet their tongues like a sword,
And shot out their arrows, even bitter words.*

*Thine adversaries roar
In the midst of thy congregations,
And set up their banners for tokens.
He that hew'd timber afore
Out of the thick trees,
Was known to bring it
To an excellent work.*

Psalm 73

*But now, they break down all the carved-work
With axes and hammers.
They have cast fire into Thy Sanctuary,
And have defiled the Dwelling-place of Thy Name
Even unto the ground.*

*Yea, they said in their hearts -
"Let us make havoc of them together!"*

*Thus have they burnt up
All the Houses of God in the land!*

But the End is not yet.

FIRST CHOIR.

Penal laws and confiscations
 Deals the World with lavish hand.
 Constancy herself, and Patience
 Scarce that galling fire can stand.

Forth his reeking blood-hounds sally
 'Gainst the holy and the pure,
 Track their steps o'er hill and valley,
 Cheerless wold, and barren moor.

Gifts bestow'd by pious donors,
 Blooming lands from waste reclaim'd,
 These to wrest from rightful owners
 The proud World is not ashamed.

Scenes of woe the lands exhibit;
 Martyr-blood for vengeance calls;
 Witness rack, and knife, and gibbet,
 Witness den and dungeon-walls!

Of the Bride by Heav'n anointed,
 Reigning over Kings, a Queen,
 Of the Guide by Heav'n appointed
 Not a token dare be seen.

CHORUS.

*The ungodly seeketh counsel against the just,
 And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
 The ungodly have drawn out the sword,
 And bent the bow
 To cast down the poor and needy,
 And to slay such as are of a right conversation.*

*Her enemies are daily in hand
 To swallow her up,*

*For they be many that fight against her,
They daily mistake her words;
All that they imagine is
To do her evil.*

*Thine enemies, oh! God, make a murmuring,
And they that hate Thee
Have lift up their heads.
They have said —
“ Come, let us root them out,
“ That they be no more a people,
“ And that the name of Israel
“ Be no more in remembrance.”*

But the End is not yet.

SECOND CHOIR.

*While their weapons, dripping redly,
Brandish these, with yell and shout,
One, than all their hosts more deadly,
Glides unnotic'd in and out.*

*To unheeding eyes no stranger —
Reason in a wanton strain —
Vigilance descries the danger,
And the warning sounds amain.*

*O'er the ravag'd land she soweth
Seeds of everlasting death;
Ev'ry spot that verdure knoweth
Blights with pestilential breath.*

*Bar each entrance, keep and tower!
Lest her subtle way she win,*

Lest with drugs of deadly power
She infect the food within,

Lest she taint the streamlet flowing,
Lest she poison fount and well;
For she glides about, none knowing
Her the messenger of Hell.

One o'er all her wile defieth,
Where each threshold mocks her pains;
Vainly there in wait she lieth;
Shell and shot are all she gains.

Fires of malice round it lighted
Shroud it from each friendly eye.
All in vain. That Tower unblighted
Ever will her power defy.

CHORUS.

Lament of
Jeremiah

*How is the gold become dim!
How is the most fine gold changed!
The stones of the Sanctuary are poured out
In the top of every street.
The precious Sons of Zion
Comparable to fine gold,
How are they esteemed as earthen pitchers,
The work of the hands of the potter!*

*The elders of the Daughter of Zion
Sit upon the ground, and keep silence.
They have cast dust upon their heads,
They have girded themselves with sackcloth;
The virgins of Jerusalem
Hang down their heads to the ground;
The children and the sucklings*

*Swoon in the streets of the city;
They say to their mothers
"Where is corn and wine?"
When they swooned, as the wounded
In the streets of the city;
When their soul was poured out
Into their mother's bosom!*

But the End is not yet.

ACT III

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ECCLESIA
REASON
CREDULITY
APOSTASY
INFIDELITY
JUDAH

WORLD
LUCIFER
NEO-MYSTIC
CHORUS OF ANGELS
CHORUS OF DEMONS
ATTENDANTS

CONFLICT, AND TRIUMPH

ACT III

SCENE FIRST. — *Before Apostasy's Tent.*

Apostasy and Credulity.

CREDULITY.

Weary, and hunger'd, and heart-sick am I.
This Tent, so cold and empty, mocks my pain:
Yet, from my wand'rings 'neath th' inclement sky
Beneath its shelter to return I'm fain.

APOSTASY.

It rightly serves thee. Wherefore didst thou stray
In pathways of misgiving and of doubt?

CREDULITY.

Can the soul rest in dim uncertainty?
Finding not Truth within, I seek without.

APOSTASY.

Scarcely thy plea thy rebel nature hideth.
Go to! Restrain thy tongue, and bow thy face.
Dar'st thou deny that Truth with me abideth?
Is not my Tent his chosen dwelling-place?
Have I not said it? And shalt thou say "no,"
And to behold him evermore insist?
Content thee, weak one, that the thing is so.
Ill will befall thee, wand'ring through the mist.

CREDULITY.

If he be here, let him come forth, I pray.
He was not wont to hide himself of yore.

APOSTASY.

What wouldst thou have?

CREDULITY.

His Lamp to light my way
Ne'er did I need its faithful guidance more.

APOSTASY.

Hast thou not here a lamp?

CREDULITY.

It burneth low
With fitful flicker. Wheresoe'er I go
It mocks me with its blurr'd, unsteady glow.
Scarcely thyself pretendeth to rely
Upon its guidance; wherefore, then, should I?
Thou bid'st me walk by its uncertain ray;
Yet, that it may mislead thou dost assure me.
Shall I, then, risk my whole eternity
Where against error thou can'st not secure me?
The pathway by its light discern'd to hold
Thou dost command me with imperious voice;
And lo! of paths a thousand ten times told,
And all conflicting, in its beams rejoice!
It was not thus — oh! no, it was not thus
Truth's holy Lamp was wont, of old, to shine.
On that straight road, 'mid regions perilous
I knew that safety, peace, and hope were mine.
But now! but now! Nay, mock not my distress;
He is *not* here, else would his light bespeak him.

Dost thou not oft and ever bid me *seek him*?
I go to search, once more, the wilderness

APOSTASY.

Go, if it pleaseth thee; I wish thee speed.
Beware lest other lights than mine mislead.

CREDULITY.

Alas! 'tis true. Upturn'd is ev'ry sod
Where Reason works her balance and her rod.
Deep holes and pitfalls honeycomb the land;
'Twill be, ere long, a waste of drifting sand.
All-chang'd doth Reason seem, to my poor eyes,
Since first I knew her in Ecclesia's Tent.
Whate'er the schemes on which her soul is bent
(For wand and balance night and day she plies),
I like them not. She, too, a light doth bear
A mocking, dancing light, now here, now there
Oh! how unlike the steadfast rays serene
Of Faith and holy Truth! Yet oft, alas!
Have I that tantalizing meteor chas'd,
And found myself benighted on the waste,
Or wildly flound'ring in the deep morass,
Thence hardly rescu'd by a Hand Unseen!

APOSTASY.

And wilt thou tempt that hapless fate once more?
Be bidden, and thy fruitless chase give o'er.
Besides, it needs not. Where is now the Book
The Book I gave thee? On its pages look;
There shalt thou find the Way; thou canst not miss it
Where can it be?

(Searches for the Book.)

CREDULITY *(taking it from her bosom.)*

'Tis here.

APOSTASY.

Heyday! Dost kiss it?

CREDULITY.

It is my only solace in my grief;
 Yet, studied in thy lamp's bewild'ring ray,
 Its sweetest words but scanty sense convey.
 Groping from line to line, from leaf to leaf,
 One Word alone can I make out all-clear —
 One Blessed Name. It makes the Volume dear.

Unhappy that I am! Myself I see
 The sport of ev'ry idle fantasy!
 Uncertainty within, and fear without,
 There wakes within my heart the anxious doubt —
 "Am I betray'd? Did Reason and fair Truth
 "Depart Ecclesia's Tent in very sooth?
 "Or dwell they still therein? And doth She there
 "Deal to her children Bread, ay, and to spare,
 "While I with hunger perish?"
 Then, from the World I fain would turn my face
 And to her Tent my erring steps retrace,
 Although through darkness and through mist it looms,
 — Darkness which never ray of thine illumines,
 Could I but find the path that leads —

APOSTASY.

Just dare!

Seek Truth where else ye list; *seek him not there*,
 Or on thee Persecution's engines dire
 By highway and by hearth shall ope their fire!
 Bring thy conceited carplings to a close,
 And take the nourishment the World bestows —
 Favor and friends, peace and prosperity;
 And let's of these thy fooleries be free.

CREDULITY.

Then are thy pompous exhortations vain,
When, to the list'ning World on cushion'd seat,
And poor Credulity set at thy feet,
Thou dost the fleeting things of Time disdain,
And rank the earthworm with the thief and scoffer.

APOSTASY.

Thou still hast low impertinence to offer.
Keep to thyself thy narrow-mindedness
And bigotry; let's of thy tongue have less.

(Exit Apostasy.)

Enter Grace, unperceived by Credulity.

CREDULITY.

Doth it not all things wonderful eclipse!
She hath Faith's maxims ever on her lips,
Yet, if to *practice* these I would reduce,
If *action's* seal I would to these affix,
'Tis "narrow-mindedness," 'tis "sheer abuse,"
'Tis "bigotry," or "driving all to Styx!"
E'en Reason's maxims, when at *her* expense,
Are fooleries, and low impertinence.
Yet on far days of ruin and of rack,
As on a dreadful dream, I now look back,
And ask myself what gain hath been my meed,
And what my loss. Was She I left indeed
The tyrant stern my heated fancy drew?
How hath her place been fill'd by masters new?
Have thought or action, from her yoke set free,
Bloom'd into brighter faith and purity?
Do hireling hands, when I am sick and poor,
More care for body and for soul secure

Than did Ecclesia? Work they for my weal
 As consecrated Charity and Zeal?
 Yet do the World and she whom now I serve
 Glut me with statements terrible, if true —
 Statements which thrill through ev'ry startled nerve —
 Of all Ecclesia did, and still would do.
 Oh! for Truth's Lamp, which ever clear doth burn,
 To guide me! Where to find it shall I turn?

GRACE.

*Stand thou in the way,
 And see, and ask for the Old Paths.
 Where is the good way,
 And walk therein, and thou shalt find rest
 For thy soul.*

CREDULITY.

These are the words of Holy Writ. All-clear
 As though a voice rehears'd them in mine ear
 They break upon me, rife with meanings new.
 Are, then, the Olden Paths indeed the true?
 Is the Straight Road a blest reality,
 And not a vain, delusive dream, as she
 Whom now I serve would tell me?

GRACE.

Thus saith the Lord —
 Jeremiah. "There shall be an Highway in the wilderness,
 "And it shall be called the Way of Holiness.
 "The unclean shall not pass over it;
 "The wayfaring men, though fools,
 "Shall not err therein."

CREDULITY.

If through the Desert He hath cleft a Way
 Where none can err, where is that path to-day?

Is it with her who steadfastly proclaims it —
 Who glories in that high prerogative?
 Or is't with her whose ceaseless shifting shames it
 Who hath nor pledge nor guarantee to give?
 Or hath the line, inflexible at first,
 Swerv'd into pastures deadly and accurst?

GRACE

Thus saith the Lord unto Ecclesia —

"The words that I have put into thy mouth

Shall not depart out of thy mouth,

Nor out of the mouth of thy seed,

Nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed

"From henceforth and for ever."

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord,

"And great shall be their peace.

Isaiah

"Behold, I am with you all days,

"Even to the Consummation of the world."

Matt 28 20

CREDULITY.

If from the right Ecclesia ne'er hath swerv'd,
 Whence, then, is she whom I so long have serv'd?
 A scourge let loose the righteous to despoil?
 Falsehood's Apostle, of pure Faith the foil,
 Endur'd awhile, like Heresy unblest,
But that the Truth may be made manifest?
 I shrink from such a thought; yet what to do?
 Flat contradictions cannot *both* be true.
 And that *her* ways small scrutiny will bear
 None may deny — though some be to her praise.
 She hath protected me with anxious care
 From sneering Reason's rash impieties;
 She hath preserv'd, my hungry soul to feed,
 Some scatter'd fragments of Ecclesia's Creed;

And then, the Book — though hard its drift to know,
Is't not a Treasure that to her I owe?

GRACE.

*Whose image and superscription hath it?
She reapeth where she hath not sow'd;
She gathered where she hath not strewn.
Thus saith the Lord
"He that gathereth not with Me
"Scattereth abroad."*

CREDULITY.

Swift o'er my soul unwonted questions throng.
Where does that Treasure rightfully belong?
Is it to her who at the first received it,
Who guarded it through storms of centuries?
Or to the rebel from her Tent who thieved it
To carve and cripple at her impious ease?
Is it to her who hath, from age to age,
With patient hand transcrib'd the holy page,
Adorn'd its sacred words with golden sheen
And rainbow tints — a dowry for a queen,
An off'ring at a monarch's feet to lay —
Or her who hath at Scorning's mercy laid it,
Who hardly feigns its maxims to obey,
While Haste and Hate to uses vile degrade it?

Volume divine! I love, I rev'rence it,
But to interpret I am all unfit.
'Tis vain to tell me, through its mazes vast
The Spirit of all Truth my Guide will be;
Throughout the Sacred Page from first to last,
'Tis promis'd to Ecclesia, not to me.

Oh! thus fair Justice hath the facts defin'd.
Yet through the gloom no Light do I behold.

Arid assertions, and conclusions cold
 Are not that living "eyesight of the mind,"
 That Heav'nly Grace which makes the captive free.
 They are not

Joy of joys! What do I see!
 E'en as I speak, the mists have roll'd away
 Which round me hung so dark, so heavily!
 The long-forgotten path before me lies!
 The beams of Truth's pure Lamp delight my eyes!
 Steadfast and brilliant as some beauteous star
 Its glory shines upon me from afar,
 And beckons my return! I come

But lo!
 An object dark my shudd'ring glances meet!
 A stream whose sullen waters lap my feet,
 And straight between me and that pathway flow!
 Advance — I dare not. Must I then retreat?
 How through those turbid waters can I go!

GRACE.

*"Fear not, for I am with thee.
 "When thou passest through the waters
 "They shall not overflow thee;
 "And through the floods,
 "They shall not overwhelm thee."*

Isaiah

CREDULITY.

And lo! a Form — I saw it not till now
 A Giant Form! It standeth on the brink;
 It frowns on me with darkly threat'ning brow;
 Its very look with terror makes me shrink.
 And see the dogs which he in leash doth hold!
 With straining eye-ball, and with foaming lip
 They wait the moment from their chain to slip!
 Alas! my heart fails, and my blood runs cold!

GRACE.

*" They shall be ashamed and confounded
 " That seek thy soul;
 " They shall be turned back and put to shame
 " That seek to do thee hurt.
 " Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them;
 " Yea, the place thereof shall not be found."*

CREDULITY.

I cannot — no, I dare not yet awhile.
 Here will I rest me, and the prospect view.
 A brief repose will nerve me for my toil,
 Since that forbidding stream I must go through.
 A stouter heart than mine might well recoil
 From such as wait my footsteps to pursue.

GRACE.

*"Now is the accepted time;
 "Now is the day of salvation."*

CREDULITY.

A step so grave all-hastily to take
 Would lightness and frivolity betray.
 A closer scrutiny I first will make,
 And deeply each consideration weigh.
 When full reflection to the task I've brought
 I will advance — I will — but not just yet;
 Conviction must be strong indeed, to set
 Fierce Persecution and his dogs at nought.

(Grace departs.)

But one invaluable point is gain'd.
 To find the long-sought Light I have attain'd.
 I can at leisure on the prospect dwell,
 The while my future course I ponder well;
 For once assur'd, I hesitate no longer.

'Twas wisdom to delay a little space;
The stream is wider than I thought, and stronger;
And Persecution's stature grows apace.

*(Re-enter Apostasy with World and Infidelity, followed by
masked attendant.*

WORLD.

Mock thee! Ha! ha! not so, my daughter dear.
To all thy vagaries I lend an ear.
Mine own the chiefest corner of thy Tent,
Enrich'd to suit my comfort and degree;
Devotion could not dream the sums I've spent
On it and thee.
What cause hast thou for discontent and spleen?
Art thou not bravely pension'd? What between
Thy calls at home, and thy demands abroad,
To penury behold me on the road!
Thou art too burdensome; thou art, indeed;
Nor of thy services have I much need.

APOSTASY.

There was a time (if thou hast record kept)
Thou wast full fain my service to accept;
When fruitful halidome, and abbey fair
I taught thee from Ecclesia how to tear.
Was it that thou alone mightst claim the prey
I to that goodly plunder led the way?
Give me my rightful portion to command,
Nor for a paltry pittance kiss thy hand.

WORLD.

My child, it were an evil day for thee
That from the World's alliance set thee free.
Do I not tend thy wants? supply thy needs?
(My liberality all thought exceeds!)
Do I not give thee honorable place?

In garments most respectable array thee?
 Frown upon each and all who would gainsay thee,
 And ever turn on thee a friendly face?
 But for all this thou must submissive be,
 And to my will yield strict conformity.
 Thou must no independence vain assert,
 Or chafe me with pretensions proud and pert;
 For 'tis my firm resolve to vindicate
 My right to interfere and to dictate.
 What with Ecclesia was my grand dispute?
 What of our ev'ry strife lay at the root?
 Was it not this, and this alone, that she
 Spurn'd my control — would not be rul'd by me?
 And this her proud assumption dost *thou* dare
 To emulate? Beware, I say; beware!
 Let not thy prudence and thy wit forsake thee;
 For *mine* the hand that made, and can unmake thee.

APOSTASY.

See her, to-day, in better plight than I
 Who have submitted where she did defy;
 Who, for thy favor, have not ceas'd to trim,
 And change, and alter at thine ev'ry whim.
 Behold! her Tent, with dogmas firmly pinn'd,
 Hath nought to dread from weather and from wind;
 Nought can its cov'ring penetrate or spoil;
 While mine, alas! flaps loose with ev'ry breeze —
 Each tent-pin, whittled down thy taste to please,
 Rebounding from the dry and sandy soil!
 Faith for her dogmas long would look in vain,
 And of her precepts barely ten remain.

WORLD.

Dogmas and precepts! Dost thou, then, expect
 Thus to confine *my* soaring intellect?

Shall *I* be pinn'd thy musty tent within
An error this, forsooth! and that a sin?
 Not so; thy tent, if thou wouldst see *me* there,
 Must still flap loose, admitting light and air.

APOSTASY.

Wilt thou, then, abrogate the Decalogue
 By Act of Parliament?

WORLD.

Why not, I pray?
 Shall ancient theories my footsteps clog,
 And cramp my energies this time of day?
 I am too old for that: I take my view
 From Reason's point: I know a thing or two.

Long have I condescended to thy prattle,
 And car'd for thee, and in thy cause done battle;
 To mine own interests I must now attend,
 Aided by Reason, my trustworthy friend.

APOSTASY.

Thou didst not always trust her thus, I trow.

WORLD.

True: but we pull together bravely now.
 She hath grown wise in this her age mature,
 And of my ills hath underta'en the cure.
 I leave thee to thy homily and text,
 And hold by her for this life — and the next.
 If such there be.
 Nay, nay; thou need'st not shake thy head, nor laugh;
 For, if our speculations do not fail,
 She will commune with Heav'n by telegraph,
 And thitherward convey me safe by rail. —

Mark our improvements — mark them, and admire;
 And to yet greater fondly we aspire.
 See for thyself; to see is to believe.
 Note all her aid hath giv'n me to achieve.
 The Ancient Landmarks, lo! we have remov'd them;
 Though Wisdom priz'd, and Conscience strict approv'd
 Their fashion was not suited to the day; [them,
 They stood, moreover, badly in our way.
 Through length and breadth of History's domain
 For facts assur'd of old, thou'lt look in vain.
 The Social circle, and the realm of Home
 From all time-honor'd maxims we have cleared;
 Faith's footsteps from the land have disappeared,
 And through plantations of Free-thought we roam.
 The Levels vast, where erst the seeds alone
 Of simple faith and humble toil were sown,
 Are now in sciences abstruse laid out,
 And will in time repay, I have no doubt.
 The Cavern-system by another started
 (Idolatry, now from the scene departed),
 And used by him his best effects to hide,
 We have repair'd, extended far and wide,
 In all conveniences made quite complete,
 And trimm'd the entrances with flow'rs most sweet.
 Straight to the dwellings of Impenitence
 Broad highways run, traversing moor and moss;
 Mountains, morasses, rivers, all they cross,
 Built and completed at a vast expense.

INFIDELITY.

'Tis as thou sayest. Earth renews her youth
 When Reason and the World to work combine;
 And glorious shall our harvest be, when Truth
 Himself appears, to crown thy toils and mine.
 Then shall the desert bloom, a fertile field;
 Moorland and marsh the choicest fruits shall yield:

The tyranny of Toil for good shall stop,
 And dainties into Hunger's mouth shall drop;
 War and contention shall for ever cease,
 While hostile tribes exchange the kiss of peace.

Then sottish Ignorance shall sit in pride
 Refinement, Genius, Learning, Wit, beside;
 And clowns who turn the sod their place shall take
 With those who win Apollo's lyre to wake.
 None shall pretend to aught for Self alone,
 Or dare to call e'en wife or child his own;
 But each shall see, with mind and brow serene,
 His neighbors share his goods themselves between.
 Oh glorious day! Then shalt thou taste, oh! World,
 The sov'reign remedy for all thine ills;
 Thy foes shall all beneath thy feet be hurl'd,
 And in the glory of Imperial Rome,
 Stablish'd thy throne shall be on the Sev'n Hills,
 Thenceforth thine undisputed, thine eternal home.

WORLD.

My peerless Reason, thou hast nam'd the sum
 Of all my wishes. When that day shall come,
 Think not the World will his best friends forget.
 But what of Truth? Hast thou not found him yet?

CREDULITY.

Truth — I have found him.

WORLD.

Thou? Go to, go to;
 Thy vain conceit doth fool thee.

CREDULITY.

It is true.
His dwelling I have found; his Lamp serene.
Unfailing, steadfast, pure, mine eyes have seen.

INFIDELITY.

Doth not thy foolish self-assertion blush
In such a presence such a claim to lay?
Reason most learn'd, profound, yet beats the bush,
And *thou* professest to have track'd the prey?
Poor simpleton! Dost *thou* pretend, in sooth,
To have unearth'd that bright, that glorious Truth
Whom the World's lofty wisdom yet but seeketh?
Thou art as one who wits not what he speaketh.
What are thy methods? What the mines of lore,
The realms of nature which thou dost explore?
Into what fields of science canst thou lead us?
What treatise on the subject canst thou read us?

CREDULITY.

I know not what thy lofty words may mean.
This do I know, — Truth's holy Lamp I've seen,
Changeless and clear, as I have seen its rays
In dreams of far and scarce-remember'd days.
Step but aside from out the lying glare
Of yonder murky lantern, and behold!
Th' impenetrable mists which once were there
Shrouding Ecclesia's Courts, aside have roll'd

WORLD.

Ecclesia, dost thou say? Ha! ha!

INFIDELITY.

Ho! ho!
We deem'd *that* question settled long ago.

CREDULITY.

But hear me out; each for himself may see.

APOSTASY.

Lo! here am I; display thy light to me.

CREDULITY.

Towards Ecclesia's Tent thy glances turn

APOSTASY.

Nought save forbidding gloom do I discern.

CREDULITY.

By reason of thy standpoint. Come this way,
And I will shew thee, clearly as the day.
This was the point whereon I stood — but no
Let's see! Have I forgotten? Let us go
A little farther. — Was it here — or here?
Those blessed beams, why do they not appear?
Ah! woe is me!

APOSTASY.

Well mayst thou hang thy head,
Deluded fool, by idiot fancies led!
A vile apostate thou -- a base pervert
That would the mother and her cause desert
Who out of darkness and of bondage brought thee,
Gave thee the Scriptures, and the Gospel taught thee.

CREDULITY.

It is not so; ah! no, it is not so.
Not thine the Sacred Book; not thine to know
Its mystic depths, its spirit to impart,
To captivate the will, to fire the heart.

What claim hast thou upon the holy Book?
 Scarcely upon its pages dost thou look,
 And to what end? See some half-score, or so,
 Of passages, well-thumb'd, but poorly weigh'd;
 While of the hundreds that against thee go,
 Refute thy teaching, no account is made.
Apostate, dost thou say? And dost thou dare —
 Thou — of apostasy but once to speak?
 Divine Commission dost thou feign to bear?
 Dost thou not tell me for myself to seek,
 And for myself to judge?
 Yet this thy sole command when I obey,
 Thine outcry is "pervert!" "apostasy!"
 Ah me! I was apostate when I left
 Ecclesia!

WORLD

Thou art quite of wits bereft.
 Nursing vain fancies, thou hast crack'd thy pate,
 Nor, in thy frenzy, can'st discriminate
 'Twixt friend and foe.

CREDULITY.

Oh! blessed Truth, where are thy bright beams fled!

WORLD.

Clearly insane; all wrong about the head.

INFIDELITY.

Nay, she hath somewhat for herself to say.
 I trace no symptom of insanity.
 She seeketh Truth; is she for that to blame?
 What worthier pursuit? What nobler aim?
 What wonder if, as things have long been going,
 Disgust should fill her mind to overflowing?
 The "murky lantern" of our good friend here,
 I blame her not if she despise and mock it,

Since, in its flicker, objects far and near
Disjointed and untenable appear;

Besides, 'tis burn'd well-nigh into the socket.
(*To Cred.*) If Truth thou seekest, come, I am thy friend;
But to have *found* him, nevermore pretend.

CREDULITY.

Good Reason, in my trouble and distress

'Tis passing kind of thee to sympathize.
I scarce deserve it, for I must confess

I long have view'd thee with distrustful eyes.

Yes; it is Truth I seek, and his pure light

By which to walk, — to read this Sacred Book aright.

INFIDELITY.

Ah! yes — *ahem!* But ere afresh we start.
Some grave misapprehensions on thy part
I must dispel.

That Volume thou dost weakly deem divine
Will, when subjected to some tests of mine,
(My latest and most wonderful invention)

Prove but a sham, not worthy thine attention.

Wisdom and Learning from the earliest ages

Have handed down the venerated pages;

But to discredit these, to flout the powers

Of former times, hath been reserv'd for ours.

Yes; in these days of Progress 'tis agreed

To cast that antiquated Book away.

'Tis Nature's Volume thou must learn to read.

CREDULITY.

And what of Truth whose light I've seen to-day?
Oh! thou dost doubt my words; but they are true.

INFIDELITY.

Pardon; I do not question thy relation.
 Simply I designate thy recent view
Phantasmagoria, hallucination.

CREDULITY.

Hal-lu-ci-na-tion. Well, it may be so.
 Then I in darkness evermore must go.

INFIDELITY.

If for the Light of Faith (a grand mistake)
 A nobler light may on thy vision break
 The Light of Knowledge, burning here hard by --

CREDULITY.

Thy lamp, I ween; no, no; it hangs too high.
Besides, it doth my soul with terrors fill,
And makes the darkness deeper, darker still.

INFIDELITY.

Thine eyes are weak (of former strain the fruit).
 Another lamp have I thy case to suit.
(To masked att.) Come, Neo-mystic, take this maid in
 Draw, in her aid, on thy resources large. [charge.
(To Apost.) His counsels to thyself no harm will do;
 He will instruct thee in a thing or two.
(Apost. and Cred. walk apart with Neo-mystic.

WORLD.

Who is thy friend?

INFIDELITY.

A scientist profound
 Who doth the hidden depths of Nature sound.

With facts well ascertain'd alone he deals,
 Yet Mind itself, no less than Matter, feels
 His potent influence. He brings to view
 The subtle forces that connect the two;
 And hath discover'd and expos'd the springs
 Of hitherto inexplicable things.

The magical effects to which, of old,
 Idolatry alone the key did hold
 Effects which did Credulity appal,

And influence o'er Reason's self maintain'd
 By this distinguish'd Scientist are all

On philosophic principles explain'd.
 Nay, more renown'd phenomena than these
 The wonders oft-times by Ecclesia wrought,
 Her visions, miracles, and ecstasies

By him to close investigation brought,
 Are found within fair Nature's range to fall;
 A deathblow to the Supernatural.
 Credulity no better guide could choose her;
 Of all delusions he will disabuse her.

WORLD.

But, to resume. Is Truth yet found, I ask?
 When will his reign annihilate dispute?
 When in his sov'reign Presence shall we bask,
 And of our lengthy labours eat the fruit?

INFIDELITY.

Give me, oh! World, of patience but a fraction.

While to thy question fully I reply.

"Is Truth yet found?" No; and the reason why
 I shall demonstrate to thy satisfaction.
 He is not found, by reason he is sought
 In the wrong place — the place where he is not.

WORLD.

My daughter doth the search with fervour press,
 But, as I can perceive, without success.
 Where fled he when he left Ecclesia?

INFIDELITY.

Where?

Oh! World, believe me, Truth was never there.
 Above, beneath, within us, or around,
 All-glorious Truth hath never yet been found.
 It is for me that triumph to achieve,
 And of discovery we're on the eve.
 An Engine I have recently constructed
 On principles whose working cannot fail;
 And aided by its powers, I have conducted
 Investigations on a mighty scale.
 Ecclesia's relics, once so much respected,
 Have to a thorough search been all subjected;
 Scriptures, traditions, dogmas old and new
 Have all been ground my patent sifters through.
And not a trace of Truth been brought to view.

Nor have e'en Reason's monuments been spar'd

WORLD.

How! Thine own works to crush dost thou aspire?

INFIDELITY.

In this my lofty-mindedness admire,
 That with the right hand I construct and polish
 What, with the left, I ruthlessly demolish.
 Arts, sciences, philosophies and facts
 (On all my wonder-working Engine acts)
 Have, all alike, the grinding process shar'd,
 And with a like result. Nought now remains
 Save Nature's mighty regions. Where she reigns,

Bright Truth's full revelation -- nothing less
Must crown our efforts with a grand success.

But of these matters we will further talk,
And thoroughly discuss them, as we walk.
I go to scatter Freedom's seeds, broadcast,
And of the features of a glorious Past
To gather from all lands each mould'ring bone,
And build withal, for Truth, a Universal Throne.
(Exeunt World and Infidelity.)

CREDULITY.

Art thou not, then, the same?

NEO-MYSTIC.

I tell thee, no.
What signs of ghost or wizard do I shew?
Where is my broom-stick? Where my steeple-hat?
My cabalistic charms? My sable cat?

CREDULITY.

True; than thy garb none graver could be worn
By sage or scholar. Yet could I be sworn
Thou art the one whose presence made me quake
In my old, foolish days. I now am wiser;
Reason hath been my teacher and adviser;
And to the test of Common Sense she brings
Spirits, and all such superstitious things.

No hold upon me now those fancies take.
(Aside.) Yet is it so? If truth I must confess,
When I believ'd them more, I fear'd them less.
(To Neo.) But why conceal thy face? Unmask, I pray.

NEO-MYSTIC.

I shall unmask me at a future day.
Meanwhile, a new and wondrous Light I bring

Which for thy guidance will be just the thing.
No cold philosophies

CREDULITY.

'Tis well; I hate them.

NEO-MYSTIC.

No sceptic doubts and sneers —

CREDULITY.

I reprobate them.

NEO-MYSTIC.

No vain denial of the Spirit-world,
Belief, the while, around the heart-strings curl'd.

CREDULITY.

Thy words are wisdom; they lay bare my soul,
Unveil a consciousness beyond control
Which I to Reason's face would oft proclaim,
But that the World would laugh my fears to shame.

NEO-MYSTIC.

I come that unbelief to check; I come
To make thee in the Spirit-world at home.
Where'er *my* light — the Light of Truth — shall shine,
'Twill be a habitation all divine.

APOSTASY.

Display its glories here, within my Tent.
(*Aside.*) This lamp may serve me, now my own is spent
Failing some friendly succour, well I ween,
Ere many days Ecclesia will be seen

With her last fret-work carv'd, her last niche fill'd,
And I - without a spot whereon to build!

(Exeunt.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

FIRST CHOIR.

We slept - but not as mortals sleep; and dream'd
But not as mortals dream.
We stood 'neath skies that as of midnight seem'd,
Sullen as storm-lash'd stream.
O'er a bleak Desert stretch'd that pall of gloom,
Nor shone there, near or far,
A gleam that could the hopeless waste illumine,
Saving one little Star.
What glow there fell on the benighted lands,
Oh! not from Heav'n it came;
On blood-stain'd altars - lit by demon-hands,
Forth leapt the deadly flame!
Thistle and thorn together rankly grew;
The flow'rs were few and spare;
Yet all alike, whate'er their form or hue,
Look'd ghastly in that glare.
Sweet Benediction from Its Throne above
Had left no Foot-print there;
Faith fed her Lamp in secret; Hope and Love
Wander'd, they knew not where.

SECOND CHOIR.

Upon that Desert's bosom One there stood,
Noble of form and grace;
Majestic was his air, his attitude,
And thoughtful was his face.
With anxious eye the wilderness he scann'd,
Striving the gloom to pierce,

Then on his care-worn brow he press'd his hand,
 As rack'd by anguish fierce.
 " Oh! when will Morning chase the weary Night?"
 Despairingly he cried.
 " To realms of Truth, and Happiness, and Light
 " Where shall I find a guide?
 " I hear a Voice – it thrills my soul with awe
 " Thy Great Creator fear!"
 " But to instruct me in His Sacred Law
 " A voice I never hear."
 Thus said, he turn'd him to the Starry Ray
 That trembled in the sky;
 Then pass'd upon his dark and bitter way
 Hopeful, he knew not why.
 Streams of pollution from the soil that well'd
 He shunn'd with loathing deep.
 But lo! another Form we yet beheld
 In this our troubled sleep.

CHORUS.

A Woman fair pass'd sadly at his side
 Adown the Vale of Life.
 No loving homage greeted that fair Bride,
 No glory crown'd that Wife.
 Barter'd and bought – as merchandise esteem'd –
 In all but name a Slave,
 A Yoke from which she might not be redeem'd
 Oppress'd her to the grave.
 Despotic power might rule with gentle hand,
 Or crush beneath its heel;
 Against the cruel act, the stern command,
 To none might *she* appeal.
 Oh! oft-times did her heart, by anguish torn,
 Bleed to its inmost core!
 Yet all adown that Vale so lone and lorn
 Humbly her Cross she bore.

Oh! hapless and benighted pair, upon
Whose path the light of Truth hath never shone!
Sad are the songs ye sing!

But faith, and reverence, and humble fear
Unto your UNKNOWN God, with hearts sincere
And heads bow'd down, ye bring.

Think not that He afar will ever keep;
Though long the night may seem,
Day will break in upon this troubled sleep,
And chase this mournful dream.

FIRST CHOIR.

We slept again, as angels fain would sleep —
Dream'd as they fain would dream.
O'er hill, and dell, and rocky mountain steep
Bright shone the noon-day beam.
The birds sang joyously the boughs among,
And golden harvests wav'd,
And flow'rets bloom'd, and fruit in clusters hung,
By purest fountains lav'd.
Blossoms of Sanctity their buds unclod'd
Eternal bow'rs to wreath.
The Lion harmless by the Lamb repos'd
One hallow'd roof beneath.
The Cross uplifted by the wayside stood,
Where Faith knelt down to pray;
While bold Impiety his front so rude
Hid in dark nooks away.
Hospice, and hermitage, and abbey grey
The poor of Christ received,
Where holy Zeal, and tender Charity
The hungry fed, the simple taught to pray,
And soothed the heart aggriev'd.
Where monk or peasant watch'd the lowing herd,
Or turn'd the fertile sod,
From lips of both one chant the pure air stirr'd —
Praise to the Living God.

Borne was the Sceptre by One single Hand;
One Voice instructed all;
One Trumpet-blast re-echoed through the land,
And each obey'd its call.

SECOND CHOIR.

Upon a vast cathedral's stately pile
The gladsome noon-beams shone.
Treasures of Art adorn'd the pillar'd aisle,
And blaz'd the Altar on.
A thousand tapers shed their mellow glow
On priest and acolyte,
While at the Rood-screen knelt, with head bent low,
A fair and noble Knight.
Of Nature's rarest gifts might speak those eyes
Now humbly earthward bent;
While human pride its choicest blazonries
Upon his shield had spent.
On glory's tablet was inscrib'd his name;
His veins flow'd royal blood;
Yet reck'd he nought of royalty or fame
In Presence of his God.
First in the combat flash'd his battle-blade,
Did Truth or Justice call;
Yet 'mong the lowly poor his vows he paid —
The humblest of them all.

CHORUS.

Close by his side there knelt a being fair
As mortal eye might see —
A youthful bride adorn'd with virtues rare;
None lovelier could be.
The holy purity her soul which grac'd
Its fitting emblem found
In the white coronal whose blossoms chaste
Her golden tresses crown'd.

On her fair face humility most meek
And virgin modesty
Were as the bridal veil that o'er her cheek
In misty fold did play.
To deeds of loving kindness ever prone,
In mercy's arts well tried,
Dim were the jewels on her hands that shone
Those holy works beside;
Oh gentle bride! A queen enthron'd thou art —
Enthron'd for Mary's sake;
The link that binds thee to thy spouse's heart
Not death itself shall break.
While o'er thy steps and his our watch we keep,
Earth like to Heav'n doth seem.
Would it were ever ours, this blissful sleep,
This bright and happy dream!

FIRST CHOIR.

Once more we sleep -- oh! how to call it sleep!
How to portray this dream!
The ev'ning shades that o'er Deserta creep
With covert lightnings gleam.
'Mid murky clouds the red and wrathful sun
Setteth -- no more to rise;
While sullen warning of the hurricane
Across Deserta sighs.
Howl, oh! Deserta, for the days forlorn
When Truth nor Light ye knew,
When on thy breast the thistle and the thorn
Rank and unheeded grew!
What art thou now? A land of Sacrilege,
With trampled relics strewn;
Gifts of which, then, thou craved'st but the pledge
All to the dogs now thrown!
From pole to pole thine ev'ry land hath been
By Cross and Altar bless'd;

Thou the fair Beauty of the Lord hast seen,
 And tasted of His Rest.
 Through all thy nations hath His Law been spread
 From sea to utmost sea;
 'Mong all thy nations have His Martyrs bled.
 Oh! what remains for thee!

• SECOND CHOIR.

Behold! the wreck-strewn wilderness is cleft
 By current swift and strong,
 Whose flood out-spreadeth to the right, the left.
 Darkly it glides along
 Darkly and noiselessly adown the slope
 The oily waters glide;
 And lo! a Bark bereft of helm and rope
 Drifts onward with the tide.
 A wild and reckless form is on the deck,
 Holding high revel there;
 In all that land of ruin and of wreck
 None may with him compare.
 The sceptic sneer for ever curls his lip;
 Blasphemes his impious tongue;
 Of Faith and Hope all mem'ry would be strip
 As swift he glides along.
 All that was sought for by the wise of old
 He fain afar would thrust;
 All that they long'd with rev'rence to behold;
 He tramples in the dust.
 A goblet fill'd from fountains black and fetid
 He oft and deeply quaffs;
 Shew him the loathsome spring — his thirst is whetted,
 He drains the cup, and laughs!

CHORUS.

And one there is who doth his revel share.
 Alas that it should be!

She who was once so meek, so pure, so fair,
Brazen and bold we see!
The modest blush -- by flaunting paint replac'd
Where is its beauty gone?
The scornful glance, the head by veil ungrac'd,
Are left but these alone?
She who was fain the grace to emulate
Of Virgin or of saint,
Hath learn'd the paths of Discipline to hate,
And spurns at all restraint.
She who, of old, was train'd for Heav'n and home,
Love from her mild eyes speaking,
Is man's unsham'd antagonist become,
His roughest pathways seeking.
The voice that once but join'd in holy song,
Or hush'd the slumb'ring child,
Now loudly strives to lead the rabble throng,
And fire its passions wild,
Woe unto thee, oh Earth! The hopes that bless'd,
The hopes that were thy crown,
These two have cast in ruins on thy breast,
Trampling their beauty down;
And o'er thy lands forlorn, where yet the stains
Of Precious Blood we see,
Once more the Night of Desolation reigns.
Oh! what remains for thee!

SCENE SECOND. — *Before Ecclesia's Tent.**Ecclesia. Reason. Chorus.*ECCLESIA (*within, reads.*)

Heb. 10. 20. 27. " *There now remaineth no more Sacrifice,*
 " *But certain, fearful looking-for of Judgment*
 " *And fiery Indignation.*"

Matt. 4. 16. " *The people that dwelt in darkness*
 " *Have seen a Great Light,*
 " *And they that dwelt in the land of the Shadow of Death*
 " *Upon them hath the Light shined.*"

John 1. 5. " *The Light shined in the darkness,*
 " *But the darkness comprehended it not.*"
 " 3 19 " *Men loved darkness rather than Light,*
 " *Because their deeds were evil.*"

(Closes the book.

The shades of ev'ning fall; dark shades they are,
 Presaging storm and tempest. Near and far
 Clouds of appalling omen clothe the skies;
 Deep waters of iniquity arise
 And soon will overflow.
 While yet our term of respite doth endure,
 With its last pin my Tent we will secure.

REASON.

Content thee; 'tis secur'd.

ECCLESIA.

By whom?

REASON.

By me.

ECCLESIA.

Where was thy pin? Where thine authority?

REASON.

The pin — I fashion'd it. Lo! here it is.

ECCLESIA.

Oh! Reason, Reason, hath it come to this?
Wouldst aid th' Eternal with thy wit so poor?
Wouldst strive His Earthly Dwelling to secure
With bolts of human fashioning?

REASON.

Didst thou receive a pin?

ECCLESIA.

What else were meet?
What work of His imperfect, incomplete?

REASON.

Wherefore unus'd, if I may make so bold?

ECCLESIA.

Hast thou forgotten that His Kingdom True
Is as a *store of treasures new and old*,
Each, all *made manifest in season due*?
The Bark by many a tempest toss'd, doth throw
Her ready anchors to the deep below;
But as, at length, her promis'd haven she nears,
The watchful pilot notes, by many a sign,
A coming storm than all before more fierce,
And gives the mighty Bower to the brine.

Yet, though it then first from its moorings slip,
Was not the anchor ever in the ship?
 With the true bolt we will replace thy pin;
 'Tis safely lodg'd our strongest Tower within.

(Ecclesia brings forth bolt, and secures Tent.

Now say, what gaudy garments hast thou there?

REASON.

Some of becoming pattern, for thy wear.
 In brave attire the World abroad doth go;
 Around him banners wave, and trumpets blow.
 Pomp clothes his limbs, and wealth bedecks his brow;
 While all, attracted by the pageant gay,
 Rush to his feet, their homage fain to pay.
 His style to imitate why shouldst not thou?
 If to his ways thou wouldst somewhat conform thee,
 If with his schemes some sympathy might warm thee,
 'Tis chances he, ere many days go by,
 Might cast on us a favorable eye.
 Display and Self-assertion might we wear them,
 Soon would his train with fitting rev'rence bear them.
 Thy garb of Poverty is antiquate;
 The Hidden Life is also out of date.
 If here each holy Virtue thou dost nourish,
 Unto what end, unless a flag we fly?
 Nor would it harm, a timely trumpet-flourish.
 We then might hope the World to edify.

ECCLESIA.

Clad in my garb of Poverty, I brought
 The realms of Earth beneath Messiah's Rod.
 The Hidden Life, which thou dost count for nought,
 Is my omnipotence — my power with God.
 To spread Christ's Kingdom, to confirm His Throne,
 Are the World's maxims better than His Own?

Reason, what hath befall'n thee? When became
 The favor of the World Ecclesia's aim?
 Think'st thou that I a condescending word
 Would crave from him who crucified my Lord?
 Would duck to gain his favorable glance,
 And seek my sunshine in his countenance?
 Dost think to see me clinging to his skirt,
 Sent, as I am, his kingdom to subvert?
 What if he deign'd to favor or applaud,
Is not his friendship enmity with God?

REASON (*kneeling and kissing Ecclesia's hand.*)

Alas! Ecclesia, just is thy rebuke!
 Scorn and injustice oft my path besetting,
 For help to Egypt wickedly I look,
 Christ's holy maxims evermore forgetting.

ECCLESIA.

He was rejected and despis'd; and we
 Who hope to share His Crown, His Cross must share
 Why should we grudge these passing pains to bear
 Whose end Eternal Blessedness shall be?
 To Him commit thy troubles and thy fears,
 My own beloved sister. — Dry thy tears,
 And from the watch-tower on the rampart high
 Look forth, I pray thee, where the gath'ring gloom
 Swift o'er Deserta doth its reign resume,
 And say what pregnant tokens meet thine eye.
 Bear in thy hand the Light of Faith Divine,
 Lest Doubt and Darkness to deceive combine.

REASON.

I go.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

With Heav'n-illumin'd Lamp in hand,
 Fair Reason doth upon the rampart stand,

And from the trusty tow'r of Vigilance
 Pierceth the gloom with many a wary glance.
 What dost thou see, oh! Reason, if it be
 That thou can'st tell?

ECCLESIA.

What, sister, dost thou see?

REASON.

Against the storm-cloud o'er the skies unfurl'd
 Stands forth the lofty palace of the World;
 Its countless tow'rs and turrets meet my gaze —
 A darker outline on the dusky haze.
 And One there is who sentinels its gate,
 A figure darkly drap'd, of air sedate;
 Watchful she sits, with lantern and with key;
 She turns her head — 'tis Infidelity.
 Apostasy within her time-worn Tent
 (Whose inner depths, reveal'd through many a rent,
 Display a hopeless chaos to my view)
 Absorb'd appeareth by some strange and new
 Device. Credulity is by her side,
 And One who in my mem'ry finds no place.
 Simple his garb, but closely mask'd his face.
 (Perchance he wisely doth his features hide.)
 Now, in the mid'st of that abode benighted
 He hath a Lamp strange and portentous lighted,
 Objects revealing in its lurid rays
 That fill my soul with trouble and amaze.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

What doth the Neo-Mystic's lamp reveal?

REASON.

Mysterious shadows, phantoms half-defin'd,
 That in fantastic dances wildly wheel,

Alike bewildering to sight and mind.
 Himself I see suspended in mid-air,
 His visor'd face upturn'd, out-stretch'd his hands.
 In words oracular proclaims he there
 Events befalling now in distant lands,
 Depicting with minutest touch each scene,
 As though no waste of ocean roll'd between.
 Lock, bolt, and bar, stone walls, and midnight shades
 No obstacles to his intrusion offer;
 All-sacred privacy his glance invades,
 And counts the miser's wealth within his coffer.
 Nay, by a power more strange, more awful still,
 He to the very soul an entrance gains,
 Reading the secret thought, forcing the will,
 Holding of ev'ry faculty the reins!
 What shall I say! Or saint, or demon, he,
 That Neo-Mystic, whencesoe'er he be.

Alas! his art Credulity enthralls,
 And wins Apostasy. Prostrate before him
 See how they lie! But lo! while they adore him,
 Another light upon the picture falls,
 As Infidelity upon it full
 Doth turn the Lamp of Knowledge clear and cool.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

What in the Light of Knowledge dost thou see?

REASON.

Innumerable wondrous Laws, by me
 Until this hour undream'd of.
 There's not a vapour, leaf, or stone, or grain
 Of dust but doth within itself contain
 Unwhisper'd secrets; and if such as they
 Be rife with untold powers, what shall we say
 Of Man's so wondrous tissues?

Of mighty secrets in the brain which sleep?
Of powers that slumber in the soul, too deep
For Earthly sounds to wake them?

Ha! I perceive the Neo-Mystic sees
And can direct the Laws which govern these
No wizard fell or necromancer he,
But one well skill'd in deep philosophy.
One with the latest spoils of Science crown'd.
His wonders, no affinity have they
With the foul magic of Idolatry;
All are within the realms of Nature found.
To doubt it were against fair Truth a treason.

ECCLESIA.

Is there not yet another Lamp, oh, Reason?

REASON.

Another! 'Tis enough; there needs no more.

ECCLESIA.

How oft was this thy *dictum* heretofore?
How oft didst thou, some trivial step o'erpass'd,
Dream to have reach'd the bound'ry line at last
Thy goal, the wonder thou hadst last unmin'd,
Unconscious of the worlds that lay behind?
'Tis as with other wonders, so with these.
His Light upon the scene dost thou not crave
Who to these Laws their place in nature gave,
And Who the end from the beginning sees?

REASON.

Afar and near the prospect I have scann'd;
No other Light

ECCLESIA.

What hast thou in thy hand?

REASON.

Fool that I am! Oh! Light of Faith Divine,
 Teach me to earn that goodly name of mine,
 Borne so unworthily?
 Now in the Light of Faith those Laws I see
 As clust'ring fruits upon a branching Tree
 O'er whose approach Judgment suspends a sword,
 Whose ev'ry leaf is graven with the word
Forbidden!

Those tempting fruits the Neo-Mystic strips,
 And holds their pois'nous juices to the lips
 Of poor Credulity. Entranc'd she falls,
 A prey to visions and wild phantasies,
 As I have seen her in the ancient days
 Days of which e'en the mem'ry yet appals.
 Falsehood and Fraud support her drooping head,

While forth the Mystic brings a heavy chain
 Its links around her arm are rivetted
 Lost one! Alas! thou art enslav'd again!

ECCLESIA.

Oh! Reason, dost thou now unmask the snare?
 Back to his bondage Lucifer would lure thee.
 But lo! his measures he adapts with care:
 Mysterious mummings will not now secure thee:
 His *modus operandi* he lays bare
 To re-assure thee.

Skilful to tempt the prey he fain would cage,
 Pointing his hook with bait to suit the Age,
 By glimpse of nature's laws he lulls thy fears:

Thy pride to flatter, he holds forth the clue:
 Thus, the fell practices of former years
 Greet thee in garb respectable and new

Forbidden arts that were, as *magic*, loathed
Are proudly hail'd in garb of *science* clothed.

Think not that Lucifer, his imps and elves -
E'en when unfaill'n, but creatures as ourselves
Can win the laws of nature to suspend.

A wider knowledge, only, they possess;
A sharper eye the secret thought to guess
From signs external, howsoe'er minute;
A penetration subtle and acute;

While, gaps to fill, Deceit and Falsehood lend
Their ready and congenial aid. Behold
The source of wonders that enchain'd, of old,
Thine awe-struck soul; poor, barren wonders they,
Fruitless of good, unknown to Charity.

Now, if pursuit of knowledge one would press
Into each secret and forbidd'n recess,
Call it by whatsoever name thou wilt,

It is but Demon-craft. How great their guilt

Who, the Divine Commandment disobeying,
Tamper with powers of body and of soul
Whose dread effects lie far beyond control ---

Children with perilous explosives playing!

REASON.

Between these wonders, and phenomena
Of Saintly Lives, teach me the line to draw.

ECCLESIA.

To sound these depths unto the Saints was given
By Nature's God and King Himself, Who even
Hath oft suspended or revers'd its laws
To do them grace — to vindicate the cause
Of holy Truth. As tokens of His Love,
As pledges of the destin'd Throne above,

These gifts, how precious! while the shafts of Hell
 Back from the shield of Grace all pointless fell.
 But rash intruders who would force their way
 (By vain presumption driven, by demons led)
 Into recesses seal'd, prohibited,
 For such the Fiend no surer trap could lay.
 These from his murd'rous shafts who shall defend?
 What is their hope? their shield, their succour
 whence?
 How shall the special aids of Grace descend
 On souls that have all-rudely driven Him thence?

Now, turn upon the vision once again
 The Light of Faith. What dost thou see?

REASON.

The train

Of Spirit-forms that round the Mystic throng --
 Borne in whose hands in middle air he hung,
 Their features by fair masks but half-concealed --
 Stand forth in demon hideousness revealed. --
 Oh cruel snare! Imposter without match!
 Who from his power those hapless souls shall snatch!
 By him misled, his dupes deluded stand
 On the dread confines of the Spirit-land,
 Unarm'd by Grace, unskill'd by Truth to tell
 Visions of Heaven from Demon-craft of Hell!
 Alas! alas! Ungirt by holy Fear,
 No shield of Faith, no sacred symbol near,
 Helpless, defenceless, weaponless are they,
 The grinning Tempter's ripe and easy prey!
 Would I might aid or rescue!

ECCLESIA.

Poor Reason, mightier than thine the Hand
 Whose grasp may from the burning pluck the brand.

REASON.

Yet, to do something. Must I idle be?
Is there not e'er so small a task for me?

ECCLESIA.

Yes, my sweet sister; let thy prayers ascend
For them. Thy mantle, also, thou shalt lend.

SCENE. THIRD. — *A great valley. In the midst a vast engine. Impenitence beside the furnace.*

IMPENITENCE.

Still is it thus; for ever in request;
Not one among them, let them strive their best,
But is a fool without me. Let them scheme,
Philosophize, inveigh, harangue and shout,
Without me all their plans are but a dream;
'Tis I, Impenitence, must work them out.
In the far days of Judah's reign and rule,
Was not my arm her prompt and trusty tool
Whereby to slay the prophets, and to stone
Them that were sent to her? Nor these alone.
When she condemn'd the Son of God to die,
Who dar'd the Sentence execute? 'Twas I;
'Twas I who scorn'd Him as of Earth the dross,
Wielded the scourge, and nail'd Him to the Cross.
When Roma thirsted for Ecclesia's blood,
Was it not I whose feet, with swiftness shod,
Ran at her bidding, prompt the prey to track,
To ope the foul barathrum, wind the rack
Or heat the hissing caldron?
Wounded as dead, where found Idolatry
A sure asylum? Was it not with me?

Gave I not Heresy a helping-hand
 When she with cockle oversow'd the land?
 Ay, ay; and sorry thanks have been my meed
 For all my labours; sorry thanks indeed!
 In penury to pine; in pain to die;
 Noted but to be scorn'd. Yet what care I!
 All are against me. Earth with Heaven unites
 To tread me down, to rob me of my rights.
 Where is my bread? Where are my wine and oil?
 On husks most bitter I am fain to feed
 And that reminds me, on this very soil
 Ecclesia sowed of wholesome food the seed.
 But ha! ha! ha! -- our crop of cockle choked it.
 Yes, they are all against me, ev'ry one.
 Stagnant and foul the pools from which I drink;
 And as I slake my thirst, I laugh and think
 Of glorious sport we had in days bygone
 Apostasy and I; 'twas she provoked it.
 Throughout the land, on ev'ry hill and dell,
 Ecclesia, there, had sunk full many a well
 Where pure and sparkling waters bubbled high.
 We gather'd heaps of mud, and straw, and chip,
 And fill'd Ecclesia's fountains to the lip.
 Ha! ha! What sport!
 Heigho! But what care I!
 If foul and fetid waters better please me,
 Who shall gainsay, or with improvements tease me?
Improvements humph! - they do not please me much
 Your innovations -- bah! -- I do not love them.
 Do I forget the day Apostasy
 With smooth and smiling aspect came to me
 And drugg'd my brackish waters -- to *improve* them?
 Then, like a maniac through the land I sped
 (Her cursed distillation in my head),
 Tearing my flesh on bramble and on thorn,
 Kindling the fires at which myself to burn!
 Improvements! no; I've seen enough of such.

Yes; I am trodden down, and trampled on.
Unrecompens'd the services I've done.
(A little sip from thee, my friendly flask!)

(Drinks)

Behold the haughty World! Through thick and thin
I've done his bidding — never stopp'd to ask

If this were justice, or if that were sin.
None than myself could more deserving be;
Yet base ingratitude is all I see;

My merits are ignor'd, myself down-trod.
And then, Ecclesia (for her blood I thirst!)
Ever holds at me as of all the worst,

Threatening the vengeance of an angry God!
Here am I, set upon this Engine dire
By Infidelity, to feed the fire.

'Twas fram'd, I ween, Ecclesia to destroy —
To raze her deep foundations; and if so,

Then to the task with heart and soul I go,

Feeding the furnace with unmingled joy.
All's fuel for those flames. Bring old and new;

Fetch up profane and sacred, false and true;
To do her but a mischief, what goes through
I care not — no, not I!

(Drinks again)

Yes; they are all against me, ev'ry one.
Yet have I still three friends beneath the sun
To check the furies Conscience holds in leash —
My flask, my opium, and my brave hasheesh!

(Drinks again)

Enter World and Infidelity.

INFIDELITY.

Shall I, proud Reason, in all powers complete,
On whose prerogatives none dare to trench.

Set myself down at Revelation's feet
To list and learn, like schoolboy on his bench?
Shall I to be instructed condescend?
Shall any to instruct me once pretend?
Presume to dogmatize? Pretend to teach?
Or hint at Mysteries beyond my reach?
Not so; it is for *me* the lines to draw,
To solve each problem, to lay down the law.
Whatever to investigate I deign,
'Tis I to others must expound, explain.
Therefore, oh! World, I bring thee here this hour
To witness now the triumph of my power,
This great Machine, where, fully all arrayed,
My vast resources thou shalt see displayed.
No need I should, this time of day, disclose
The ends which, in its working, we propose.
They are well-known to thee. We would explode
The fables of Belief, and cleave a road
For Truth Triumphant; and not least, nor last,
The Rock of Peter we intend to blast. --
Now, mark the scale of my resources vast.
Those Senses Five -- which hitherto were found
Inadequate material depths to sound,
Are made, by this most wonderful machine,
The standard and the test of Things Unseen.
This well-remember'd Rod -- which, I admit,
Was found for Nature's mysteries too small
We have of new adjusted; and by it
We now rule out the Supernatural,
And bound all prospects by the present hour. --
Observe, I pray, those balances. In these
We use the Creature's possibilities
To weigh and measure the Creator's power.
This apparatus our strong point will be.
By it (when all the parts are duly fitted),
Grace and its operations thou shalt see
To chemical analysis submitted,

Th' Eternal cancelled by the Rule of Three,
 The Infinite against plain figures pitted,
 And nought by Nothing multiplied become
 A large and very serviceable sum.

WORLD.

Oh! excellent! Most excellent indeed!
 I see it all — I understand it clearly.
 And what is this?

INFIDELITY.

A small attachment merely
 Yet of some passing interest not devoid;
 The Sickle which was formerly employed
 Religious Obligations to divide,
 Re-fitted, and to Nuptial Vows applied
 With very great success. Let me proceed.
 We also, by another choice invention,
 Dissect the Body to disprove the Soul

IMPENITENCE.

Good Reason, in my humble apprehension
 This last-nam'd apparatus crowns the whole.
 Disprove *Intelligence* — once make it clear
 There's no such thing — then I have nought to fear.

INFIDELITY.

Ahem! — In working of this great machine
 We 're careful to discriminate between
Intelligence and *Soul*. Of *Soul*, or *Spirit*,
 We have achiev'd denials long and loud;
 The other to deny would disinherit
 Our own *Intelligence* — of which we 're proud;
 That grand *Intelligence*, explor'd by none,

Which in sublime self-consciousness reposes;
Which many worlds within itself incloses;
Which, like the eagle, gazes on the sun,
Which counts the stars, and rides upon the wind,
E'en than itself more free; that wondrous *Mind*
Which follows Nature to her secret bowers,
And brings to light her multifarious powers;
Which with nine cyphers chronicles all Time,
And floats on calculations most sublime;
Which hath explored, categorized, explained
The world of wonders in mere Sound contained;
Beneath whose magic touch the tones of Earth
To tones of richest harmony give birth,
While wood and fibre in the concert join
With varying voice melodious and divine;
Which can arrest the subtle Tints of light,
Of changeful colour, ere they fade away,
Can bring Earth's distant scenes before the sight,
Immortal make the blossom of a day,
Preserve to Mem'ry a beloved face,
And turn to marble Motion's fleeting grace;
Which can, through Language, such an empire gain
As mightiest monarch emulates in vain
Language, which reigns a queen o'er ev'ry sphere,
Which paints the picture, thrills upon the ear,
Clothes shadowy Knowledge in a garb of light,
From realm to realm wings its ethereal flight,
Of Present, Past, and Future opes the doors,
And into Poetry's bright region soars
Resplendent Poetry! the life, the heart,
The inspiration of each sister Art!

IMPENITENCE.

It is not that intelligence I fear.
Whence does it come?

INFIDELITY.

This apparatus, here,
 To solve that problem is its very use;
 But sev'ral of the screws are somewhat loose.
 If for existence it be deem'd indebted
 To Matter, which it can, at will, subdue,
 Or if, perchance, it hath itself created,
 Or ne'er was made at all, but only *grew*,
 Are questions far from clear, as yet, to view.
 We will defer them now.

IMPENITENCE.

One thing make known.
 What is it made of? Flesh, and blood, and bone?

INFIDELITY.

No, Ignorant. Its essence is ethereal.
 The Body, which is fram'd of gross material,
 Is but its prison — but confines the Spark
 Which glows within, e'en as the lantern dark
 Confines the taper's glow.

IMPENITENCE.

If so, deny it,
 Else will my conscience never more have quiet.
 If this be true of Body and of Mind,
 Then, of Intelligences *unconfined*,
 Intelligences bodiless and free,
 Who shall declare how many there may be!
 Who shall declare (the vision doth appal!)
 If there be One Who overlooks them all,
 Who record keeps of present and of past,
 And all will bring to strict account at last!

INFIDELITY.

Come, say it out; no reason to dissemble.
Before Ecclesia's God — ha! ha! — we tremble?

IMPENITENCE.

Who dares to say I tremble speaks a lie.
Ecclesia and all others I defy.

Tremble, indeed! For none I care — not I!

(Drinks again.)

Come, I am ready.

INFIDELITY.

Get thee to thy post;
Now we 've the World with us, no time be lost.
(To World.) Seest thou the chain around this stanch-
ion roll'd?

'Twas forg'd by curbless Liberty. Take hold,
And grasp it firmly. Now, approach thee nigher,
And aid Impenitence to feed the fire.

WORLD.

Wherewith, I pray?

INFIDELITY.

There's fuel, and to spare.
Are there no eyesores in thy palace there?

WORLD.

'Tis true. Subordination we may take;
Inferiority a blaze will make;
Morality hath long an eyesore been;
And irksome Labour best were swept out clean.
Superiority, Enjoyment sweet,
Dominion, and Prosperity complete,
No counteracting bitters then will meet.

INFIDELITY.

Some one approaches. 'Tis the Mystic grim,
Th' Apostate and Credulity with him.

WORLD.

Why hath she left her Tent?

INFIDELITY.

Glance o'er thy shoulder;
Scarcely its smould'ring dust shalt thou discern.
I trow, the Mystic's lantern made it burn.
Ha! ha! That made it hot -- too hot to hold her!

*Enter Neo-Mystic leading Apostasy and Credulity both
chained. Chorus of angels.*

CREDULITY.

*But thou, oh! poor Credulity, take heed;
Let not my foes thy better sense bewitch.*
Credulity — Credulity indeed!
And now, behold me smothering in the ditch!
Oh! for the day when Faith unclasp'd that chain
Now by my madness rivetted again,
And tore the bandage from my darken'd sight!
None may the bandage from *these* eyes unbind;
Alas! no more blinfolded they, but *blind* —
Burnt in their sockets by that with'ring light!
None for my woes may e'en compassion feel;
Against myself my conscience doth appeal.

APOSTASY.

Wherefore thy moans? Of what dost thou complain?
My wounds torment me not; I drag no chain.

We are not blind; it is the darken'd air —
Nothing but darkness, darkness ev'rywhere!

INFIDELITY.

Behold a post will suit you passing well.
This Engine, here, will give you good employ.
Once in full play, all darkness 'twill dispel.
Heal ev'ry wound, all sorrow turn to joy.
To brave Impenitence give each a hand,
And take your place by him on yonder stand.

CREDULITY.

I know that voice — I know it to my shame;
'Tis hers who, *Reason* call'd, belies the name.
Temptress, to thee I owe my ev'ry fall.
Lur'd by thy bait, and running at thy call,
I've torn my flesh on ev'ry bush and briar.
Now, scorch'd and blinded by the Mystic's fire,
I drag my weary limbs in woe and pain,
And writhe beneath the torture of his chain.
Yea, worse than all; though blind to all beside,
Spectres accurst, which darkness cannot hide,
Grinning and gibbering around me glide!
Oh! woe is me!

INFIDELITY (*to Mystic*.)

She chafes beneath thy most enlightened rule
Canst thou not tame her tongue? Canst thou not
Her temper? [school

NEO-MYSTIC.

Let her struggle if she list.
Her lot is cast; no lighter will she make it.
My adamant chain her flesh hath kiss'd;
Its heavy links are welded round her wrist,
And where's the power shall ever win to break it?

INFIDELITY.

(*To Cred.*) Give him thy hand, I tell thee!

CREDULITY.

I will not.

- Too long, too long have I thy voice obeyed;
And ev'ry step at thy suggestion made
But new calamities hath on me brought.
No more will I obey thee while I live.
My very woes new resolution give.
Bound by this heavy chain, and scorch'd, and blind,
One deeper depth there yet remains behind.
Till to *Impenitence* my hand I yield,
My bitter doom is not for ever sealed.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Now, praised be God! This poor deluded one
Hath yet the heart *Impenitence* to shun.
'Twixt her and doom Mercy hath interposed;
Not yet against her are its portals closed.
Firm be thy stand, oh! poor *Credulity*,
And Heaven will aid; Grace is not far away.

CREDULITY.

To cherish hope how shall I longer dare?
Yet, of Heav'n's Goodness I will not despair.
E'en from *my* lips a supplicating cry
Perchance may win to penetrate the sky.
(*Kneels.*) Father of all! some pity on me take!
Forgive and save, for Thine Anointed's Sake!
From the thick darkness save me — from the night
Of spectre-haunted gloom! Restore my sight!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Firm be thy stand, and fervent be thy cries!
Grace draweth near to succour and to aid.
She comes — she comes in Reason's garb array'd,
To lay her hand upon those darken'd eyes.

(Enter Grace, draped in the mantle of Reason. She touches the eyes of Credulity.)

CREDULITY.

Surely my prayer is heard! My straining eye
Discerns a mighty Engine looming nigh,
With Reason and Impenitence beside.
Her bitter and disdainful laugh I hear;
I mark her frozen eye, her taunting sneer.
That mocking countenance — that haughty mien
Ne'er so repellant to my soul have been.

Alas! thou hollow and pernicious guide
Whose maxims false such bitter fruits have borne,
I know thee now, too well!

All dimly traced
A Form I see, with stately beauty graced,
From which away the demon-phantoms glide!
That sombre veil — I know its ev'ry fold —
'Tis Reason as she look'd in days of old!

Surely my harras'd wits are wand'ring wide!
How can it be! Of Reasons are there two?
Or that the Counterfeit, and this the True?
Not *this* the Reason who so long hath led me,
Who but to wreck and ruin hath betrayed me.
That gracious face, so rev'rent and so fair,
No sneering lip, no mocking glance are there.

But purpose firm, and sweet humility.
Within her hand a shaded lamp she bears;
Upon her breast an Amulet she wears —
Fool that I was! How have I been betrayed!

Yon vile Impostor hath upon me play'd.
 Dupe that I was! Though in like garb array'd
 I mark'd it not — *no Amulet had she!*
 Aid me, oh Reason True!

With uprais'd hand
 She moves to where the Mystic grim doth stand,
 And tears the visor from his countenance.
 Lo! 'tis the Serpent from his lair out-crawled!
 Lo! 'tis the Tyrant who my soul enthralled
 In the dark days of old! — Idolatry!

IDOLATRY.

So, so! At length thou recognizest me?
 Because my mask hath fall'n by evil chance,
 Thou need'st not, therefore, such an outcry make.
 Ay; wrench thy chain; I trow, it will not break.

GRACE.

Credulity no more — Repentance true,
 Is it not better Heav'nward to return
 With but a single hand, than, having two,
 In Judgment's everlasting flames to burn?

Matt 4. 30.

REPENTANCE.

Oh! blessed words! New courage fills my breast!
 Father of all! on Thee my hopes I rest.
 (*To Idol.*) Tyrant, I mock thy bondage and thy chain.
 Within my darken'd soul hope wakes anew.
 Better with one hand to be free again
 Than burn in everlasting flames with two.

(*Seizes a weapon, and strikes off her hand.*

(*To Grace.*) Aid me, I pray; fain would I fly with thee,
 Blinded, indeed, and scorch'd, and maim'd — but *free*.
 Praise be to God, mighty to sane and save!

Nor flood nor tempest from the path shall beat
 My shatter'd frame, till at Ecclesia's feet
 I kneel, His Pardon from her lips to crave.

(Grace covers her with her mantle. Exeunt.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Oh blest Repentance! There is joy in Heaven
 O'er thee returning, penitent, forgiven!

INFIDELITY.

Mystic, thou hast but poorly cag'd thy prey.
(To Apost.) Come, make thee haste, lest thou, too, go
 astray,
 By unseen phantoms spirited away.
 To feed the fire thy best effects bring forth.

APOSTASY.

Little remains to me of note or worth.
 With relics all I've parted, one by one.
 Barren Belief in God remains alone.
 With that I'm loath to part.

INFIDELITY.

Why shouldst thou be?
 The God *thou* worshippest, what God is he!
 One who forbids and yet constrains to sin;
 Who of his creatures myriads hath consign'd
 To wreck inevitable, predestin'd,
 Wreck which no effort of their own may win
 To change or to avert! A Sov'reign, too,
 Who lays commands upon his chosen few,
 Yet cares not whether they be kept or broken!
 A God who hath through priest and prophet spoken
 His so-call'd Revelation, yet doth leave it
 Free unto each to spurn or to believe it!

Who *faith* requires, yet doth no Guide supply
 On whose unerring word faith may rely!
 Who on the Earth which he to rule doth claim
 Hath plac'd no Power Vicarial, in his Name
 To legislate, to vindicate his Laws,
 To battle for his Glory or his Cause!
 Whose Interests must for the World's make space,
 Whose Will to *his* "opinion" must give place,
 Who hath establish'd no Authority
 To judge between his faithful and his foes,
 To speed Obedience on th' appointed way,
 And warn Rebellion of vindictive woes!
 A God like this, who hath nor eyes to see,
 Nor ears to hear, nor hands to strike withal,
 Nor dominating Will, what God is he!
 On blocks and stones as fitly mayst thou call.

APOSTASY.

Good lack! In the conclusion thou dost draw,
 I frankly must confess, I see no flaw.
 All things consider'd, it may well be so.
 I hesitate no longer; let Him go.
 Here is my hand.

(Gives her hand to Impenitence)

IDOLATRY *(to Impenitence.)*

Ay; grasp it firm and free,
 Willing and prompt for all — for nothing loath.
(To Apost.) Yet, for the time, thou must along with me;
 There's that to do will fully task us both.

INFIDELITY.

If thou must part, 'twere best to let her stay.
 What be the plans that call thee hence away?

IDOLATRY.

What are the plans that wait my hands
 I tell, as yet, to none.
 All must obey when *he* commands
 Who o'er Deserts shall amain
 Inaugurate a glorious reign.
 Then shall the lofty head lie low;
 A golden age the World shall know.
 Pledg'd in libations deep that flow
 All-ruddy round his throne.

INFIDELITY.

Well, go thy way; our mission is but one.

(Exit Idol, and Apost)

Come on, oh! World; Impenitence, come on!
 Your purpose brave with braver action seal.
 Here will I stand, while song and laughter peal,
 Guiding my craft, like steersman at the wheel.

(Sings.)

Hurry we now the fire to feed —
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
 Hard Impenitence takes the lead,
 Precept and dogma, symbol and creed
 Into the furnace flinging!
 Hopes that tinted up Life with bloom,
 Joys that Sorrow could not consume
 Into it throw!
 All that lighted the darksome Tomb
 Swift let it go!

Hallow'd remembrances, gather them all —
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
 Names that Ecclesia *divine* would call,
 Works and wonders, both great and small,
 Into the furnace flinging!
 Saint, and martyr, and hero true.

Bright examples, both old and new,
 Into it throw!
 What in common with these have you?
 Swift let them go!

What next follows? The Book — the Book
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
 Many a slice from its text we took,
 And little we car'd on the rest to look,
 Though loudly its praises singing.
 Bring it along: it has serv'd our turn.
Progress stamp'd it a poor concern
 Long, long ago.
 Into the fire with the rest to burn
 Give it a throw!

Now the valley of these is clear
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
 Family ties bring here, bring here,
 All that to Reason of old was dear
 Into the furnace flinging!
 Filial duty — 'tis gone, I trow;
 Wifely Honour and Nuptial Vow
 Into it throw!
 What of these needs Deserta now?
 Swift let them go!

Now for the foes to our ev'ry plan —
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
Rational Judgments, 'tis them we ban —
 God's Own Seal on the soul of man
 Into the furnace flinging!
 Mutable fancies in them we see;
 Truths Eternal they claim to be.
 Let it be so.
 For their anathema what care we!
 In they must go!

Through Earth's mysteries, layer on layer,
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
 World, thy palace is tottering there;
 Down to the dust its bulwarks fair
 Anarchy's shaft is bringing.
 See them crumble, those stubborn walls
 Yet but a moment — it falls! — it falls!
 Ay, let it go!
 Now must thou follow where Destiny calls,
 Whether or no.

WORLD.

My Palace gone! Its bulwarks all given way!
 My Palace gone! Oh! woeful, woeful day!
 My Palace gone! Is this my glorious reign?
 Who shall rebuild its shatter'd towers again?
 Who shall to pomp and sov'reignty restore me?
 Where shall I dwell? What future lies before me?

INFIDELITY.

Oh! sapient World, what else didst thou expect?
 If thou dost mourn its fall, I ask thee whether
 'Twas done or well, or wisely, to reject
 The very props that held its parts together?
 Morality destroy'd, Enjoyment sweet
 Into corruption crumbled — as was meet.
 When Labour fell, down fell Prosperity;
 Subordination gone, Dominion's day
 Was done; Inferiority withdrawn
 But left a chasm conveniently to yawn
 For proud Superiority.

WORLD.

Alas!
 My Palace fair! In that commingled mass
 Of ruins and of dust which meet my eyes,

Who could thy proud proportions recognize!

(*Aside.*) One only consolation yet is mine;

My jewels — ah! — no power shall from me tear them.

In casket lock'd, upon my heart I wear them.

(*To Inf.*) I doubt thee now; I doubt those plans of thine.

Yes, yes; I doubt thee now. Thy schemes are nought
Destruction irreparable they 've brought.

I leave thee now; I leave thy grand Machine.

All ties are broken now us two between.

I leave thee thine own projects to conduct,

And go my shatter'd walls to re-construct.

INFIDELITY.

All ties are broken, are they? Try, thou fool,

Of ev'ry charlatan the dupe and tool!

Ah! Thou wilt leave me and my Engine grand?

Too late. Behold thee fetter'd foot and hand!

WORLD.

Fetter'd -- and I perceived it not! 'Tis true!

This heavy chain hath coil'd itself around me,

And to her cursed Engine fast hath bound me!

Manacled ev'ry limb! What shall I do!

INFIDELITY.

I'll tell thee. Gracefully, submissively

Accept the situation of to-day

As an accomplish'd fact. Thou need'st not groan;

The counsel which I proffer is thine own,

Ofttimes and ever to Ecclesia given,

When stripp'd by thee of Earthly goods.

WORLD.

Oh Heaven!
 What fate is mine! How am I shear'd and shorn!
 Now will Ecclesia point the hand of scorn.

INFIDELITY.

If this distress thee, thou mayst cease thy moan;
 No need to whine, or at thy chain to pull.
 Be well assur'd, Ecclesia's hand are full;
Her degradation doth but mock thine own.

WORLD.

Sayest thou so? And is it so in sooth?
 'Tis some small consolation — if 'tis truth.
 Where is she now? Where doth she now abide?
 On other things intent, the time hath pass'd,
 And 'tis an age since I beheld her last.
 Where doth she now her head dishonour'd hide?

INFIDELITY.

The Rock of Peter, where her Tent doth stand,
 Is somewhere hereabouts, — ay, close at hand;
 But cloud and mist their heavy mantles fling
 O'er objects all, obscuring ev'rything.

WORLD.

'Twere comfort to behold her fallen estate.
 'Twere joy her humbled pride to contemplate.
 To see her sitting on repentance-stool
 In her white garb — the liv'ry of a Fool;
 To see her thankful in the mire to drag
 Her old mock-royalty — her purple rag
 Of Contradiction; she, who was too proud
 To kiss my sceptre, or my sway to own!

She, who must have her little court and crowd,
 And big words utter'd from her little Throne!
 Would that some friendly breeze aside might sweep
 The mists that shroud her and her Rock so steep!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Thou hast thy wish, oh! World. The fitful sigh
 Of coming Tempest, floating sadly by,
 Shall dissipate those mists for one brief space,
 That her bright glory, and thine own disgrace
 May cover with confusion thy malignant face.

WORLD.

I see her now! — The heavy mists divide!
 I see the curtains of her Tent thrown wide!
 I see her, but — ye powers infernal! — how?
 Her rag, her idiot-garb, where be they now?
 That idiot-garment as the skies doth shine!
 That Royal Purple — never such was mine!
 Heavy they hang with gold and gems whose worth
 Outvalues all the treasures of the Earth!
 Her brow serene no wound unsightly mars;
 A Diadem of Seven resplendent Stars
 With glory crowns it; while a sister Seven
 Blaze on her cincture, like the sun in heaven!
 Clouds of bright Witnesses around her throng
 Beneath the shadow of her outstretch'd hands
 Prophet, and Patriarch, and Martyr strong,
 Saint, and Apostle, and white Virgin-bands;
 I see her stand their mighty hosts between,
 In undream'd Royalty — a peerless Queen!
 Is *this* her degradation? *this* her shame?
 Her glory to express Earth has no name!
 And at her feet — oh pregnant mystery!
Reason array'd in loveliness I see!
 Monster! Who, then, art thou?

(7 Gifts of the
 Holy Ghost.)

(7 Sacraments)

INFIDELITY.

Ha! ha! - he! he!

I am - the Demon Infidelity!

(Aside.) Ay, wipe the perspiration from thy brow.
Our destinies are link'd together, now.

WORLD.

What is Ecclesia now! And what am I!
How I have miss'd it! To her God I'll cry.

INFIDELITY.

Thus saith Ecclesia's God

*" Because I have called, and ye refused,**" I have stretched out My Hand, and none regarded,**" But you have set at nought all My Counsel,**" And would none of My Reproof;**" I, also, will laugh at your calamity;**" I will mock when your fear cometh;**" When your fear cometh as desolation,**" And your destruction cometh as a whirlwind;**" When distress and anguish cometh upon you.**" Then shall you call upon Me,**" But I will not answer;**" Ye shall seek Me early,**" But you shall not find Me."*

WORLD.

Ah! ah! Those words, perchance, were but intended
For such as have in weighty things offended.

'Tis quite impossible He could design

To visit thus such venial sins as mine.

My little faults He, doubtless, will forget

Nay, He may consider'd in my debt.

Did I not, anciently, by stringent laws
 Promote His interests, advance His cause?
 Did I not oft Ecclesia patronize,
 Her credit to exalt in Gentile eyes,
 And leave the obdurate without a handle?
 Yet, prithee, what was *her* acknowledgment?
 To rail at me — denounce me as a "scandal"! —
 Those words are not for me. I will repent.

INFIDELITY.

(*Aside.*) Dotard, devoid of courage as of sense,
 I'll try the temper of thy penitence.
 (*To World.*) Oh! World, I of thy weakness am ashamed.
 Is this the wisdom thou hast ever claimed!
 What, next, wilt thou be at? What phantoms grim
 Wilt conjure up to scar thyself therewith?
 Wilt thou, indeed, submission make to Him
 Whose very Being we've pronounc'd a Myth?
 How stands the case? Thy mind, somewhat excited,
 Recalls some fancies of thine Age Benighted,
 And in the fabled glory of those days
 To thine imagination's eye arrays
 Ecclesia. It will pass, that vision vain,
 Soon as thy mind its balance shall regain.

WORLD.

'Tis fleeting now — 'tis fading from my sight.
 The mists return o'er hollow and o'er height.

INFIDELITY.

'Tis well. Now, to thine int'rests be alive,
 And let attention to my words be given.
 What is the end for which we long have striven?
 What is the end for which we still must strive?
 'Tis — from Ecclesia's brow to tear the Crown
 So coveted, and place it on thine own;

'Tis — from her lofty seat to cast her down,
 And place the World upon that envied Throne.
 This end desir'd — with others past our summing,
 TRUTH will accomplish at his glorious coming.
 What said the Mystic?

" A Golden Age the World shall know,

" Pledg'd in libations deep that flow

" All ruddy round his Throne."

WORLD.

Forgive me, noble Infidelity!
 Excuse my weakness. 'Twas a sudden qualm
 That overtook me then. I now am calm;
 My truest int'rests plainly now I see;
 The various chances now I estimate
 With judgment cool, and eye dispassionate.

INFIDELITY.

'Tis well again. Now, mark me. Long and low
 The moanings of a coming Tempest sigh;
 The distant thunder-peals distincter grow,
 And lurid flashes cross the scowling sky.
 Welcome that storm; 'tis harbinger of Him
 Who shall thy cup replenish to the brim.
 Soon will his glorious banner be unfurl'd.
 Welcome that storm! — Thou need'st not blench, oh
 World;
 Scarce will its rage thy lightest garment shake;
 On Peter's Rock will all its fury break.
 Welcome that storm! Bid welcome to the blast
 Thy triumph and Ecclesia's doom at last!
 — Nay, if thou fearest, by thy chains hold fast.

Be steady, now! To work once more again!
 No time to lose; the moments fleet amain. —

(Sings.

Through Earth's mysteries, layer on layer,
 Hammer and pick go ringing!
 The Rock of Peter that stands so square
 Sooner or later the wreck will share.
 Underneath it so stern and bare
 Truth lies hidden -- we'll find him there:
 Then will the World go singing!
 Time is fleeting, and none to spare.
 Through Earth's mysteries layer on layer,
 Deeper and deeper the shaft must go
 Down to the fiery realms below,
 While the thunder peals and the storm doth rage,
 And the furious elements warfare wage! --
 Ply the hammer, and ply the pick. --
 Smoke and vapour are rising thick,
 Heavy and fast!
 Deeper and deeper the shaft must go
 Down to the fiery realms below.
 Wheel and cylinder shriek and strain.
 Huzza! He cometh to crown our pain!
 Huzza! He cometh on Earth to reign!
 His legions precede him, and follow in train.
 Huzza! He cometh! That Form we know,
 With his Robe of Flame, and his Crown a-glow!
 Triumph the greatest that Earth can shew!
 TRUTH FOUND AT LAST !

(Lucifer and attendant train arise from the abyss.

SCENE FOURTH. — *A Garden**Ecclesia. Reason. Chorus.*

ECCLESIA.

*My soul is sorrowful e'en unto death.**Watch thou with me. — Let us retire awhile
These cypress boughs and olive-shades beneath,**That I upon the sad and hallow'd soil
May, through the gloom, the Precious Blood-stains'
trace,**And find on them my spirit's resting-place.
The waning eve, to deeper darkness turning,**Beareth dark woe its dusky wings upon;
And nevermore on us shall dawn a morning
Until Eternal Morn shall on us dawn.*

REASON.

*Alas! my mother, fear hath fill'd my soul!**Trembling and faintness seize on ev'ry limb!
O'er thee and me must tides of anguish roll,
And suff'ring fill our chalice to the brim?*

ECCLESIA.

*What saith our Lord? —**“ There shall be tribulation**“ Such as was not since the beginning of the world,**“ No, nor ever shall be.”*

REASON.

*True; but those suff'rings, by His Words assur'd,
Were they not all at Roma's hand endur'd?*

ECCLESIA.
•

Is not His Death, e'en as His Life Divine,
 The pattern and exemplar just of mine?
 As were the suff'rings of His Infant Days,
 So were the sorrows Roma dealt to me;
 As were His Passion's deathful agonies,
 So shall Ecclesia's closing anguish be;
 Though depths of woe that roll'd above His Head
 Shall yet be spar'd Ecclesia's Passion dread.

But trust we in His Goodness and His Power.
 He will be with us through the darksome hour.
 Tasting of death in His dear company,
 Our Easter Dawning as His Own shall be.
 Drink we from fountains of His Sacred Heart;
 New strength 'twill give, new courage 'twill impart.
 Each blessed Footprint let us kiss, and thus
 Learn how to die for Him Who died for us.

(They prostrate themselves)

Oh Sacred Heart!
 Refuge and solace in my ev'ry woe!
 Ere I descend the Last Red Flood below,
 Here, on the hallow'd dust
 Where for my life Thou didst Thine Own resign,
 Leaflet and soil with Precious Blood bedewing,
 Vow and oblation fervently renewing,
 My soul I anchor in that Wound Divine,
 My hope, my only trust.
 Lord! not my will, but Thine!

Oh Sacred Heart!
 What heart with love like Thine hath ever burn'd!
 What tenderness maternal ever yearn'd
 The feeble nursling o'er

As o'er each child of Earth hath yearn'd Thine Own!
Each personality, defin'd all-clear
In body and in soul, to Thee most dear,
In Thy Divinity's Omniscience known!
Oh Heart! for evermore
My Trust be Thou alone!

Oh Sacred Heart!
Witness compassionate of ev'ry woe
Which mortal e'er hath known, or e'er shall know!
Heart which hath borne all care,
Carried all sorrow that on man can press,
O'er writhing frame and tortured spirit bleeding,
Against inhuman outrage vainly pleading,
Each secret dark, each innermost recess
All to Thy Sight laid bare!
Who shall Thy pangs express!

Oh Sacred Heart!
In Thee doth dwell the fulness of all Grace.
Ever unveil'd to Thee the Father's Face.
Oh! Heart, for ever burning
With love of creatures all God's Throne before!
With His Own Knowledge His Perfections knowing!
With His Own Uncreated Love o'erflowing!
Thou of His Mercy art the only door.
Bring us, to Thee now turning,
Safe to th' Eternal Shore!

Oh Sacred Heart!
Shudd'ring I look adown the stream of Time,
Each moment laden with its world of crime,
Of impious outrage dar'd
Against the Everlasting Majesty!
For each fell shaft 'gainst that dear Glory bent

Thee with an agonizing wound hath rent,
 Hath spent its utmost bitterness on Thee!
 Knit to Thy Griefs unspar'd
 Let my compunction be!

Oh Sacred Heart!

Thy Love for man hath to the Altar bound Thee
 To expiate the very sins that wound Thee
 For Thine Own wrongs to die!
 That Thou of suff'ring's chain mightst miss no link,
 From the dread vision of Thy mortal Pain
 Outspread before Thee, Thou didst not disdain.
 With fear's intensest agony to shrink!
 In trembling shall not I
 Of Thy dread Chalice drink!

Oh Sacred Heart!

Sated with insult, mock'd, revil'd, despis'd!
 Batt of all scorn by man or fiends devis'd!
 What, save Thy Holy Will,
 Restrain'd or yet restrains angelic swords,
 As each vile worm, uncurb'd by fear or shame,
 Profanes Thy Truth, Thy Venerable Name,
 The air polluting with his impious words!
 My cup so let them fill
 As they have fill'd my Lord's.

Oh Sacred Heart!

Won by Thy Pity in the gap to stand
 Where Justice smiteth with relentless Hand,
 Thy Sanctity most bright
 In foul Transgression's garment vile and loathed,
 Be it but e'en for one dread moment, clothed —
 Cloth in Thy Father's Sight!

*Thou hast trodden the winepress alone,
And of the people there was none with Thee.
Thy Countenance was marr'd more than any man,
And Thy Form more than the sons of men.*

*Surely He hath borne our griefs,
And carried our sorrows!
Yet we did esteem Him stricken,
Smitten of God, and afflicted!
But He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities;
The chastisement of our peace was upon Him,
And with His Stripes are we healed.
He was oppressed, and He was afflicted,
Yet He opened not His Mouth;
He was despised and rejected of men,
A man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief;
And we hid as it were our faces from Him!*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*Behold! With timid step, and downcast eye
Tearful Repentance draweth humbly nigh.
Oh blessed hour! Oh day of Jubilee,
That doth the Prodigal returning see!*

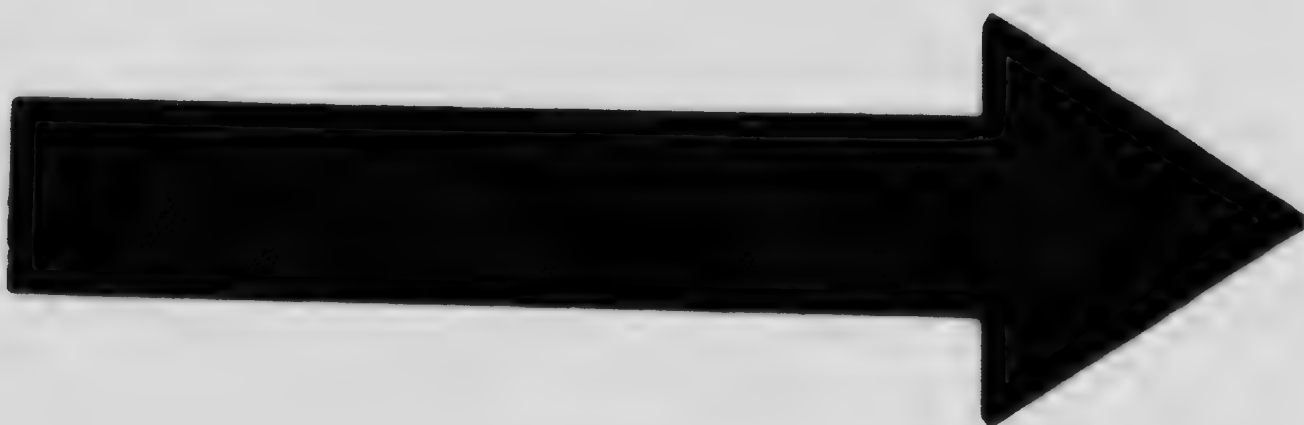
(Enter Repentance.

REPENTANCE.

*Mother, 'tis I — worthless Credulity,
From doleful wanderings come back to thee,
God's pardon from thy lips to supplicate.*

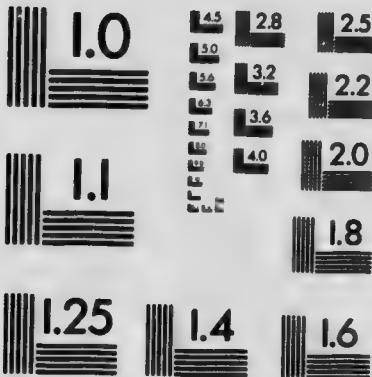
ECCLESIA.

Thank God, thou hast return'd, my-child, though late!



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REPENTANCE.

One brought me here; I ween, 'twas God's sweet Grace,
Though wearing Reason's garb and Reason's face.

ECCLESIA.

It was, my child. Oh! wherefore didst thou stray?

REPENTANCE.

On mine own waywardness all blame I lay.
Deceitful tongues were ready to mislead,
And to Devotion's voice I gave no heed.

ECCLESIA.

What said those tongues deceitful unto thee?

REPENTANCE.

They said thou wert Gods bitter enemy.
They told me 'twas my call, and His command,
To hunt thee down — to root thee from the land

ECCLESIA.

Didst thou not see the snare around thee thrown?
Whate'er *my* character, it seal'd thine own;
Since, whether foe He smites, or friend He tries,
The *wicked* are the scourge within God's Hand that lies

REPENTANCE.

I know it now, too well.

ECCLESIA.

What said they more?

REPENTANCE.

When Reason's faults ofttimes across us came,
Tepidity on thee laid all the blame,
And with vituperation smear'd thee o'er.

ECCLESIA.

Well would it be for her had she ignor'd
Poor Reason's imperfections, great and small,
And her own dark iniquities deplor'd
In bitterness, and penance done for all!
While Time shall run, each phase of human life
With human imperfection must be rife.
In proud rebellion thou shalt find no cure:
Patience, alone, will victory insure.
These had not scandaliz'd thee, and still less
Had turn'd thee from the Way of Holiness
(Laying their burden at Ecclesia's door),
Had'st thou but look'd upon the Saints resplendent,
Beholding in their virtues most transcendent
The fruits Ecclesia's teaching ever bore.
Meekness, faith, purity and love awaiting,
Be sure the harvest was not of my planting.

REPENTANCE.

Then, mine own troubles did my judgment sway.
Ofttimes foul Rapine and Disorder came,
Their banners blazon'd with thy holy name,
And made me of their cruelties the prey.

ECCLESIA.

How were they arm'd? With violence and guile,
Pride and oppression, — weapons of the World.
'Twas *he* who arm'd and sent those spoilers vile;
A mock'ry was the banner they unfurl'd.

REPENTANCE.

The World — he, too, Credulity misled,
And I, to my confusion be it said,
Believ'd his sophistries, and blush'd for thee.

ECCLESIA.

What said his sophistry?

REPENTANCE.

He mock'd thy ways
Call'd them *absurd*; he labell'd prayer and praise
Dullness, stupidity, the very school
Of *superstition*; call'd simplicity
And innocence the *garments of a fool*.
He said thou had'st all wisdom true forsaken,
And that God's Will thou wholly hadst mistaken.

ECCLESIA.

Can it be *even possible* that one
To whom God's Glory is of all things dear,
Who loves and daily meditates upon
His Sacred Life and Law, whose only fear
Is to offend Him, and whose only hope
Is to behold Him, should in darkness grope,
Should fail to learn His Will, should miss the Way
That leads to His Eternal Rest; while they
Who care not for His Glory, but their own,
Who never their iniquities bemoan,
Nor meditate His Words, nor sigh for Heaven
To int'rest, pride, and pleasures wholly given,
Who feed on Earthly husks, ay, to their fill,
Should be the true exponents of His Will?

Oh! brave Timidity, which, while it fears
The taint of sin, despises taunts and sneers!

Oh! brilliant dullness, whose discerning eye
 Can Falsehood from Eternal Truth desery!
 Wise Folly, which is fool'd for Christ's dear sake,
 Which scorns all Earthly goods, with Heaven at stake!
 Noble Absurdity, which will not dwell
 With feints and fashions that but lead to Hell!

Seest thou, my child, the steps that lead astray
 How many and how gradual are they?
 The feeble soul first to the World inclines,
 Then, against discipline and rule repines;
 Grace after grace unheeded, next, goes by,
 And soon all faith in these begins to die
 Faith in the Sacraments, in our Veil'd Lord,
 Faith in Ecclesia's Mission, in God's Word,
 To each base passion, next, the reins are given,
 While trembling Conscience cries -- "No Hell! No
 Heaven!"

And Logic stern replies, with pointed rod
 To Ill on Earth triumphant, Good down-trod
 "No Providence, no Justice, and no God!"

REPENTANCE.

Alas, how just thy words! How passing true
 The picture thou dost place before my view!
 Yet down that path methinks I had not roll'd
 So far, had One not feign'd my hand to hold
 One of most gracious countenance and mien.

Who gave me oft his company and care.

Good-faith his name; and 'twas his promise fair
 To stand all danger and myself between.

He told me, while he walk'd my path along,

The God of Mercy never would forget me.

But soon I lost all trace of him, among

The crowd of demon-phantoms that beset me.

ECCLESIA.

Good-faith — I fear me much it was *Self-trust*,
Whose very breath corrodes the soul, as rust
Corrodes the iron. Was he humble, meek,
And teachable? Earnest the Truth to seek
From well-accredited Authority?

All private judgment prompt aside to lay?
Or was he with himself well satisfied,

Proudly impatient of all contradiction,
Let by his own weak judgment as sole guide,
Mistaking *inclination* for *conviction*?

I read thine answer in thy look abash'd.

Well, be it evermore thy care to cherish

The love of Him Who left thee not to perish;
And be thy stains in tears of sorrow wash'd.

Repentance be, henceforth, thy holy name;
The future be thy hope — the past, thy shame.

Trust in thy God, and to His service bring
Head, heart, and hand — a threefold offering.

These three must work together; if disjoin'd,

Nothing remains that He will *worship* call;
Pagan morality Delusion blind,

Cold Speculation; worthless each and all.

Take, now, the Pardon of our King and God,
In virtue of that power on me bestow'd —

“*Whatsoever thou shalt bind on Earth*

“*Shall be bound in Heaven.*

“*Whatsoever thou shalt loose on Earth*

“*Shall be loosed in Heaven.*

“*Whose sins ye shall forgive,*

“*They are forgiven;*

“*Whose sins ye shall retain,*

“*They are retained.*”

Hear, too, the Promise which our King doth send thee,
’Twill from temptation evermore defend thee: —

"Be thou faithful unto Death,
 "And I will give thee a Crown of Life."

Rev. 1

Now, speak, my child, as to thy tender mother.
 Thy hand — thou hast but one. What chanc'd the
 other?

REPENTANCE

I struck it off -- 'twas hopelessly entwin'd.
 I follow'd Grace, and left my hand behind.

ECCLESIA

What thou has sacrific'd for God, behold!
 He doth restore, with blessing hundredfold.

(Touches wrist of Repentance and restores her hand.

Now, humbly prostrate at our Maker's Feet,
 Prepare we yonder coming storm to meet.
 Stirr'd by the malice of th' infernal Powers,
 Never such tempest yet on us arose;
 'Tis the last effort of our raging foes.

But let them rage; the vict'ry will be ours.
 Trust in the Lord; stand fast, and do not fear;
 Our harbour is in sight — our port is near.
 Heard ye that awful thunder-peal? Behold,
 It usher'd in the advent long-foretold

The dreaded advent of the Coming One!
 Like the volcano's fiery torrent, so
 Will now his fury blaze, for he doth know
 His time is short, his sands are well-nigh run.
 Yet must he triumph but for one brief space.

My Tent he will destroy, my garments rend,
 While Desolation fills the Holy Place.

Oh my Veil'd Lord! and wilt thou condescend
 Yet once again before Thy foes to flee!
 Still let my heart Thine Earthly Temple be!

(Ecclesia, Reason, and Repentance, prostrate.

Still let our hearts in loving depths infold Thee,
Our Life, our Blessedness, our only Good,
Soon in Eternal Mansions to behold Thee,
Lost in the raptures of Beatitude!
Come life, come death, come sorrow, woe, or pain,
What reck we how the Port desir'd we gain!
Into our Haven shall sweep our barque amain
Yon tempest rude.

Maker of all things! if Thy Works so splendid,
So glorious are, what must *Thy* Glory be!
The star strewn canopy o'er Earth extended
Sings Thine Immensity. The mighty sea
Within whose depths are secrets none can guess,
Breathes of Perfections boundless, fathomless,
Which thought cannot conceive, nor word express,
Shining in Thee!

The worlds of blossom, shell, and shining gem,
The radiant landscape which our eyes doth bless,
Faith sees Thy Beauty glorified in them;
To her they but reflect Thy Loveliness.
The subtle force which Nature doth pervade
Is of Thine Omnipresence but the shade;
Thy Hand sustaining all Thy Power hath made
It doth express.

The sunlight, cheering with benignant ray,
Reflects Thy Providence adored, benign,
E'en as the orb resplendent doth display
His awful glory but to worship Thine.
So the fierce flame, devouring low and high,
Of Thy dread Sanctity aloud doth cry —
That Sanctity whose flames shall test and try
The gold most fine.

And of Thy works another still we find
Which as a diadem doth crown the whole

That grand Intelligence, that wondrous Mind,
 That immaterial and immortal Soul
 Which hath received Thy Wonders to explore,
 Which hath received Thy Being to adore,
 Tracking Thy Might, Thy Love from shore to shore,
 From pole to pole!

Alas! another Wonder meets our eyes
 Stalking in utter ghastliness abroad!
 One which bewilders Earth, and shames the skies,
 One which hath strewn with wreck Deserta's sod,
 Which Faith doth shudder, Reason blush to see,
 One which can wake amazement ev'n in *Thee*!
 That warp'd Intelligence, that perverse Mind
 Which sees Thee not Thy fairest works behind,
 Which day by day, and hour by hour explores
 Creation's mighty regions, yet ignores
 Their Maker Blest! That being past compare
 Who in Thy sunshine basks, who breathes Thine air,
 Who eats Thy bread, who warms him at Thy fire,
 Who in Thy creatures finds his heart's desire,
 Finds in Thy gifts his ev'ry delectation
 Gifts lent by Love to lighten our probation:
 Then, turning, saith to Thine amaz'd Creation
 "There is no God!"

Alas! He
 marvels that
 their unbelief
 is so

Arise, brave hearts, and girdle for the fight!
 Fear not the tempests on our path that lower,
 God's Nameless Glory - Heaven's resplendent Light—
 Hath passed adown the darksome road before.
 There's not an outrage, not a wrong, a shame,
 An ignominy can on us be heaped
 In which that Glory bright hath not been steeped,
 Which hath not dar'd to desecrate His Name.
 With Him our arms upon the Cross extending,
 With Him into the blood-stain'd tomb descending,
 With Him our Reign in blessedness unending
 For evermore!

SCENE FIFTH. *Before a vast Palace.*

*Lucifer enthroned: The World, Impenitence, Apostasy,
Infidelity, Idolatry, and retinue of demons.*

IDOLATRY AND CHORUS OF DEMONS

Rejoice, oh Earth! The promis'd day
Of thy deliv'rance see!
Impenitence, Apostasy
And thou, oh! World, with swiftness run
To hail the long-expected One.
Your homage pay; receive his brand
Upon the forehead and the hand.
Reason, adore that glorious Truth
Who all restores to vernal youth.
See, Discontent, your promis'd bliss;
Envy, your hour of triumph this;
While Islam's sanguine waters kiss
The feet of Mohadi!

Of the fall'n palace of the World
We've gather'd ev'ry stone
By blasting Anarchy down-hurl'd,
And built of them a Palace proud
Whose shadow doth the Earth enshroud.
There hath the Conqueror his seat,
All riches gather'd to his feet,
While of his power the chains we've bound
Deserta and the World around.
See Reason's treasures, small and great,
All to his service dedicate!
Her powers and splendours call him king;
Her lands and cities tribute bring;
The stream that round the Earth doth play
But flows his message to convey;

The lightning-ray that rivals day
But shines for him alone.

His Tabernacle he hath spread
Upon the Holy Hill.

He hath abas'd the lofty head
Which proudly ev'ry shock withstood
Of raging foe and tempest rude.
Her Holy Place he hath profaned,
Hath raz'd the Tent wherein she reigned,
Scatter'd her spoils to ev'ry gust,
Trampled her beauty in the dust,
Scourg'd her, and bound her, foot and hand,
At his tribunal now to stand,
To meet her doom at his command,
Her sentence at his will!

LUCIFER.

Who is the Victor now, oh! Nazarene?
Who stands Thy trophies and Thyself between?
Behold the Nature Thou hast lov'd so well
By me degraded to the depths of Hell!
Behold it from the Throne of Antichrist
Thyself Enthron'd in highest Heaven defying!
Behold the Earth Thy very Blood hath priced
Beneath my sceptre, at my mercy lying!
Behold the Pardon Thou hast dearly earned
E'en by the Ransom'd Race contemn'd and spurned!
Behold the Hatred that could Love eclipse
Dashing the chalice from Thy Thirsting Lips!
Behold Thy Cross o'erthrown, Thine Altars razed,
Thine ev'ry token in the dust abased!
Behold Thy very Name — that Name Supreme —
Pass'd from the World's remembrance, like a dream! —
Bold Infidelity, without thine aid
Such consummation ne'er achiev'd had been,
Thou for my Coming hast the pathway made,

Hast built my Throne -- which thou shalt share,
my Queen.

Thy quick inventiveness hath never fail'd thee

Thou, entering if but ajar the door,

Of pulpit and of platform hast avail'd thee,

And fill'd the Chairs of science and of lore.

To spread my empire thou hast spar'd no pain,

Plying with matchless industry the pen,

Or, moving 'mong the busy throngs of men,

Striving with subtle art all ears to gain;

And, Truth obstructing, hast thy way made clear

By biting sarcasm, and by covert sneer.

Here, at my right, thy place appointed take.

Idolatry, thou at my left shall stand.

Thou, too, hast labour'd bravely for my sake,

And spread my sov'reignty o'er ev'ry land.

The Conquering Symbol smote thee but in vain.

By stout Impenitence in secret nurst,

Thou art come forth, mighty as at the first;

Wounded to death, lo! thou dost live again!

Nor hath thine arm been stay'd, thy time misspent.

Skulking in secret cave, or roaming free

In desert place, alike thou hast a Tent

For me prepar'd, of HERS the travesty

Hierarchy, dogma, discipline complete

Where as a very God I take my seat.

My Sov'reign Pontiff as in days of yore,

'Tis thine to minister my throne before.

Stand forth, oh! World. The Day at length is come

Thy merits and thy recompense to sum.

Lift up thy head and clank thy chains for joy;

Let nothing cloud thy visage, nor alloy

Thy perfect happiness.

My Enemy and thine thou hast pursu'd

With an undying hatred; hast withstood

Her arts, repair'd the mischief she hath done.

Her vineyards with thy plantings overrun
Sow'd she Detachment? Love-of-Poverty?

Thy Love-of-Riches cropp'd up, side by side,
And chok'd them in the end. Thy vain-display

Her Hidden-life supplanted; and thy Pride
Gnaw'd of her Humble-lowliness the roots,
And suck'd the substance out of Virtue's fruits.

Now to reward such services as those
Shall be my care. For her, thine Enemy,

Thou shalt be witness of her dying throes

Shalt triumph in her fall. What dost thou say?

Thy *promis'd Throne*? It shall be thine anon.

Meanwhile, thy neck, to plant my feet upon.

Down, mighty Footstool!

(Lucifer places his foot upon the neck of the World.)

Now for the others at my Throne who bow,

Who have done homage, and receiv'd my brand.

Impenitence, my chiefest ally thou,

A special crown deserving at my hand.

Idolatry and Infidelity

Have found a prompt and faithful tool in thee;

Their boldest efforts small success had seen

Had *thy* co-operation wanting been.

Proportion'd to the service thou hast done

Shall be thy recompense. But there is one

Whose claims precede all others. Where is she,

Favour'd above the rest? Apostasy,

We will not stay thy merits all to tell.

But thou hast pleas'd me -- pleas'd me passing well.

Hast serv'd my hopes to feed, my fears to soothe.

Charg'd by the World the Heav'nward path to smooth.

Thou hast but smooth'd, instead, the path to Hell.

Were contradictions rife, and prospects dark?

Did e'en Impenitence grow faint of heart?

Thou to the rescue with unfailing art

Hast ever kept him steady to the mark.

Were crimes so black he blush'd the tool to be?
 Apostasy to hand. Were pools of sin
 So foetid, so repulsive that ev'n he
 Loath'd their pollution? She plung'd boldly in.
 In ev'ry nook where ignominy reigned,
 She a pronounc'd pre-eminence attained,
 And in Shame's deep recesses found a lair;
 Fouler the spot, the surer was she there.

Thou on this glorious day (that all may know
 How highly thy devotedness I prize)
 Shalt burn before my Throne in Sacrifice.
 No prouder guerdon can my power bestow.
 The smoke of this thy holocaust shall rise
 Like fragrant incense, and thy blood shall flow
 A fair and full libation; while thy cries
 As sweetest music through mine ears shall go.
 Why tremblest thou? Why start thy sightless eyes?
 Dost thou turn pale, and shudder? Wherefore so?
 My Pontiff, to thy duties, nor be slow.

IDOLATRY AND CHORUS OF DEMONS

Make ready, demon satellites;
 The day is all our own.
 The darksome and the bloody rites
 Which fill'd Deserta's breadth of yore,
 With willing hand we now restore.
 Make speed the Sacred Fires to light,
 And bind the struggling Victim tight.
 No sweeter joy our King can know.
 Unsheath the knife, and strike the blow
 That warm libations deep may flow
 All ruddy round his Throne.

Where is the Altar here which stood
 These twice a thousand years?
 Whose jewell'd Pyx, and silver Rood,

And tapers bright, and flow'ry wreath,
And One Whose Name we dare not breathe
Spake hope to Faith — to us despair —
Where is that Mighty Altar? Where?
Behold it in the dust o'erthrown!
Behold its Grace and Glory flown!
Its flow'ry wreath, its tapers bright,
All, all are dead; and on its site
The Altar of the Bloody Rite
Once more its form uprears.

Once more against the dusky sky
Leaps forth the lurid flame.
The victim bound, the stifled cry,
The quiv'ring limb, the gleaming knife,
The flowing blood, the ebbing life,
The omens spread, ere life be fled,
By solemn augurs to be read,
The hissing fire — a ready tomb —
Which doth the holocaust consume,
Our monarch's advent these illumine,
His triumph these proclaim.

LUCIFER.

'Tis well. This sacrifice auspicious o'er,
Bring, now, mine Enemy my bar before.
Impenitence, on thee this duty falls.
And hark thee! Let Three Crosses be prepared.

IMPENITENCE.

Swift are my footsteps when my master calls.
(*Exit Impenitence.*)

LUCIFER.

No more in vain my vengeful arm is bared.
She who through twenty centuries of strife

Hath force and stratagem alike defied,
Against whose shield my ev'ry dart hath shiver'd,
Is now, at length, into my hand deliver'd,

And doth her sentence from my lips abide.
Upon the very Cross she lov'd, her life
She shall breathe out — and, by those darken'd skies!
Shall worship at my feet, ere yet she dies!

*(Impenitence, returning, places Ecclesia, Reason and
Repentance at the bar of Lucifer.)*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Powers of iniquity, this is your hour.
The Spouse Elect, at your tribunal placed
That she the Chalice of her Lord may taste,
Sinks but a moment, clouded by your power,
To rise, like Him, triumphant.
And as her Blessedness in Heaven's bright sphere
Shall be consummate in the thrill of fear,
So shall the Sorrows that have pierc'd her here
Perfect her Crown of Glory. --

Bound like a felon, see the Heav'nly Bride
Await her coming doom, and by her side
Fair Reason and Repentance, hand in hand,

The Seal of God shining their brows upon —
That Seal which ever on Ecclesia's shone!

Oh! happy three, that on Death's threshold stand
Confirm'd in Grace for ever!

(Apoc.)

LUCIFER (*mockingly.*)

Low hath she fall'n who dream'd to soar so high! —
Who doth accuse her?

WORLD.

I, oh! King.

INFIDELITY.

And I.

LUCIFER.

Speak out, oh! World. What charge dost thou prefer?

WORLD.

My ev'ry trouble hath been caus'd by her.
 A stumbling-block she ever hath been found.
 An incubus, a cumb'rer of the ground,
 Idling her life in vain and misty dreams,
 Ignoring all my grand progressive schemes;
 (And we should find it, if the truth were known.
 That *she* my palace fair hath overthrown.)
 The *poor*, she boasted, were her special charge,
 Committed to her care and bounty large;
 Yet, to enrich them (as was sorely needed)
 Hath she, in twenty centuries, succeeded?
 Do we not find them poor as at the first?
 — Earth with her presence hath too long been curst.

INFIDELITY.

I charge her with imposture and with fraud.
 Feigning a Mission which hath come to nought.
 She, in the Name of a pretended God
 Hath with authority both rul'd and taught.
 What have her arrogated pow'rs achieved?
 Where be the promises the weak believed?
 Judg'd by results — the only solid test —
 What were her proud asseverations worth?
 She labour'd for her God, His Name confest,
 And to extend His Glory did her best.
 Where is that Glory *now* upon the Earth?
 Where is that Sov'reign in Whose Name she spoke?
 Where is that Power, that Deity Whose Yoke

She hath impos'd — that God Who hath assail'd
The Powers of Evil, and — ha! ha! — *hath fail'd?*

LUCIFER.

Thou hear'st the charges these against thee lay.
What for thyself dost thou pretend to say?

ECCLESIA:

If 'gainst Ecclesia only were let fly
Their arrows, silence only should reply;
But, as in all their rage of Time gone by
The Lord Who sent me was their covert aim —
To cloud His Glory, to blaspheme His Name —
So would they now insult Him through my shame,
And I will speak.

When Nature's realms from Nothing God call'd forth,
When He with life and beauty cloth'd the Earth,
O'er these His Works He plac'd a peerless Queen —
Reason, array'd in majesty serene,
And with the choicest gifts of nature seal'd,
That she her sov'reignty might fitly wield.
Yet not for this her realm was she create —

The greater for the less; 'twas made for her,
And she for God, Who will'd to elevate
To Union with Himself that cherish'd one
Made in the Likeness of th' Incarnate Son.
But this celestial Union to attain,
This Crown of Everlasting Life to gain,
Inadequate her powers of nature were;
And Faith came down from Heav'n at God's command
To walk with Reason ever hand in hand,
Her powers of nature at God's Feet to place,
To be the medium and dispenser of His Grace.

But when poor Reason, on herself depending,
Craving for *Knowledge*, broke away from *Faith*. —
The ties to the Divine which bound her rending —
She fell from Heaven to Earth, from Life to Death.

Yet still her spirit hunger'd for that God
For Whom it was create. She look'd abroad,
And strove to find Him in His Works so fair
But vainly. *Faith, alone, could find Him there.*
Vainly — as streamlet that uphill would run.
'Twas *He* must seek that lost, that helpless one.

Nature no Life Divine could re-infuse,

No sins forgive, no innocence restore.

Nature could not Remorse's chains unloose,

Give peace in life, or hope at Death's dark door.

One lay, indeed, conceal'd behind its powers —

Idolatry, the snake beneath the flowers —

Who soon laid Reason prostrate at *thy* feet,

In degradation utter and complete.

Yet God did not forsake her. For her sin

His Mercy to His Justice made amende,

Re-op'd the Gates of Life, and Faith did send

Once more the erring wand'rer back to win.

In His Own Name and Power He sent me forth

To preach glad tidings o'er the troubled Earth;

To bind again the ties, asunder rent,

Which to His Grace link'd Nature — Earth to
Heaven;

To re-infuse, through hallow'd Sacrament,

The Life Divine, and cancel sins forgiv'n;

Fair Virtue's flowers in Nature's soil which grew,

Scorch'd by the fierce heats, unrefresh'd by dew, —

Harvest for Death to gather and consume —

These to transplant, to graft upon the True

And Living Vine, eternally to bloom.

Such was the Mission to Ecclesia given;

To preach the Kingdom of the Crucified,

To lead the poor — and penitent — to Heaven;
Not to achieve them affluence and pride;
 Still less, to aggrandize the guilty World.
 Whence, then, the accusations 'gainst me hurl'd?
What have my arrogated powers achiev'd?
 ETERNAL LIFE to all who have believ'd;
 PARDON to all who for their sins have wept;
 PEACE unto all who my commands have kept.
 A "failure" is my Mission in your eyes
 Because the World yet unconverted lies —
 Because nor threats, nor promises, nor love
 The heart of hard Impenitence can move?
 He Who Enthron'd me on the lofty hill
 Nor power nor mission gave to *force the Will*
 Which He hath left unfetter'd.
 But if *one willing soul* beneath my rein
 Hath fail'd the Promises Divine to gain,
 Then hath my Mission fail'd, and not till then.

Where is God's Glory now, on Earth, ye ask?

What of His Interests hath now become?

They are with FAITH, who hath fulfill'd her task,

And now returns to her celestial Home;

With HALLOW'D REASON, bound for joys undream'd,

Out of all nations, tribes and tongues redeem'd;

And with REPENTANCE, weeping o'er the past,

Whose endless lot is with the angels cast.

LUCIFER.

Too long have I endur'd thy senseless talk.

Down at my feet! Thine instant homage pay!

Who from my hand shall rescue thee this day?

Thy God is nought; His Promises but mock

Thy confidence. Behold thee by thy foes

Environ'd — fetter'd, helpless in their hands!

The Cross which is thy doom, see where it stands!

Is this the triumph, glory and repose

He promis'd thee? the Kingdom made so sure
The Kingdom which was ever to endure?

ECCLESIA.

My Kingdom is not of this world. My reign
On Earth, of chequer'd triumph, strife and pain
Was but the shadow of that Reign Immortal
To which the Cross that waits me is the portal.
The heavens and earth shall pass as vapour pale,
But of His Promise not one jot shall fail.

LUCIFER (*to Reason and Repentance.*)

Ye who in vain stand by her, at my feet
Redeem yourselves by worship; life is sweet.

REASON AND REPENTANCE.

Thus saith the Lord. --

*He that loveth his life
Shall lose it;
And he that hateth his life
For My Sake
Shall save it unto Life Eternal.*

LUCIFER.

Attendants all, my Foe to crucify
Who is now ready?

IMPENITENCE.

I, oh! King.

WORLD.

And I.

LUCIFER.

'Tis well. These two upon one Cross shall die.

IMPENITENCE.

Here is a third.

LUCIFER.

It shall not idle lie.

Obeys my words.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Now lead they unto death the Faithful One.
 Her work is finish'd and her race is run.
 Unto the Cross her limbs so fair and frail
 Impenitence with ruthless hand doth nail.
 Th' uplifted gibbet blots the darken'd air! —
 Be firm, Repentance; blench not, Reason fair.
 Ye two upon one Cross Ecclesia's doom must share!

ECCLESIA (*uplifted on the Cross.*)

Hail, Holy Cross Divine!
 Salvation's hallow'd Sign,
 Signal of Victory, all hail to thee!
 Staff of my pilgrim feet,
 In last embrace we meet,
 Ere, like Ecclesia, thou transform'd shalt be.

In the long ages past,
 When Persecution cast
 His darkling shade my tearful path upon,
 Radiant and bright thy form
 Rose o'er the deathful storm,
 Lit me to glory and my Earthly Throne.

Now, in this hour of woe —
 Hell's last despairing throw —
 This destin'd hour which lays me with the dead,
 Herald again art thou —
 Darksome and dreadful now,
 With tortures laden, and with life-blood red

Father of Heav'n above!
Spirit of Light and Love!
Word Uncreate! 'Eternal Three in One!
Amid these bitter woes
My pilgrimage which close,
I cast myself Thy sheer compassion on.

Not in myself I trust -
Profitless child of dust!
But in Thy Mercies endless, undeserv'd.
What in Thy Sight Divine
Were work or pain of mine!
Though from Thy perfect way I ne'er have swerv'd.

Thy statutes I have kept;
O'er sin in sorrow wept;
And Thy Great Name proclaim'd from shore to shore.
Of Faith's all-sacred Trust
No tittle have I lost,
But borne Thy Witness the proud World before.

Now that to Thee I come,
Now as I near my Home —
That blissful Home prepar'd me by my Lord —
This sanguine close is meet
My Baptism to complete
In Thy Great Name, oh Trinity ador'd!
When, 'neath Thy care Paternal,
Faith, at Thy word Supernal,
Fled from her foes, with Judah hand in hand,
To the Red Sea we came,
And in Jehovah's Name
Pass'd through the waters to our Promis'd Land.

When, as the Ages whirl'd,
To league her with the World
Mine adversary, Judah did not shame,

Th' Eternal Son of God
 Baptized me in His Blood,
 And sent me forth to Conquer in His Name.

Now, sign'd and seal'd by Thee,
 Third of the Mystic Three,
 Spirit of Truth Whose Temple I have been,
 Rejected and despised,
 In mine own blood Baptized,
 I pass away — to reign in Heaven a Queen!

Oh! Precious Stream adored
 On Calvary outpoured!
 The mystic depths of that prophetic sea,
 The floods which close my race,
 From thee receive their grace
 Alike look forward or look back to Thee.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Alas! alas! In suff'rings long foretold
 Faith, Reason and Repentance we behold!
 The Reign of Mercy to an end draws near,
 And Judgment hurries on! --

Oh Day of fear!
 Sign after sign speaks His approach begun —
 Heralds His swift advance! As darkness dread
 Hath long the spiritual skies o'erspread,
 So, now, is darken'd the material sun!
 Deserta quakes from shore to utmost shore,
 Mountain and hill in wild confusion hurl'd,
 While Ocean answers with stupendous roar!
 With furious blasts the mighty thunders blend!
 Hail, fire and blood in mingled shower descend!
 Well may thy heart's blood freeze, thou guilty Word!

INFIDELITY.

Ha! World, dost tremble? Doth thy face wax pale
 At these dread portents? Doth thy faint heart fail?
 The rending earth, the sea's tremendous roar,
 Have these not spread destruction oft before?

And dost thou tremble now? Go to! I scorn thee.
The darken'd sun! No cloud obscures his rays;
 • The spreading scoria doth incrust his blaze.
 As chanc'd unto the orb which long hath borne thee!

ECCLESIA (*from the Cross.*)

Tremble, oh haughty World!
 Judgment, with flag unfurl'd
 And two-edg'd sword, is standing at thy door!
 Spent is thy day of trial!
 Prone is the wrathful phial!
 That darken'd sun on thee shall shine no more!

Quake for thy going hence,
 Harden'd Impenitence!
 Thy cord is loos'd — thy cistern-wheel is broken!
 As to the World, to thee
 Thrice hath the Deity
 Of threaten'd woes and promis'd guerdon spoken.

Ruler of Heaven and Earth,
 He, from Creation's birth,
 Spake through His Works so fair, so wonderful;
 Spake through the rending sphere;
 Spake through the voice all-clear
 Of Conscience, deep implanted in each soul!

So spake th' Eternal Son —
 Not through His Law alone,
 Or lips inspir'd of prophet and of seer;
 With words of life and grace

He spake ye Face to face —
Spake from His Blood-stain'd Cross. Ye would not
hear.

So hath the Spirit Divine
Through these poor lips of mine
Call'd to repentance, faith and humble fear,
Warn'd ye, both day and night,
To work while ye had light,
And flee the coming Doom. Ye would not hear.

Now, your probation o'er,
Mercy hath clos'd the door —
That Mercy Who so long with you hath striven.
All is for ever lost.
Against the Holy Ghost
Who sinneth, he shall never be forgiven!

LUCIFER (*aside.*)

The End draws near — the sands are well-nigh run.
Behold the glazing eye, the black'ning lip!
Yet but a span, and *these* elude my grip.
Shall HE have martyrs, and shall I have none?
— Impenitence, my ever trusty tool,
Thy work is finish'd and thy cup is full.
Thou, my adherent firm in woe or weal,
Shalt with thy blood thy testimony seal. —
Where be thy thanks? Aha! What say'st thou? Come!
I promis'd thee a Crown? 'Twas even so;
A special crown — the crown of martyrdom;
None greater could the Nazarene bestow. —
My satellites, that empty Cross prepare;
Thus shall Impenitence his witness bear.

(*Demons fasten Impenitence to third Cross.*)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Unhappy lost one! Dost thou thus begin
 To find in Death the wages of thy Sin!
 The very Cross which now thy blood doth stain
 A ladder by whose rounds of woe and pain
 Faith and Repentance scale the holy height
 Of deathless glory, of immortal bliss
 Must it accelerate thy downward flight,
 And lay thee in the bottomless abyss!
 Alas for thee

Enter Judah.

INFIDELITY.

Here cometh Judah, leisurely and late
 Her fealty at our sov'reign's feet to pay. —
(To Judah.)
 How! Art thou weeping? Wherefore so, I pray?
 Such sorrow ill becomes this glorious day.
 Behold the World! With him thyself prostrate.

JUDAH.

'Tis hope deferr'd that maketh sick my heart.
 I deem'd Jehovah's promises divine,
 And look'd for their fulfilment; yet each sign
 Bespeaks the End of all things drawing near,
 And no Messiah doth on Earth appear!
 Leave me alone, whoe'er, *whate'er* thou art.
 Leave me alone; 'tis all the boon I crave,
 Sick unto death — my only rest the grave —
 What further portion in the World have I?
 No; it hath been for long my only hope
 Back to the Holy Land my way to grope,
 On its blest soil to lay me down and die.
 But woe is me! Forlorn, and well-nigh blind,

The Way I've miss'd, and fear shall never find.
 Yet will I search, whatever may betide,
 Till drops my corpse upon the cold wayside.
 The God of Israel deign to be my Guide!

INFIDELITY.

Fear not, oh! Judah, nor thy fate bemoan.
 Thy hope its recompense this day doth win.
 Messiah is already on his Throne;
 His Reign all-glorious doth on Earth begin.
 Behold him, crown'd with majesty and splendour!
 Behold him! All Deserta owns his sway.
 Here, at his feet, thy just allegiance tender.
 Here, at his feet, thy faithful homage pay.

JUDAH.

What say'st thou? Have I, then, my hopes attain'd?
 Have the rent heavens at length the Just One rain'd?
 Hath He, then, come Who Judah shall deliver —
 Who shall dominion, peace and glory give her?
 Oh! wherefore did He thus my reign delay
 Till Nature's self hath reach'd its closing day?
 Till portents on the earth, the sea, the sky
 Tell that the Day of Doom draws swiftly nigh?
 That Kingdom which the prophets did foretell,
 Hath it, then, but a moment to exist?
 Oh God! how are Thy Ways unsearchable! —
 Yet be Messiah's Feet by Judah kiss'd.
 I will approach His Throne.

INFIDELITY.

Come, then, advance.
 What holds thee back? Wherefore that awe-struck
 glance?

JUDAH.

What mighty Forms are these which bar my path?
 They would repel me, with portentous frown.
 Oh God of Israel! on Thy child look down!
 Are these the messengers of grace or wrath?
 Alone are they, austere, unarm'd and hoar,
 Yet armies quail their eagle-glance before!
 Heaven's flood-gates close at their august comma ai,
 And wonders speak their power in ev'ry land! --
 I know ye now, oh messengers of Truth,
 Unheeded Teachers of my wayward youth,
 By Mercy sent to guide my wilder'd way!
 Lead on; I follow. Speak; I will obey.
 Fast fleets the Earth; Death's hand is on my brow.
 Jehovah's Prophets be my anchor now!

But whither point they? To a woeful scene --
 To One suspended on a Cross, between
 Two malefactors! Just, avenging Heaven!
 Is not that Scene upon my mem'ry graven? --
 Is *this* Jerusalem? Do I now stand
 On Israel's her' age, the Holy Land?
 Have I, while hopelessly I thought to roam,
 All sudden found my country and my home?
 Where are thy landmarks, holy Palestine?
 Where is thy Temple glorious and divine?
 The splendours proud which to thy fame gave birth --
Jerusalem, the Glory of the Earth?
 O'er each and all Destruction's billows toss;
 Nought now surviveth save that Blood-stain'd Cross!

(Prostrates herself and embraces the Cross, Zech. 12. 10.)

Thou still uplifted when all else hath died,
 Divine I know Thee now, oh Crucified!
 Mercy hath brought me here, this hour forlorn,
 Beneath Thy Shadow for my sin to mourn.

That Blood which by my impious hand was shed
 Hath rested long in Judgment on my head;
 Here, at Thy Feet, as penitent I bow,
 Oh! let It fall in Pardon on me now!

ECCLESIA.

Thus saith the Lord to Judah —
"For a small moment have I forsaken thee,
"But with everlasting kindness
"Will I gather thee."

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Oh day of triumph, jubilee and bliss!
 Judah, all-penitent, the Cross doth kiss!
 Her arms around it lovingly she twines,
 And thus her soul into her Maker's Hand resigns!

ECCLESIA.

In pace, in idipsum, dormiam et requiescam!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Fleets from Ecclesia's lips her latest breath.
 Like the Blest Spouse, she bows her head in Death.

Now the long-suffering reign of Mercy ends,
 And Justice stern to Judge the World descends.
 Ev'n while we speak, It strikes him to the ground,
 Smitten from head to foot with noisome wound!

Apoc. 10.

LUCIFER.

Oh! World, thy foe at length hath breath'd her last.
 In this proud moment art thou thus downcast?
Wounded from head to foot? What dost thou say?
 'Tis but the Purple of that Royalty

Which waits thee now. Bring forth thy jewels rare;
Now is the time thy choicest gems to wear.

WORLD.

Oh! King — to do thee pleasure — Spare, oh! spare!
I feel a faintness, and at heart I'm sick.

LUCIFER.

What dost thou say? Unlock thy casket — quick!

(World unlocks his casket.)

WORLD.

What do I see! Where are my treasures flown?
No hand hath touch'd the casket, save mine own.
My beauteous pearls, the prime of orient clime,
Where are they gone? Here there is nought but lime!
Here, where my glorious diamonds lay enshrin'd
Nought save a little charcoal do I find!
My rubies, sapphires, emeralds, where are they?
Who hath replac'd them with those grains of clay?

INFIDELITY.

Fool! While within thy casket yet they lay,
What were the baubles pledg'd against thy soul?
What were thy diamonds but a little coal?
What were thy rubies but a little clay?
What were thine em'ralsds? What thy sapphires blue?
Clay were they all, their varied colours due
But to a varied tinting. Thou didst tread
Beneath thy very feet the parent bed
Which gave their substance to those shining gems
Sparkling so lately in thy diadems.
Doth it astound thee that they now obey
The Will which form'd them, and return — to clay?

WORLD.

Dost *thou* believe? Why, then, didst thou dissemble?
Woe! woe! On ev'ry side I am undone!

INFIDELITY.

Didst never hear 'twas said of old by One
" *The devils, also, do believe — and tremble* " ?
'Twas sport to fool thee; choicest sport to se
Thee deaf to God, but credulous of me;
To see thee deem all mysteries *explain'd*
When but to *label them* we had attain'd;
To lead thee on God's Being to deny,
Whose ev'ry work gave to my words the lie;
To tell thee that the Penal Fires which seethe
Beneath thy feet were but a dream, a myth --
Each glaring outlet mocking thee the while,
Their tell-tale flames pow'rless my sport to spoil!
Ha! ha! wise World! Ha! ha!

WORLD.

Think'st thou I cannot now repent, and live?

INFIDELITY.

Who shall the spirit of repentance give?
" Spent ~~is~~ thy day of trial;
" Prone is the wrathful phial;
" P*at*ience hath fled, and Mercy clos'd the door."
— *Despair?* Ay, ay; despair for evermore!

WORLD.

Woe, woe is me! I stand on Judgment's brink!
I burn! — I thirst! — Give me, give me to drink!

INFIDELITY.

Drink from this cup.

WORLD.

'Tis Blood!

INFIDELITY.

And dost *thou* shrink?

WORLD.

Water!

INFIDELITY.

Ay; give him water clear and cool!
— Lift up thine eyes, thou hoary-headed fool!
Behold the flowing stream, the spring, the pool,
The spreading lake, the ocean's mighty flood!
Omnipotence hath chang'd them all — to Blood!

Apoc. 15

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

*Thou art righteous, oh! Lord,
Who art, Who wast, and Who shalt be,
Because Thou hast judg'd thus,
For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets,
And thou hast given them blood to drink;
For they are worthy!*

Apoc

WORLD.

Oh! for one breath of air!

INFIDELITY.

Thou 'lt cry in vain.
The winds are bound; they cannot break their chain.

LUCIFER.

Come on, brave World! Take thou and drain the cup.
Let pleasure flow; a song will cheer thee up.

This be thy pledge — "With Pluto soon to sup."

(Sings.)

Truth found at last! Truth found at last!

World, we await thy singing!

Grovelling, ha? In the dust downcast?

Liberty's chain doth it hold thee fast?

Sing us a song of the Glorious Past,

Mirth to our nuptials bringing!

How! Art silent? Hast never a word

The Present to welcome, the Past to record?

This Day auspicious and long-desired,

Wins it never a strain from thy muse inspired?

Have thy properties vanish'd and none to spare —

Thy rubies, thy sapphires, thy diamonds rare?

The Engine that laid all delusions bare,

Hath it melted away into thinnest of air,

Till nothing remains

But its chains?

Betray'd, defeated, stricken and dumb,

Art thou to ashes and sackcloth come?

Crouch, then, before us!

Of Progress and Liberty sing will I.

My Queen, my Pontiff, your cups fill high,

And loud be your chorus! —

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Apoc. 18

Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen,

And is become the habitation of devils,

And the hold of every foul spirit,

And the cage of every unclean bird!

LUCIFER, INFIDELITY, IDOLATRY (*singing.*)

Truth found at last! Truth found at last!

To Progress so brave we owe it —

Progress, upspringing from germ and root,

Progress, developing blossom and fruit,

Progress from Infancy feeble and frail,
 Progress to Manhood mighty and hale,
 Progress, whose motto is "Onward still!"
 Waving her flag on the crest of the hill,

Progress doth shew it;

Progress from blossom and fruit so gay
 To withering branch and foul decay,
 Progress from Manhood mighty and hale
 To Age diseas'd, decrepit and frail,
 Progress, whose motto is "Onward still!"
 Crumbling to dust at the foot of the hill,
 Progress doth know it!

Truth found at last! Truth found at last!

Nature explor'd doth shew it.

Of Earth and her floorings we did enquire;
 She answer'd with rumblings of brimstone and fire.
 We ask'd the Body; it gave reply
 By mould'ring to ashes beneath our eye.
 We question'd Spirit; it flitted away
 Into worlds unknown, nor a word could say.
 Told not the crucible, day by day,
 That Heaven was barter'd for coal and clay?
 But were these believ'd? Not they; not they.
 World, thou dost know it!

Truth found at last! Truth found at last!

Safe are we now to shew it

That the Tree of Knowledge—of Knowledge *Forbidden*
 Bears fruits of Death 'neath its foliage hidden;
 That whoso crav'd the Elixir True
 From the Tree of Faith should have sipp'd the dew;
 That to Dissolution doth Nature race;
 That Eternal Life is the Gift of Grace.
 Ha! ha! 'Tis Truth with familiar face;
 But the World TOO LATE doth know it!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Behold! The sun, well-nigh incrust'd o'er,
 In awful brightness blazes forth once more
 A flaming glory round Ecclesia's head!
 A parting tribute to Ecclesia Dead!
 Oh doom'd Deserta! Never yet before
 Hath thus Day's Eyeball blazed thy regions o'er!
 Shrivell'd as parchment in that furnace-breath,
 The orb which was thy life is now thy death!

WORLD.

Oh welcome light! Again the sun doth rise!
 All is not lost. Ecclesia's words were-lies.
 Time is not ended; Hope is not yet dead.
 Again in splendour and in power to tread
 The Earth may still be mine!

INFIDELITY.

And dost thou dream
 Inexorable Justice hath relented?
 That sudden flame — 'tis but a fitful gleam,
 A spectacle the stars have oft presented.
 'Twill quickly and to lasting darkness turn.
 Yet hath that blaze received such power to burn
 That Earth nor thou shall one for other mourn.

Apoc

LUCIFER, INFIDELITY, IDOLATRY (*singing.*)

Doom draweth nigh! All things must die!
 Fill up your blood-cups! Wave them on high!
 Phœbus withdrawing our sport cannot spoil;
 He kindles a flambeau will last us a while.
 City, and forest, and all therein
 The conflagration so brave begin!
 See how it riseth, the smoke of their burning!

Dust -- ha! ha! -- unto dust returning!
Now doth Deserta mutter and groan,
And lendeth a hand to devour her own,
Mountain and hill their jaws yawn wide,
And the lava flows forth in fearful tide!
Valley and plain the earthquake tears,
And the lightning blasts what the lava spares!
Now of the four winds loos'd is the chain;
They sport their pinions with might and main,
North with south in a wild race sweeping,
East with west mad festival keeping,
While hail -- a talent in weight each stone
Beats time to their music shrill.

Apoc

Apoc

It smites the dominion of Death alone;
Nothing remains to kill.
Nothing remains to tempt or to delude;
Nothing remains on which we now can prey.
Evil hath spent its utmost force; and Good
Must triumph with eternal Victory.
Our sands are run -- our moment's respite flown!
Darkness and chains for ever claim their own!
Oh! wretched we, pent in our sulph'rous tomb!
Crush'd 'neath the weight of Everlasting Doom!
And 'midst undying pains, and endless gloom,
Our Reign of Ruin at His Word to stay
Crowns ev'ry torment of the Judgment Day!

—

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

FIRST CHOIR.

Silence of Death
 Reigns o'er Deserta tenantless and lone!
 No flutt'ring sigh, no faintest, feeblest moan,
 No whisper'd breath
 Breaks on the awful stillness!
 The World's unnumber'd voices all are mute —
 The voice of trumpet and the voice of lute,
 The voice of love caressing and caressed,
 Shout of oppressor, wailing of oppressed!
 The scream of bird, the yell of rav'ning beast,
 Throughout Earth's blasted regions all have ceas'd!
 The crashing cataract, the deaf'ning roar
 Of furious tides are hush'd for evermore!
 River, and stream, and brook have ceas'd to flow.
 Nature inanimate in Death lies low;
 And Echo, voiceless to her voiceless woe,
 Sleeps 'mid the ghastly chillness!

SECOND CHOIR.

Dampness of Death
 Enshrouds Deserta and her sunless sky!
 Pestilent vapours, flitting ghost-like by
 In deadly wreath,
 Brood o'er the desolation!
 Throughout the firmament the poison'd air
 Its noiseless record of the past doth bear —
 O'er Death's domain a deathly canopy
 Charg'd with the odours of mortality!
 The darkling waters of the boundless deep,
 Sullen and motionless, have sunk to sleep,

Their black bituminous depths as molten lead
 Enshrining finny multitudes of dead!
 The lakes, like that which slept Gomorrah o'er,
 Send not a ripple to the lonely shore
 In melancholy cadence to deplore
 The Midnight of Creation!

FIRST CHOIR.

Blackness of Death
 O'erspreads Deserta's bosom seam'd and scarr'd!
 Forests and fruitful lands, all scath'd and charr'd
 Fire-floods beneath,
 A nameless waste are lying!
 Nor branch, nor root, nor teeming soil are there;
 Primeval rocks, alone, lie scorch'd and bare.
 Earth's countless cities, who their dust shall find?
 Their deep foundations, by the flame calcin'd,
 Nor trace nor record shew! Each mountain-chain,
 Lofty and vast, is levell'd; from the main
 The isles have fled in terror and dismay —
 Fled from this bitter and this wrathful Day,
 A Day of ruin and of vengeance dire,
 When Justice comes to Judge the World by Fire,
 When Mercy's Reign long-suff'ring doth expire,
 Wrath to Despair replying!

SECOND CHOIR

Oh blighted Earth!
 Thou, thy fair beauty wither'd and destroy'd,
 A blot would'st be on the chaotic void
 Which gave thee birth!
 Angels are o'er thee weeping —
 Weeping for thee, and for the living stream
 Which o'er thy breast hath pass'd, like troubled
 dream,
 And still must flow, though lost to Heaven and thee,

Round the vast Circle of Eternity!
 Appalling witness art thou of the crime
 Which stain'd the current of depa'd Time,
 Which human life entwin'd with woe and pain,
 And o'er the realm of Love bade Judgment reign!
 Inscrub'd upon thy bosom, seas, and sky
 Is the dread Sentence — "Ye shall surely die!"
 Thou to its doom with ashes dost reply,
 Sin's bitter harvest reaping!

FIRST CHOIR.

Stricken thou art
 Not for thyself, but for the crimes accurst
 Of those who on thy teeming breast were nurst.
 Thy guiltless part,
 Like theirs, in Death hath ended,
 Yet ended not. Oh Earth! for them, for thee
 There stretcheth out the long Eternity,
 And at its threshold stands, with aspect dread,
 The Judgment of the Living and the Dead!
 Thy bosom all forlorn and desolate
 A Scene unparallell'd doth now await,
 When ev'ry tribe and nation must appear
 Its everlasting destiny to hear!
 Soon shall that Scene its bliss and horror blend;
 Soon shall thy leaden skies asunder rend;
 Soon shall the Just One from His Throne descend
 E'en as He once ascended!

SECOND CHOIR.

Lo! While we sing,
 The heavy curtain, heaving to and fro
 Like surging main, portentous sign doth shew.
 Deep muttering
 As of ten thousand thunders
 Distant at first, now near, now nearer draw,

Filling e'en angel hearts with nameless awe!
 Now o'er Deserta with convulsive roar
 They burst from pole to pole, from shore to shore,
 While through the rending skies a Mighty Form
 More awful than the frown of midnight storm,
 Yet lovelier than the dawn of primal day,
 Earthward doth cleave his swift majestic way!
 His presence dread o'ershadows sea and land.
 A Trump he beareth in his shining hand.
 Now on Deserta's bosom doth he stand,
 Herald of coming wonders!

CHORUS. ARCHANGEL.

ARCHANGEL (*sounding the Trumpet.*)

Arise, ye Dead, and come to Judgment!

CHORUS.

Arise, ye Dead!

Th' inevitable Day at length behold,
 By prophets and by Lips Divine foretold!

Oh! Summons dread,

Depths of Creation shaking!

At thy supreme, omnipotent command,
 From ev'ry ocean-waste, from ev'ry strand
 A darksome Vapour slowly doth exhale,
 Shrouding Deserta 'neath its murky veil.
 Denser and darker grows that fearful Haze,
 While, through its black'ning depths, pure sparkling
 rays

Of silv'ry whiteness shoot in dazzling streams!
 Broader and brighter wax those radiant gleams,
 Like silver threads through some black tissue twin'd,
 Hope's gladd'ning promise by Despair confin'd,
 Rest blent with suff'ring, life with death combin'd,
 Sunshine through storm-clouds breaking!

FIRST CHOIR.

Behold again!

Those brilliant streams, approaching ray to ray,
From the dark haze in horror shrink away

As joy from pain,

As truth from falsehood flying!

Now in one mighty cloud than sun more bright
The pearly radiance drifteth to the Right;
Its wreaths concentrating on Earth repose,
And a new wonder to our eyes disclose,
As slowly into four fair forms they mould --
Forms we have seen and known and lov'd of old!
White as the sculptur'd marble, lo! they lie,
Folded each shadowy hand, and clos'd each eye,
Feature and form all perfect and all fair,
Yet thin, ethereal as the summer air!
Lifeless and motionless behold them there
In expectation lying!

SECOND CHOIR.

Around, aloft

The far, faint tones of mingled voices wake,
And strangely on that awful stillness break,

Now dreamy soft,

Now in clear accents ringing!

Now o'er that slumb'ring group the solemn chant
Bursts forth in strains triumphal, jubilant!
Oh happy souls! Let joy your songs inspire!
Jewels anneal'd in Purgatorial fire,
That purifying flame is quench'd to-day,
And hope and triumph light you on your way.
Oh happy souls! At length your Crown is won,
Your everlasting Reign at length begun!
The promis'd Throne awaits you in the skies
A bright Eternity before you lies!

Loud let your joyful hallelujahs rise,
Of Glory's advent singing!

FIRST CHOIR.

The harmony
In sudden and mysterious hush doth die,
While of the four white Shadows there which lie
Behold we three
Strange transformation shewing!
The ghostly vapours fleshly substance take,
And bone and sinew into life awake;
Health's blushing hues each graceful limb illumine,
And lip and cheek in brightest rose-tints bloom!
The op'ning lids the glorious eyes reveal
Beaming with joy the Blest alone can feel;
The folded hands are clasp'd in ecstasy,
As each, uprising, humbly bends the knee;
And forth, once more, from each enraptur'd soul
Hymns of eternal adoration roll,
And Heav'n and Earth Creation's Lord extol
Eternal Life bestowing!

SECOND CHOIR.

Oh glorious sight!
Oh blossoms of the Resurrection Morn!
Say, could Omnipotence Itself, adorn
With gifts more bright
Those bodies re-created?
Limbs of which pain and weakness mock'ry made
Are now in giant pow'r and strength array'd,
Yet lo! endued with lightning Subtlety,
Can pierce all barrier, as with lightning ray!
Cloth'd in divine, resplendent Clarity,
Bright as the sun whose beams have pass'd away;
Those radiant forms than thought more Agile are,
And e'en as thought can fleet from star to star!

Death hath no more dominion over you.
 Eternal years shall but your strength renew,
 Bath'd in delights unchangeable and true,
 With rapture still unsated!

FIRST CHOIR.

In heavy waves
 The darkling Vapour to the Left doth fall,
 Fetid, and loathsome, like some hideous pall
 With damp of graves
 And deathly odours reeking!
 Now, on the blasted Earth those clouds immense
 Into three ghastly spectral Forms condense —
 Forms in whose shadowy outline trac'd may be
 The World, Impenitence, Apostasy!
 All-motionless those livid spectres lie,
 Each rigid limb outstretch'd, and clos'd each eye.
 Features distorted, as by torture wrenched,
 Brows darkly knit, and phantom-fingers clenched
 Tell of those forms for evermore the prey
 Of gnawing pain and deathly agony —
 Tell what the voice from those pale lips shall be,
 In endless anguish shrieking!

ARCHANGEL.

"Arise, ye Dead, and come to Judgment!"

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Arise, ye Dead!
 Again that awful summons sternly peals,
 And at its voice the Earth in terror reels,
 Each rocky bed
 In fierce convulsions rending!
 Now in the midst bursts forth a fiery river,
 Parting the Blest and the Accurst for ever,

From out whose depths the agonizing cries
 Of hate, and terror, and despair arise —
 Cries of lost souls by demon-scourges driven
 Into those corpses, there to find their Heaven!
 With quiv'ring shock each corpse uprises there;
 Hell's lightnings from their straining eyeballs glare,
 While shrieks of hopeless anguish rend the air
 From their pale lips ascending!

FIRST CHOIR.

In pleasures nurst,
 Oh putrid Vapours of the loathsome Tomb!
 Behold your awful, your eternal doom —
 To souls accurst
 Restor'd, yet DEAD FOR EVER!
 To you no Wonder of Creative Power
 Restores Humanity in this dread hour.
 The flesh, the bones become of Death the prey
 Unto no life-renew'd spring forth this day.
 No sense of Nature's pristine strength may be
 Some poor support in this your agony.
Dead and dissolv'd — a hateful, helpless mass
 Of fetid vapour, of corrupted gas,
 Still with a ghastly human shape impressed —
 Behold the bodies ye in life caressed!
 Nor shall the lapse of ages unexpressed
 From this dark doom deliver!

SECOND CHOIR.

Oh dreamers wild,
 Who, while the Future still outstretch'd before ye,
 Scoff'd at the vision of Celestial glory
 That on you smiled,
 Still to repentance wooing!
 That fate elected, by your choice resolved —
 In Nature's mighty arms to be dissolved,

Matter's Primeval Form with All to share ---
 Ye have your wish. That Primal Form ye bear.
 One step beyond, behold Annihilation,
 Which ne'er shall claim one atom of Creation.
 That Primal Form is granted you; but how!
 The Curse of the Eternal stamps it now;
 And of each pain which human nerve can thrill
 Those phantom-shapes resent the anguish still.
 Justice hath on you its relentless fill,
 With vengeful breath pursuing!

ARCHANGEL.

Apoc. i

*" Behold, He cometh in the clouds of Heaven
 " And every eye shall see Him,
 " And they, also, who pierced Him!
 " And all kindreds of the Earth
 " Shall wail because of Him!"*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hark! the thunder's awful roar
 Echo wakes from shore to shore!
 See the leaden firmament
 By terrific lightnings rent!

Through the clouds, asunder torn,
 By angelic princes borne,
 Lo! the Cross comes forth in might,
 Than a thousand suns more bright!

Follow white-wing'd Seraph bands,
 Golden harps within hands;
 Thrones and Principalities
 Fill the air with songs of praise

Songs of Glory to the Lamb,
 Glory to the Great I AM.

Dominations, Virtues, Powers
Strew His Way with brightest flowers.

While the Archangelic Seven,
Back from Earth their faces turning,
Fling aloft from censers burning
Incense to the King of Heaven!

Word Incarnate! God and Man!
Lo! He comes His floor to fan,
Comes to put, with Justice meet,
All things underneath His Feet.

Matt

See His Venerable Brow
With the Triune Glory crown'd!
Ev'ry Wound resplendent now,
Sheds refulgence all around.

By His Side, in pomp serene
Cometh Mary, beauteous Queen:
Cometh One in White Array
As a Bride on bridal day.

At His Feet an instant bowed,
Benediction ask'd, bestowed,
Swifter than the light she flies
Where the slumb'ring figure lies.

Body pure by soul resumed,
Ope the eyes, with life relumed,
Stands ECCLESIA, spotless, bright,
Crown'd with glory, rob'd in light!

Lovely Virtues, grave and gay,
Guardians of her earthly way,
Blest companions of her bliss
Greet her with a holy kiss. —

King of dreadful Majesty!
 It is Thine to Judge, this day;
 Thine the Sentence that must deal
 Endless woe or endless weal.

On that Sacred Hill whereon
 Stood Thy Cross, now stands Thy Throne.
 Life's long record outspread lies
 'Neath that Mount of Sacrifice.

They who slighted, mock'd, denied Thee,
 They who scourg'd and crucified Thee,
 Naked, trembling, must appear
 At Thy Bar their doom to hear.

None may now for grace implore Thee.
 Open'd are the Books before thee,
 Thought, and word, and secret sin
 All by Truth inscrib'd therein —

Thought, word, and deed, and duties left undone
 In ev'ry land and clime beneath the sun,

From east unto the west, from south to north;
 On mountain, vale or desert, isle or sea,
 In childhood, youth or age, by bond or free!

Thought, word and deed — the burden vast brought
 forth

By ev'ry teeming hour!
 Thought, word and deed — e'en to the smallest thorn
 The Tree of Evil through all Time hath borne
 Since Penance at the Gates of Eden wept;

Through unremember'd ages, ere the Flood,
 Dire messenger of wrath, the Earth o'erswept;

Through centuries of savage strifes, and blood,
 And murd'rous rites of dark Idolatry;

Through the long years of Roma's stately reign
 And Grecia's glory; through the brighter day

When Faith bore empire o'er a wide domain,

Yet reign'd amidst the thorns; dark ages through —
 Ages of doubt and discord and decay,
 Ages of unbelief and anarchy.
 When thicker still the thorns of Evil grew;
 Through ages of corruption, oh how dire!
 That turn'd to wrath the tears which Mercy shed,
 While Patience back to Heav'n in horror fled,
 And Justice came to Judge the World by fire!
 Appalling Record, where 'gainst ev'ry name
 Vengeance Divine hath filed its righteous claim!
 Before thy testimony who shall stand!
 Yet lo! each page of darkness and of woe
 Doth here and there a streak of crimson shew,
 Where crime and error, on that Record placed,
 Have by the Precious Blood been all effaced.
 The happy souls so ransom'd and so blest,
 Hark! by our Sov'reign they be now addressed,
 Turning, with Look benign, to His Right Hand —

UNVEILED KING

*Come, ye blessed of my Fa'her!
 Possess the Kingdom prepared
 For you
 From the foundation of the world.*

Matt. 25

CHORUS OF THE REDEEMED.

Oh! darksome Death, where is thy sting?
 Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?
 Where now the CROSS which once we bore?
 'Tis chang'd — a CROWN for evermore!
 Upon th' eternal shore we stand
 Accepted, at the King's Right Hand,
 Redeem'd — oh! Saviour, Lord and King
 Of Heav'n and Earth, redeem'd by Thee!
 Oh! welcome, Everlasting Light!
 New Life of blissful ecstasy!

Our tearful pilgrimage is done;
 The race is clos'd, the battle won;
 The long'd-for Day doth on us glow
 Which cloud or care shall never know;
 Eternal Triumph crowns our fight.
 We rest in peace, oh God! with Thee.

Star of our exile's darkling night,
 Thy Face Unveil'd at length we see!
 The shining realms where ev'ry joy
 Reigns without measure or alloy
 Were but a region of despair
 Wert Thou, our Life, our All, not there;
 Heaven were not Heaven without Thy sight,
 And Earth itself was Heaven with Thee!

St-John 14

The nurselings of Thy Sacred Heart,
 The harvest of Thy Cross, are we
 The trophy Thou didst die to win;
 And in Thy Father's House, wherein
 Are many mansions, Thy sweet Grace
 Hath for Thine Own prepar'd a place,
 That where, oh Life and Love! Thou art,
 There Thy Redeem'd may be with Thee!

Oh! blest Obedience, which hath led
 To everlasting Sov'reignty!
 Oh! blest Confusion, now arrayed
 In Glory that shall never fade!
 Blest Poverty for Christ endured,
 Which hath Eternal Wealth secured!
 Blest Suff'ring, which hath crown'd our head,
 And made us, Jesus, like to Thee!

Now of the Tree of Life we eat,
 Now drink we from the Crystal Sea
 Of deep, unutterable peace.

Of rapture that will never cease!
 Oh Trinity Ador'd! Whose bright
 Clear Vision is of Heaven the Light!
 We cast our Crowns beneath Thy Feet
 Our Glory and our All in Thee! —

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Now to the Left behold the Just One turning! —
 Oh perverse spirits, ev'ry counsel spurning!
 Could tend'rest Pity mourn when your destruction
 Comes as the whirlwind?

UNVEILED KING

*Depart from me, ye cursed,
 Into Everlasting Fire, which was prepared
 For the Devil and his angels!*

Matt 25

CHORUS OF THE REPROBATE.

Give but a moment, Lord! — but one!
 Have the last sands of Mercy run?
 How have we sinn'd? What left undone
 Thy Wrath to wake?
 Shut out from light — debarr'd from Heaven —
 Into the outer darkness driven —
 Oh! that one moment might be given
 For Pity's sake!

We ever crav'd the proudest place,
 And from Confusion turn'd our face;
 How to endure Defeat, Disgrace,
 Contempt and Scorn!
 Riches we lov'd and luxury;
 It pain'd us others' good to see;
 Now, as their very sport we be,
 Wretched, forlorn!

Faith, in our eyes, and Hope, and Prayer
Were but as phantoms of the air
Things to deride; but oh despair!
Theirs is the Land!

While all we cherish'd and pursued
In Time, but tempted to delude.
Oh! Where, to-day, each fleeting good?
Empty our hand!

Poor was our portion at the best.
It fill'd with anxious cares our breast.
Feign'd was our happiness; our rest
Fears did destroy.
Envy and Hate marr'd ev'ry pleasure;
Rapine and rust consum'd our treasure;
Nought of its promise reach'd the measure.
Or brought us joy.

Sought we on Earth a lofty name?
Trode we the paths that led to fame?
Crav'd we renown? Alas! it came —
Came to betray.
Scarce to our places were we gone
When to neglect our works were thrown,
And unremember'd and unknown
In dust we lay.

Those whom we lov'd, and for whose sake
We dar'd the Laws of God to break
And of His Judgments light to make,
Against us turned.
Coldness our meed; contempt our dole;
Nothing remain'd of joys we stole
Saving the brand upon our soul
Which Sin had burned.

Those whom we shamed not to pursue,
Those whom we hated, robbed and slew.

Crown'd we behold with glory true,
Bliss and repose!
Ay, ay, they mock us! Ay, they scorn,
They taunt us now! Were *they* but borne
From out our sight, our fate were shorn
Of half its woes.

But no — Alas! what did we say!
Beyond the clouds they soar away!
Oh that they might one moment stay! —
Gone — they are gone!
To bliss of which we ne'er may drink
Their very sight was as a link!
Now to our doom we sink — we sink —
But not alone!

All else departed, still we meet
The Vision of that Judgment-seat,
And Him Whose Look, with Wrath replete
Our doom hath spoken!
He riseth, and each Arm flings wide
As if to spurn us! Hide, oh! hide, —
It is the CROSS — the CRUCIFIED!
Oh! dreadful token!

The Flesh which all our griefs had borne —
The Hands, the Feet all rent and torn —
The livid Brow, the twisted Thorn —
Oh torture fierce!
With woes which word nor thought can limn
Fill'd was our chalice to the brim;
'Tis but a drop, beholding Him —
Him we did pierce!

Blood of Remission prone to lave us,
All that He promis'd, all He gave us,

All He endur'd from this to save us
 Behold we there!
 Mountains, fall on us! Crush with might!
 Hide from our eyes that Awful Sight!
 In vain — in vain! Through endless Night
 'Twill on us glare!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Passing away
 Or to the Night of everlasting woes,
 Or, from the hard-won battle, to repose
 In endless Day,
 Behold thy tribes, oh Earth!
 The songs of joy are lost above the skies.
 The fiery flood hath drown'd Despair's wild cries.
 The dream of poor Mortality is past;
 And Time, itself no more, hath breath'd its last
 On thy dead bosom. Ev'ry warning note
 By Prophecy rung forth, to the last jot
 And tittle its fulfilment hath received.
Blessed are they who, seeing not, believed!

The Word goes forth which gave Creation birth —
 " Back to your primal elements, oh Earth!
 " Back to your primal elements, oh sky
 " And spreading Seas! Shall you not surely die?
 Obedient Nature bows to the command.
 The Vapours blent by the Almighty Hand
 To form the air, the waters, disunite,
 And into flames break forth! Oh awful sight!
 Where once was Ocean, fiery billows roll!
 They seethe, they roar, and fling their crests on high
 To meet in wild embrace the blazing sky,
 A canopy of flame from Pole to Pole!
 Deserta hears the Word, and with a groan
 Such as Creation never yet hath known,

Unto Destruction yields her mighty crust,
By fires internal into fragments rent!
Within, around her, fire with fire is blent,
And Dissolution claims her latest grain of dust!

Roll on thy way, mysterious orb! Roll on,
As at Creation's far primeval dawn!
The varied atoms of thy substance vast
Into the crucible once more are cast,
Yet none shall perish.
Thy path appointed lies before thee still.
Thy destin'd place no other orb shall fill.
Thy dust, by the Creator's Blood bedewed,
Shall in those flames be purg'd from ev'ry stain,
And from Destruction's arms shall rise again
In loveliness a hundredfold renewed!
Sin's utmost rage, which God Himself assailed,
To thwart the least of His designs hath failed.
All passeth on to fill the Destiny
Allotted in its Maker's plan sublime;
And from the Conflict which inscrib'd on Time
Its darkly chequer'd story,
His Clemency, His Patience and His Ruth,
His Sanctity, His Justice and His Truth,
His ev'ry Attribute, hath borne away
Worlds upon worlds of Glory;
While oh! for heart and hand in falsehood steeped,
In crime, in malice, nought His foes have reaped
Saving a harvest of undying pains!
By glitt'ring hopes and promises assured,
Sin's wretched vot'ries to their wreck were lured;
And of their lying visions nought remains
But smoke of endless torment!

Roll on thy way, mysterious orb! Roll on
As at Creation's far primeval dawn!
That dust on which Jehovah trod — that breast
On which in sleep of very Death to rest

Th' Incarnate Deity did not despise,
 Where stood His Cross, His Cradle and His Tomb,
 Shall to a glorious Resurrection rise,
 And with its Light the universe illumine.
 Wrapt in those cleansing flames thou must remain
 Till from thy saturated dust all stain
 And mem'ry of pollution be effaced.
 Then, from the crucible at length, behold!
 Again thou risest, like the tested gold,
 With splendours unimaginable graced, —

And a New Earth, and a New Heav'n appear,
 Creation's joy to be!
 Mountain and hill the lofty crest uprear,
 And spreads the flowing sea!
 Through flow'ry plains the stately rivers sweep;
 From rock and crag the sparkling cascades leap:
 And Ocean's bright pellucid waters sleep
 In sweet tranquillity!
 Oh! angel peers, yet nearer let us view
 This fair and wondrous thing,
 And tune, all-jubilant, our harps anew,
 Earth Glorified to sing!

FIRST CHOIR.

See the translucent deep, the radiant land
 Outspreading far and wide!
 Earth's mortal shell was as a grain of sand!
 This vast expanse beside.
 Where cliff and promontory rose of old,
 Headlands of glistening pearl we now behold,
 And at their base sweep sands of burnish'd gold,
 Lapp'd by the rippling tide
 Whose limpid depths in their most secret cells
 No taint or foulness know,
 But o'er bright coral-groves and rainbow shells
 In crystal clearness flow!

SECOND CHOIR.

Sapphire, and emerald, and ruby bright,
Where once was darksome clay,
Transform'd and polish'd by the wondrous might
Of Nature's alchemy!
O'er rocks of opal and of amethyst
The falling waters fling their silv'ry mist,
And jasper beds are by the brooklets kiss'd,
While onyx lines the way!
The dusky seams which, through all Time, lay deep
Earth's lowest caves beneath,
Crown ev'ry summit, ev'ry mountain steep
With gorgeous diamond wreath!

FIRST CHOIR.

Myrtle and orange, amaranth and rose,
We count them but as weed;
Blossoms unspeakably transcending those
Enamel vale and meed,
Or among crags of pearl and agate twine.
Foliage, and fruits, and odours most divine
Those of the early Paradise outshine,
While golden pathways lead
Where fountains pure aloft their bright spray throw,
Where flows the murmuring rill,
Where fragrant groves with music soft and low
The bright-plum'd songsters fill.

SECOND CHOIR.

Upon this world of beauty and delight
No ray of sunshine lies;
Its realms repose in calm of shady night,
Pure as its spangled skies.
O'er its majestic regions let us roam,
Winging our way beneath the starry dome.

Till the bright Day which waits Ecclesia's Home
Shall in its glory rise.
Through ev'ry zone our happy course be bent,
O'er mountain, lake and stream;
All are of Faith's sweet incense redolent;
All with bright mem'ries teem.

FIRST CHOIR.

For lo! each land familiar we recall,
Though cloth'd in garb divine;
Albion, Italia, Greece, Hispania, Gaul,
And Holy Palestine.
But oh, how chang'd! The tropic desert red
With cool refreshing verdure is o'erspread,
And snowy solitudes rich perfume shed
Where flowers with fruits entwine!
The Asian steppes, the Western wilderness
With nature's songs are ringing!
Oh Earth! thou art, in thine immortal dress,
As oak from acorn springing!

SECOND CHOIR.

Where'er Ecclesia's pilgrim-feet have trod,
Bent on her holy toils,
Each spot made sacred by her martyr-blood
With special glory smiles.
And see, where'er on Ocean's breast of yore
Hath pass'd the vessel which Ecclesia bore
To preach glad tidings on a distant shore,
A chain of lovely isles!
Fragrant each spot with mem'ries of the Lamb
And of His chosen Bride.
Blotted from mind, sunk in eternal calm,
Mem'ry of all beside.

FIRST CHOIR.

For thee, oh! Earth, so wonderful and fair,
 Waiteth a glad surprise.
 Already on thy pure and balmy air
 Angelic harmonies
 Are softly breaking, while a Pearly Light
 Chaseth, with swift advance, thy purple night;
 And in that glory countless beings bright
 Hail thee with joyful eyes!
 Their hallelujahs ring thy regic s o'er,
 Greeting thee Nature's Queen.
 Thou didst not dream that Heaven was at thy door
 Around thee, though unseen!

SECOND CHOIR.

Repentance walks thy crystal streams beside,
 In garments white array'd.
 The Hand of Love Divine her tears have dried;
 None shall make her afraid.
 The nameless wonders in God's Works that lie
 Are all disclos'd to Reason's ravish'd eye;
 And countless worlds, to which with her we fly,
 Their secrets bare have laid.
 From out the Bosom of Eternal Rest
 Their destiny to see,
 And bless their Maker, in His Works confest,
 Her endless joy shall be!

Apoc.

FIRST CHOIR.

On sacred hills of Palestine behold
 Heavenly Jerusalem
 With gates of pearl and streets of purest gold —
 Earth's jewell'd diadem!
 For there all hearts, throughout Creation's sphere,
 The Glories of Messiah's Throne revere.

There, too, in pomp of patriarch and seer,
 And David's Royal Stem,
 Judah, in splendours all undream'd, doth dwell;
 And through her courts each one
 Loud hallelujahs and hosannas swell —
 Glory to David's Son!

SECOND CHOIR.

Brighter and lovelier than all beside,
 Sharing Messiah's Throne,
 Is She, the chosen Dove, the spotless Bride,
 The Consecrated One!
 A song which from no other lips may flow,
 A name to bear which none but She may know,
 To follow wheresoe'er the Lamb doth go,
 These are for her alone.
 'Tis hers to be with joy above the rest
 Anointed; hers to lean
 In loving ecstasy on Mary's breast —
 Mary, of all the Queen!

CHORUS.

Oh blest Abode of the Redeem'd! What tongue
 Thy glories shall portray!
 Our hearts o'erflow, beholding thee; our song
 In rapture dies away.
*For behold! the Tabernacle of God is with men;
 And He will dwell with them,
 And they shall be His people;
 And God Himself shall be with them,
 And be their God.*
*And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,
 And there shall be no more death,
 Neither sorrow nor crying;
 Neither shall there be any more pain.*

*And thou hast no Temple;
For the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb
Are thy Temple.*

*And thou hast no need of the sun
Neither of the moon to shine in thee;
For the Glory of God doth lighten thee,
And the Lamb is thy Light.
And the nations of them who are saved
Shall walk in the Light thereof.*

*There shall be no more curse,
But the Throne of God and of the Lamb
Shall be in thee.*

*And His Servants shall serve Him,
And they shall seek His Face,
And His Name shall be in their foreheads.
And there shall be no night there,
And they shall need no candle, neither light of the sun,
For God giveth them light, and they shall reign
For ever and for ever!*

*Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power
Be unto Him Who sitteth upon the Throne
And to the Lamb
For ever and for ever!*

THE END